



MAY 20c

modern screen

B 412476 APR 10 1953

**IS BING
THINKING
OF LOVE?**

by
**Louella
Parsons**

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE

Janet Leigh

Now! An Exquisite New Camay Fragrance

yours for greater loveliness . . . only in Camay!

*Fresh, fragrant
as Springtime!*

It's so delicate, so lingeringly lovely—that new Camay fragrance! And it's yours *only* in this wonderful beauty soap! Change to Camay today. You'll adore the way its enchanting fragrance accents your radiant new Camay Complexion . . . brings you new all-over loveliness.



LISTEN TO THIS LOVELY CAMAY BRIDE!

Mrs. Stephen Thomas Soulos says: "Once I changed to regular care with Camay I noticed my complexion becoming far more radiant, lots clearer. And that new Camay fragrance is perfect—makes Camay more wonderful than ever!"

And you'll win a clearer, fresher, more radiant complexion with your very first cake of Camay!

There's no beauty soap in all the world like Camay—the soap that helps you win a more exquisite complexion, the Camay Complexion! Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. Then see your skin grow clearer, fresher with your very *first* cake. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, Camay's mild, creamy-rich lather brings new satin-smooth softness to your legs, arms, and back. And that haunting Camay fragrance will bring you new assurance of all-over personal loveliness. Change to Camay *tonight*.



CAMAY—The Soap of Beautiful Women

PROVED PROTECTION FOR YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN

New Ipana Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria



DECAY AND BAD-BREATH BACTERIA

IPANA DESTROYS THESE

Most dentists agree that tooth decay is caused by acid-forming bacteria in your mouth. Bad breath is commonly caused by food-fermenting bacteria. Brushing regularly after eating with new Ipana rids your mouth of these troublesome bacteria by the millions.

New, Exclusive, Bacteria-Fighting Formula! Your Teeth and Breath Stay Cleaner...You Reduce Decay Better!

THINK of the trouble, pain and expense of just one tooth cavity in your family. Think of how unpleasant breath can hurt you or your husband.

Then read this: Research scientists proved that regular after-meal brushing with new Ipana reduced bacteria in the mouth—including decay and bad-breath bacteria—by an average of 84%.

Yes, now you can get proved protection against troublesome bacteria found in everyone's mouth. Just be sure to clean your teeth with new white Ipana.

Ask your dentist. Chances are, he'll tell you new Ipana effectively reduces tooth decay, when used regularly after eating. In laboratory tests, it stopped offensive mouth odor even after 4 hours—in every case.

And don't forget your gums. Brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

Liked 2 to 1 For Flavor

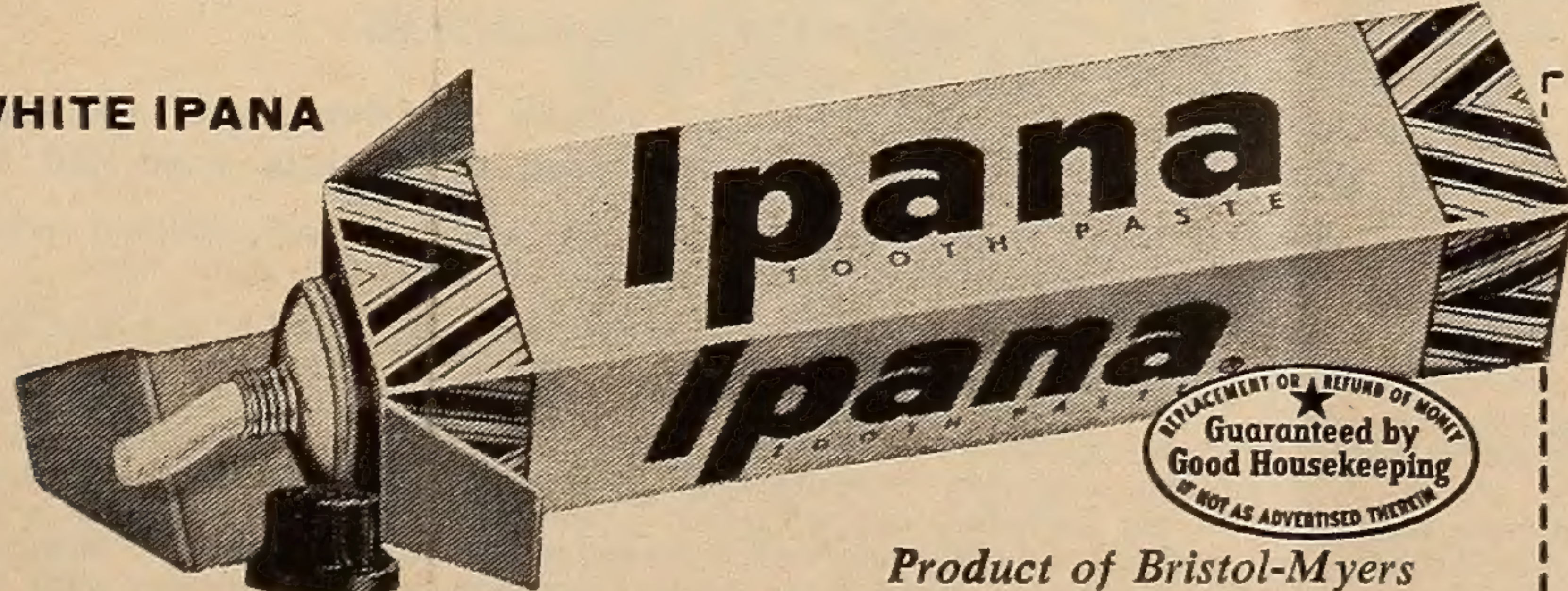
Children love the taste of new bacteria-fighting Ipana. Its new, more refreshing

flavor was approved 2 to 1 by thousands of men, women and children who tried it at home.

Get new good-tasting white Ipana in the yellow-and-red striped carton wherever fine drug products are sold. Or send coupon below.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL-SIZE TUBE. We're so sure you'll like new white Ipana better than any other tooth paste that we'll gladly send you a generous trial-size tube—enough for about 25 brushings. Fill in and mail coupon today.

NEW WHITE IPANA



Product of Bristol-Myers

The Tooth Paste that Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-53,
630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of new Ipana. Enclosed is 3¢ stamp to cover part of cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Offer good in continental U. S. A. only. Expires Aug. 1, 1953.)

Next Time I'll Bring
My Knitting!



I'VE NEVER BEEN SO
LET-ALONE IN MY LIFE!
DO I HAVE TWO LEFT
FEET—OR WHAT?

PEG, HONEY, ALL YOU
NEED IS SOME COACHING
FROM YOUR DENTIST
ON—ON BAD BREATH!



TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH
COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—
GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brush-
ing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay
best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay
for more people than ever before reported in
all dentifrice history!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



I'VE BEEN HAVING QUITE A WHIRL
SINCE I BECAME A COLGATE GIRL!

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH and
STOPS DECAY!

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10
cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate
way of brushing teeth right after eating is the
best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

modern screen

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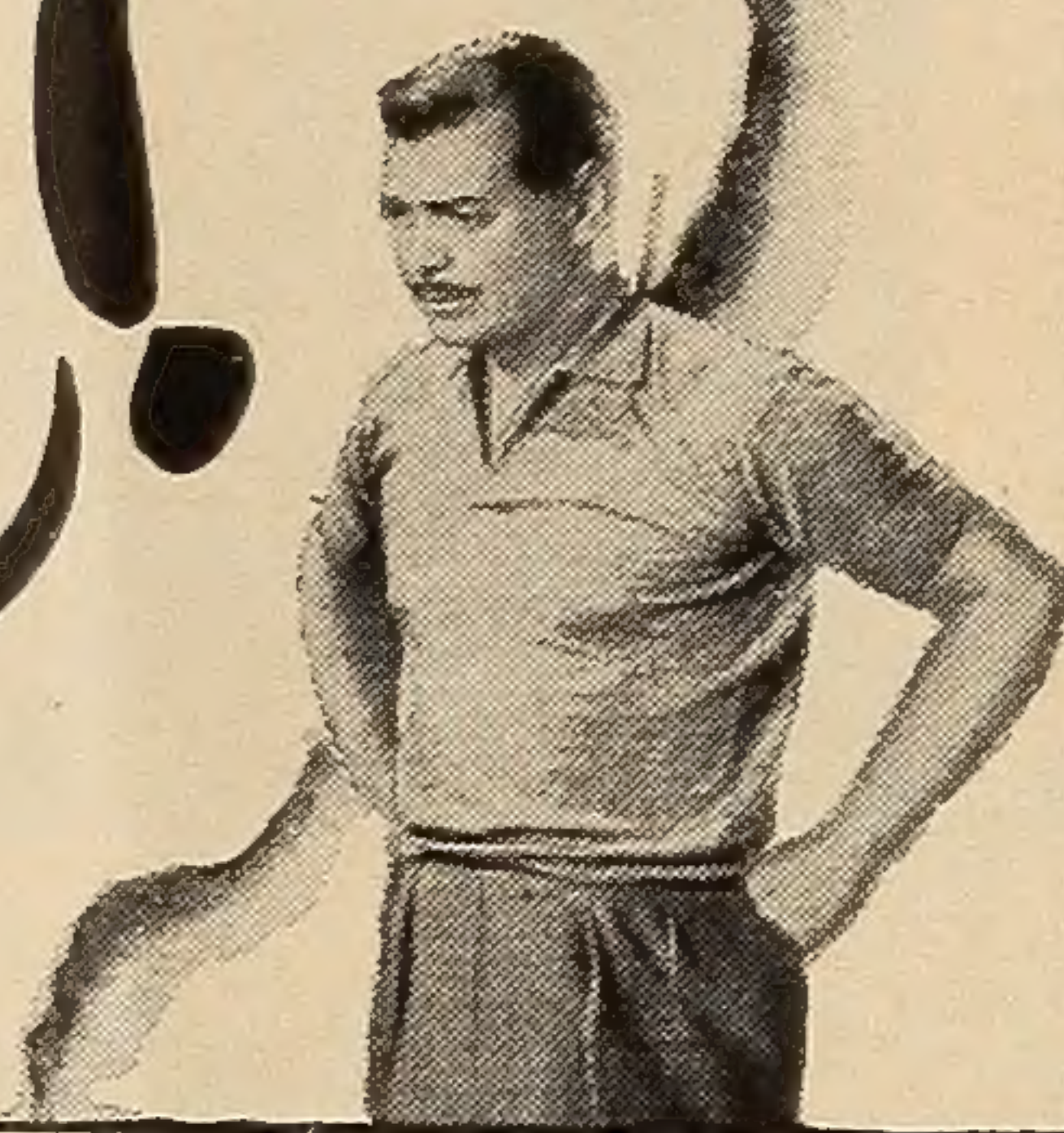
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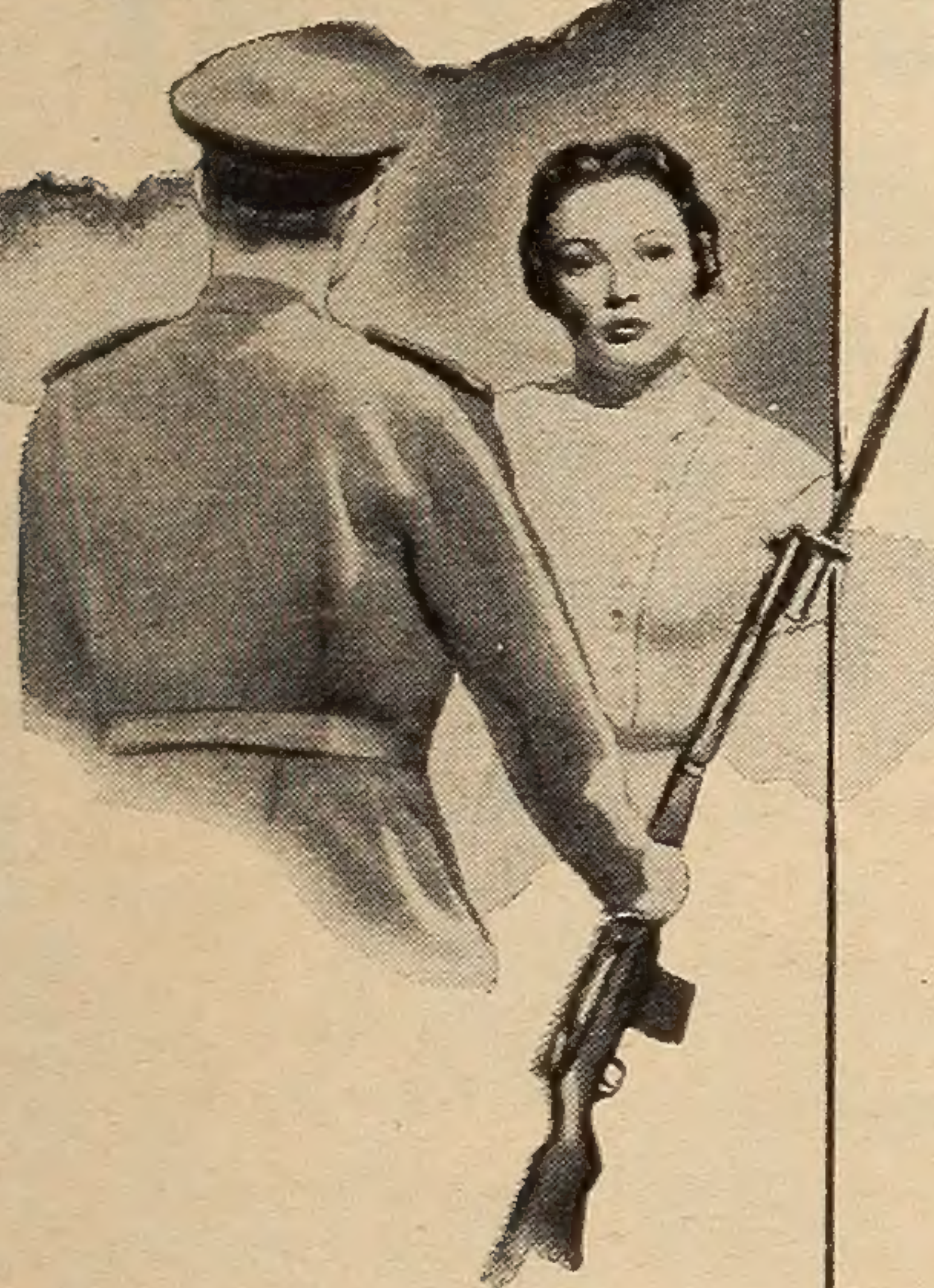
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*Gable
and his
bride!*



Captive



**CLARK
GABLE**

IS TERRIFIC
AS THE
FOREIGN
CORRESPONDENT
WHO
FIGHTS
FOR HIS
CAPTIVE
BRIDE...

**GENE
TIERNEY**



IN

FROM M-G-M

"NEVER LET ME GO"

with
RICHARD HAYDN

Screen Play by RONALD MILLAR and GEORGE FROESCHEL
Adapted From the Novel "Came the Dawn" by ROGER BAX

Directed by DELMER DAVES • Produced by CLARENCE BROWN
An M-G-M PICTURE



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like a Powers model



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ROBERT
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famous beauty expert, selects
as the perfect bobby pin

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patented spring action,
Gayla HOLD-BOB
glides into your hair
and *holds* gently but
more securely than
any other bobby pin.
Be a Gayla Girl—use
the bobby pin the
Powers models use.

**Are You Sure Your
Hair Style is the Most
Becoming To You?**

Your hair-do may not be
doing you justice! The Gayla Girls
Glamour Guide (prepared by John
Robert Powers) will dial a new Gayla
Girl hair style for you. Clip the
coupon below. We'll send the Gayla
Girls Glamour Guide to you.



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1918 Prairie Ave., Dept. DM-5
Chicago 16, Ill.

Enclosed is 10¢ and the top of a Gayla
HOLD-BOB card. Please send my Gayla
Girls Glamour Guide.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen,
8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting
letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Greta Garbo once
had Laurence Olivier thrown out of one
of her pictures?

—S.E., LONDON, ENG.

A. In 1934 she asked that John Gilbert
replace Olivier in Queen Christina.

Q. What were the salaries of Lucille
Ball and Desi Arnaz before they went
into television? Will they ever make
movies again?

—D.E., DENVER, COL.

A. Ball's salary was \$3,500 per week;
Arnaz's was \$650 per week. They have
signed to do an MGM picture this
summer for a combined salary figuring
at \$250,000 per picture.

Q. What is the status of the Clark
Gable-Grace Kelly affair?

—D.T., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A. They are extremely fond of each
other.

Q. A friend of hers told me that Janet
Leigh has dyed her hair blonde and has
asked to be released from her Metro
contract. Is this true?

—W.R., STOCKTON, CAL.

A. Yes.

Q. Can you tell me how old William
Powell and Fredric March are and who
has more money?

—S.W., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Powell is 60. March is 54. March
probably has more money.

Q. Isn't it true that in real life Anne
Baxter is the same kind of driving, am-
bitious girl she played in *All About
Eve*?

—F.R., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. No.

Q. In Hollywood do the girls consider
Dan Dailey a good catch?

—S.H., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. No.

Q. Have the Gary Coopers divorced,
separated, or reconciled? Also what is
Cooper's real name, and approximately
how much is he worth?

—D.D., SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

A. The Coopers are separated; his real
name is Frank J. Cooper; best estimate
of his worth: \$3,000,000.

Q. I've noticed that Liz Taylor hardly
ever wears the same dress twice. What
does she do with her dresses after she
wears them once?

—J.S., PITTSBURGH, PA.

A. Saves them for future wearings.

Q. Has Farley Granger fallen in love
with Dawn Addams?

—C.Y., UNIONTOWN, OHIO.

A. Not yet.

Q. Is Dorothy Lamour all washed up
in pictures? Why hasn't she been in
many?

—P.H., OMAHA, NEB.

A. Lamour's career has tapered off. She
is currently starring in *Road To Bali*.

Q. Can you please tell me who has a
wooden leg, Gene Autry or Herbert
Marshall?

—E.C., COCHRANVILLE, PA.

A. Marshall.

Q. When was *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*
screened for the first time, and why was
Betty Grable removed from this pic-
ture?

—L.O., BEARDSTOWN, ILL.

A. It was screened in 1928; Miss Grable
was never in the picture, first or second
versions.

Q. Have read where George Raft and
wife have been separated for 20 years.
How come?

—V.J., NATCHTOCHES, LA.

A. His wife refuses to divorce him.

Q. In action pictures do the movie
stars do their own falling?

—F.D., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. No; professional stunt men are used.

Q. In *Snows Of Kilimanjaro* were Ava
Gardner and Gregory Peck officially
married?

—K.F., BANGOR, ME.

A. No.

Q. Did Dale Robertson ever have a
romance with an actress named Con-
stance Smith?

—W.K., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

A. No.

Q. I heard in London that the real
reason Clark Gable divorced Sylvia
Ashley is that she spent money like
water. Isn't that so?

—D.H., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. It was one of the reasons.

Q. Why is it that in every Jimmy
Stewart picture of late the director is
listed as Anthony Mann?

—E.R., PRINCETON, N. J.

A. Stewart likes to work with Mann,
requests him as his director.

Q. Can Terry Moore really fly a plane
or is that a publicity release?

—C.G., RICHFIELD, UTAH.

A. She really can.

Q. Isn't the team of Martin and Lewis
splitting up because their wives don't
get along? Tell the truth.

—J.D., PALO ALTO, CAL.

A. No.

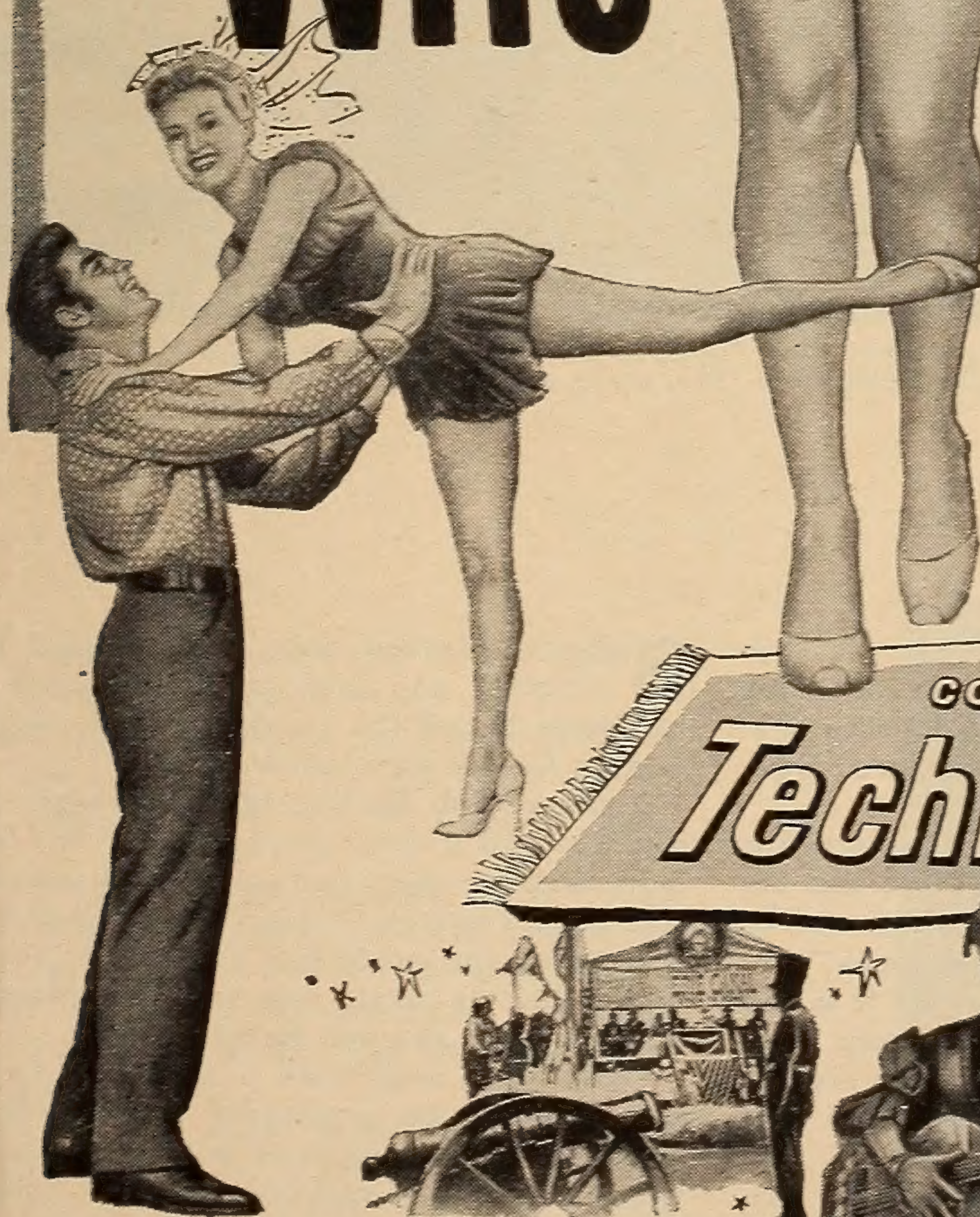
The Happiest Wedding of Song and Dance in Many a Honeymoon!

This one
is really
stacked
with greater-
than-ever
musical fun!

The Farmer takes a Wife

BETTY
GRABLE
DALE
ROBERTSON

THELMA
RITTER
JOHN
GARROLL



COLOR BY
Technicolor!



Songs!

"On the Erie Canal"
"We're Doin' It For The
Natives in Jamaica"
"When I Close My Door"
"Somethin' Real Special"
"With the Sun Warm
Upon Me"
"We're in Business"
"Today, I Love Ev'rybody"

20th
CENTURY-FOX

with Eddie Foy, Jr. • Charlotte Austin • Kathleen Crowley • Merry Anders • Donna Lee Hickey

Produced by

Directed by

Screen Play by

Frank P. ROSENBERG • Henry LEVIN • Walter BULLOCK, Sally BENSON and Joseph FIELDS

From the Stage Play by FRANK B. ELSER and MARC CONNELLY • Based on the Novel "Rome Haul" by WALTER D. EDMONDS



LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

THE STORY OF THE DEAN MARTIN SPLIT . . . SHELLEY'S PREMATURE BABY . . . MARILYN MMMM "CRASHES" PARTY



The baby shower was a big surprise for Shelley Winters . . . but she gave the world a bigger one. (For the full story of her premature baby, see page 27.) Susan Cabot's curiosity almost overcame her . . .



. . . before Shelley unwrapped the quilt. Constance Dowling, Pier Angeli, hostess Dawn Addams, and Susan were delighted. Mama Shelley was nearly overcome. The party was a bright spot for the lonely girl.

IT ISN'T the easiest thing in the world to be the wife of a movie actor no matter how famous, good-looking and rich he is. There are no sure-fire recipes for keeping a movie hero a husband.

But, close friends say that blonde Mrs. Dean Martin couldn't have taken a more mistaken course with Dean. One of her closest pals told me:

"With the best intentions in the world, Jeanne set out to see that Dean didn't get a swelled head. Because she was so afraid his great success with Jerry Lewis would spoil him, she bent backward in the wrong direction.

"She made a point of never playing his records and song hits at home. Instead, Jeanne would play Bing Crosby and Perry Como recordings.

"If Dean told a joke, Jeanne had a way of laughing it aside with an implication that his humor could be saved for his routines with Jerry.

"When they appeared in public, she resented having photographers' flashlight bulbs popping in her face. Did you ever notice how few smiling candid camera shots there were of Jeanne with Dean?

"It's all right for a wife to try to keep her famous husband's feet on the ground and his head out of the clouds—but, movie star or not men like to be appreciated at home."

That's very true. And, no doubt it is the correct version of one side of the story. But I've never known of an argument or a separation where there aren't two sides and I'm sure Jeanne has hers.

I know she is a very broken-hearted girl. Since their parting neither she nor Dean have said anything other than their initial statement that they "are sorry."

Jeanne has spent almost every minute at the home of her good friends, the Gordon MacRaes. The night Dean left home, Gordon and Sheila brought Jeanne to their house and stayed up all night trying to comfort her.

SHELLEY WINTERS' baby girl was born prematurely and was in an incubator for two days before the "scoop" leaked out just in time for my radio show.

I talked with Shelley in the hospital and she was still a very groggy girl. "Our little girl weighed just four-pounds ten-ounces," said Shell, "and for 24 hours it was touch and go whether she would live. Oh, Louella, I'm so happy that the doctor now says everything is all right—and she will be all right."

Shelley has been such a miserably lonely girl all during her pregnancy (Vittorio Gassman had to return to Italy to fulfill contracts with the Italian government). I don't believe she could have stood it if anything had happened to her baby.

The first thing she did after the arrival of little Vittoria was to call the "papa" in Rome. She caught him right in the middle of a performance of *Hamlet* on the stage.

"He is so excited," Shell said huskily, "he will fly here as soon as he possibly can. My



(Top) Sean O'Shea, John Bruno (Bot.) Yul Brynner, Pat Neal, Conrad Nagel, Louella Parsons, and Reginald Gardiner at a N.Y. party for Louella.

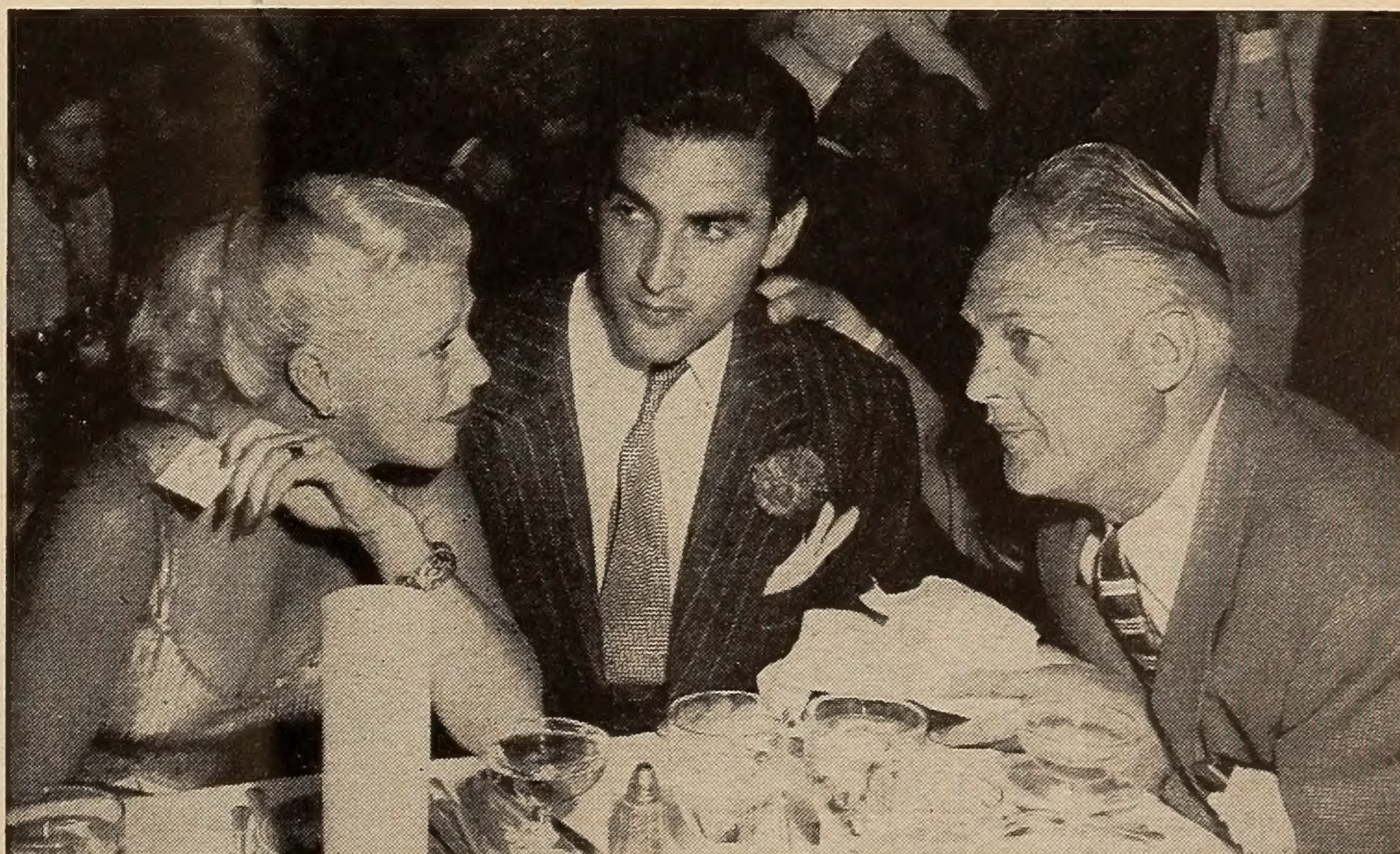
poor darling had the flu and he has been so worried about us, the baby and me."

Shell proudly reports that Vittoria looks just like her father. "She has the same big blue eyes and dark hair and she's so cute!"

WHEN "His Royal Highness" Prince Mike Romanoff gives a party with his Consort, Gloria, believe me—it's one to remember. Mike spares no expense (and kindly do not remind me that he owns his own café in which to splurge).

The Red and White Valentine Ball he and Gloria hosted in the Imperial Room of Romanoff's was the first I've ever known for which the feminine guests did as requested and wore either a white or a red gown. Usually, at least one free soul will show up in purple or green just to show her independence.

Not this time. It was such a lovely effect, all the girls in red or white—many such lovely creations. I wore my wonderful Don Loper Inauguration dress. (Continued on next page)



Newlyweds Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac (center) chat with TV actor Charles Farrell at a party at the Racquet Club. Ginger, 41, and Jacques, 26, were wed on February 7, in Palm Springs. It was his first, her fourth, trip to the altar.

Spring Beauty Hints

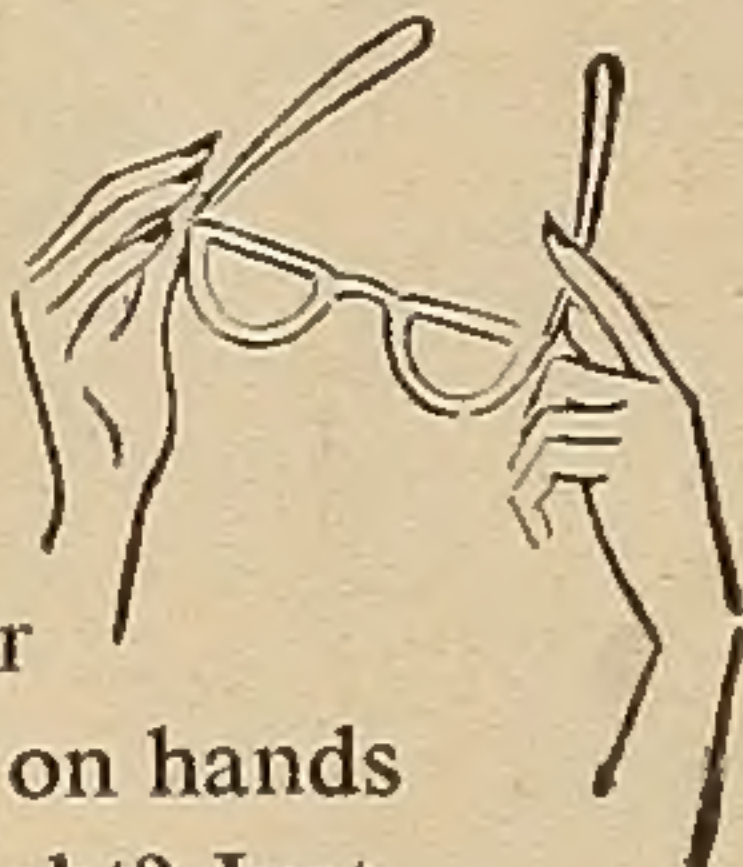
by **REGIS PAINE**
beauty consultant

Arms Program—Most women today make sure their legs are smoothly groomed, hands and elbows creamed to softness. But, often, when they raise their arms, the underarm skin shows irritation from using a too-harsh deodorant. (One out of two women have had this trouble, a nation-wide survey shows.)



To avoid this, use YODORA, the "beauty cream" deodorant. Made with a pure face cream base, YODORA does not irritate normal skin. A four-week test, conducted by a leading skin doctor, showed not one case of underarm skin irritation from using YODORA, even when applied right after shaving. YODORA helps beautify the underarm skin.

Helping Hands—Spring's the time when "smart cookies" like to whip up a tasty hamburger or toss a tangy salad. But who wants the odor of onions and garlic lingering on hands made to be held in the moonlight? Just smooth on a bit of YODORA, and your hands will be soft and sweet-smelling in no time.



Tips for Teens—Don't use too-heavy make-up on sensitive adolescent skin; nor a too-strong deodorant. Use YODORA, accepted by the American Medical Association Committee on Cosmetics. YODORA not only stops perspiration odor effectively, it also softens, smooths and beautifies the skin.

Tubes or jars, 10¢, 35¢, 60¢



8 McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

Gloria Stewart spent the day of the party practically in tears because she was sure Jimmy wouldn't be back from Palm Springs where he was recording a show with Bing Crosby in time to take her to the party. And she had such a lovely dress to wear.

(Believe it or not, Jimmy arrived in Palm Springs at 3:30 in the afternoon, taped the show with Bing, and was back in Hollywood to pick up his lovely Gloria at 8:05 on the nose!)

Lauren Bacall wore the shortest dress I've ever seen—even in the flapper days. But far from being hey-hey she was another almost in tears when she told me about her old man's (Humphrey Bogart) automobile accident in Europe.

"He bit his tongue so badly he had to have three stitches taken in it and he's never been so lonesome for me and the children," said Baby Bacall too upset to care about a little non sequiter in her conversation.

Lauren was sooo upset I had to take a second look at her. Usually, she is cool, calm, detached and never overly sentimental about her "old man."

While I was dancing with William Haines he said, "You know, there are only two women stars in this town who keep up the perfect illusion of glamor and excitement throughout the years."

"And who are they?" I asked.

He pointed to Joan Crawford, who was with her director, David Miller. Joan with flowers in her hair and a big red heart on her dress did, indeed, look every inch the fascinating movie Queen.

"Gloria Swanson is the other," said Bill. "Joan and Gloria are individualists; too many other stars look like carbon copies of each other."

Rocky Cooper seemed to be lonely wandering around. If she had an escort I didn't see him. Peter Lawford, who is often with her,

hasn't been going out since his father's death.

I wonder if Bill Haines spotted Mari Blanchard escorted by her devoted Greg Bautzer? Mari seems to me to have plenty of oomph and individuality for a new personality.

WHAT'S all this about Marilyn Monroe "crashing" the birthday party Jane Wyman gave for Freddie Karger at Chasens and, "everybody being SOOOOO embarrassed because Freddie used to date Marilyn before he married Jane!" Oh, now—Please!

In the first place, a guest at Jane's party in the new private room at Chasen's ran into Marilyn (dining in the café proper) and insisted that the Monroe join the party for a cocktail. Marilyn didn't even know whose party it was until she dropped in for a hot five minutes.

As for Janie and Freddie being embarrassed—that's a lot of mush. That Wyman girl whom I love so much is far too good a scout for such nonsense. She asked Marilyn to remain for dinner—but the gal had a couple of escorts waiting for her in the café.

Poor Marilyn. No matter what she does she usually gets a blast from some quarter.

GETTING back to Jane's party—it was one of the few real surprises ever pulled in our town. She kept her plans for a birthday celebration so secret from Freddie that she had the invitations sent out in the names of her good friends, Bobbie and Bill Perlberg.

When Janie walked in with Freddie, 85 guests were already assembled and his band broke into the strains of "Happy Birthday To You." Freddie almost fell over in surprise and delight.

Jack Benny's birthday was the next day, so Janie had a cake for him, too.

Joan Crawford danced miles around the floor with Jennings Lang. Ditto Diana Lynn and director Freddie de Cordova.

In Hollywood it's hardly safe to say any two people are romancing. By the time you get the paper out of the typewriter it's pretty apt to be yesterday's news. However, I have



Unknowns yesterday, Audrey Dalton, Joan Elan and Dorothy Bromily became stars overnight in Paramount's *Pleasure Island*. If you want a chance at stardom, too, take a crack at the exciting Admiration-Paramount movie contract contest. You'll find the details on page 13.

WILD, WAYNE AND WONDERFUL ALL THE WAY!

That
all-man
'Quiet Man'
has a new
kind of
dame to
tame!

It takes
two to
tangle —
and when
it happens
to them
you'll tingle!



"Trouble Along the Way"

Warner Bros.
happily bring you

JOHN
WAYNE • DONNA
REED • CHARLES
COBURN

WITH
SHERRY JACKSON

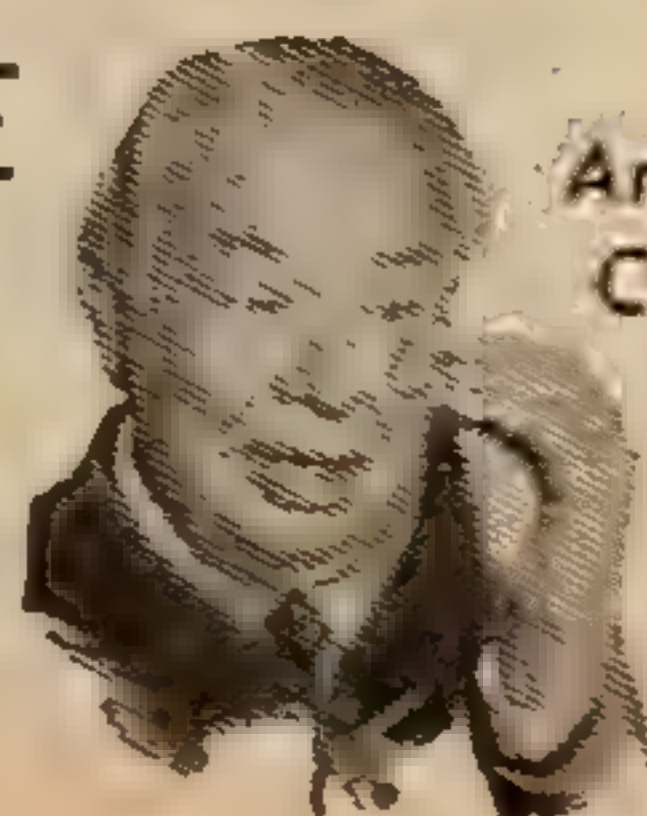
SCREEN PLAY BY
MELVILLE SHAVELSON AND JACK ROSE

PRODUCED BY
MELVILLE SHAVELSON

MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

DIRECTED BY

MICHAEL CURTIZ



Another grand
Coburn role—
he's more fun
than you can
shake your
sides at!

My husband said "I Love You" all over again

**Mrs. Florence Delfino
of Stamford, Conn., tells
how she found slender
beauty without pills, wa-
fers, exercise or hunger**

"I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE this is me today. Not long ago, as shown below, I was shapelessly stout. I couldn't wear the new fashions at all. I was simply miserable. I tried many ways to reduce but they didn't help. And then I started on the Knox Gelatine Eat-and-Reduce Plan."



Now
136 1/4 lbs.

Before
161 1/2 lbs.



"THIS AMAZING, EASY PLAN reduced my weight more than 25 pounds. The Eat-and-Reduce diet was a dream. Three delicious meals a day, with eggs, meats, desserts and most everything I like. Not an hour of hunger or discomfort."

EAT YOUR FILL AND LOSE 2 TO 5 POUNDS A WEEK

Many, many thousands have achieved glamorous slimness with the proved, all-food, no-drug Knox Eat-and-Reduce Plan. If you are overweight because of too many calories, you, too, may reduce easily while enjoying 3 good meals a day.

FREE THIS 40-PAGE GUIDE TO EASY SLIMNESS

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Send me my free copy of the Knox Gelatine Eat-and-Reduce Plan book described above.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

seen Diana with de Cordova at two or three different parties, dancing and looking into each other's eyes as though they meant it.

Diana was very hard hit by the break up of her marriage to John Lindsay. I'm glad she seems to be finding the good-looking and charming director such good company.

NOTABLE Quotables:

Terry Moore: "It's my press agent who makes me sound silly in print!"

Marilyn Monroe: "I'm not worried about how I'll look in 3D or 4D or any old-D they think up."

Jane Powell: "It was a mistake to gray my hair. Nature takes care of that soon enough."

Bing Crosby: "Do I watch television? Like a snake charmer watches a cobra!"

Jerry Lewis: "I'm on Dean's side, naturally. But there's no law against hoping that the two sides will soon be one side again."

THE Donald O'Connor separation has been expected for a long time. But never let it be said that Donald and Gwenn didn't try to hold on to their marriage of nine years.

They made no secret of the fact that both were consulting psychiatrists. Time after time they quietly separated with Donald taking an apartment in Hollywood while Gwenn remained in their home with their six-year-old daughter.

The temporary "absent" treatment seemed to work. They always made up and Donald always moved back home—until the final break.

Their troubles are said to be centered in their 'teen-age marriage. Don was 18 and Gwenn just 17 when they were married in 1944. The day after the wedding, he went into the Army.

One bit of gossip, definitely not true, is that Gwenn was dying for a career of her own and Don wanted her to stay home with the baby. He did all he could to promote Gwenn's professional life even to having her appear several times on his TV and radio shows. Even their child has appeared twice on his shows.

I'm sorry to say that I doubt if the O'Connors will patch up their differences this time.



Still together, even in the face of splitting-up rumors, Tony and Janet seem to be shaping up as one of Hollywood's happiest couples.

However, give them E for "effort" during these many years of problems, separations, and kiss-and-make-up reconciliations.

BABY Talk: Esther Williams and Ben Gage are expecting their third child. They have two little sons, so naturally, they're hoping for a girl this time.

As usual, Esther was a long time admitting she was on the stork's list again. I called her in Florida, where she's making a picture, and she didn't call back (as expected). This, however, did not keep me from breaking the story. I've dealt with Esther before on these matters.

Her excuse was she "wasn't sure. Maybe it was the difference in climate in Florida. Or the water scenes she had been making," and so on and on.

It's all right for a gal to keep a secret as long as it's a secret. But when her studio gets around to confirming the news—it makes you wonder why Esther doesn't break the happy tidings herself.

DON'T—I repeat, don't try this style unless you have a derriere like Corinne Calvet's, but her glamorous peddle-pushers are the talk of the town.

They are short, tight pants fitted half way down the legs and Corinne's gaudiest pair are of black velvet with red polka dots!

Too often our movie producers pay too much attention to the East Coast and the West Coast and more or less slough off the reactions of fans in the middle of the country. This is why I am particularly interested in the results of a poll conducted in seven states in the Rocky Mountain district.

150,000 people voted these results:

Favorite Pictures:

Greatest Show On Earth
Quo Vadis
African Queen
Snows Of Kilimanjaro
High Noon

Favorite Women Stars:

Susan Hayward
Doris Day
Marilyn Monroe
Jane Wyman
Betty Hutton

(Continued on page 12)



Together again for another try at married life, gossips are wondering whether Jackie and Dale Robertson's reconciliation will last.

THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok! Anybody who doesn't stir to the mention of these daring Americans who left us such a wealth of true adventure stories . . . just doesn't know how to LIVE! Two of the most colorful characters in our history, Buffalo Bill's and Wild Bill's fight through rugged wilderness and over scorched desert to open a mail route to California, makes every minute of "Pony Express" a breathless experience! It's a picture that will give you that exciting feeling of being part of a glorious venture! That's the way I felt. I wasn't just watching it . . . I was WITH it!

* * *

The story is based on incidents that occurred after the founder of the Pony Express commissioned Cody (Charlton Heston) and Hickok (Forrest Tucker) to blaze the trail westward to California. There's stirring heart interest, as well as action. Denny (Jan Sterling), a charming, reckless tomboy, adores Cody and dreams of being his bride. She has some pretty stiff competition in the beautiful person of Evelyn Hastings (Rhonda Fleming), a volatile redhead!

* * *

Evelyn and her brother are on the side of the rebellious Californians who, incited by crafty foreign agents, feel their state will fare better isolated from the Union.

* * *

There's a thrilling climax involving Denny. Your heart will ache for her but I'm not going to reveal all now. Just make sure to hop to it . . . when the "Pony Express" rides your way!

* * *

If you hear someone say "It made my hair stand on end," you can bet that he—or she—is talking about "The War of the Worlds." E-e-e-k! Remember your favorite thriller? That was a cosy fireside story by comparison. When I viewed "The War of the Worlds," my scalp felt as though an Indian warrior from the pioneer days was practising his favorite hobby—with me as the scalpee! And what made me shiver? In a nice, warm projection room?

* * *

"The War of the Worlds" opens on a high note of terror. Out of a sudden, flashing brilliance in the sky, numberless huge, fiery objects come crashing to earth, spraying screaming heat rays that destroy everything in sight!

* * *

What are they? You can't talk me into telling you! This is the kind of picture that has so many surprising turns that I want them to be surprising to YOU. Just go see "The War of the Worlds" and be scared yourself! And you'll never have a more fascinating time being frightened. I WILL tell you that the invaders are finally destroyed—And HOW . . . will AMAZE you!

* * *

There's another thriller coming along that I'll get my typewriter into for the next issue of this column. It's "Jamaica Run," starring Ray Milland, Arlene Dahl and Wendell Corey. I KNOW you'll want to hear more about this one. It's a picture with murder . . . suspense . . . and an underwater action scene the like of which YOU'VE NEVER SEEN!



PONY EXPRESS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Starring

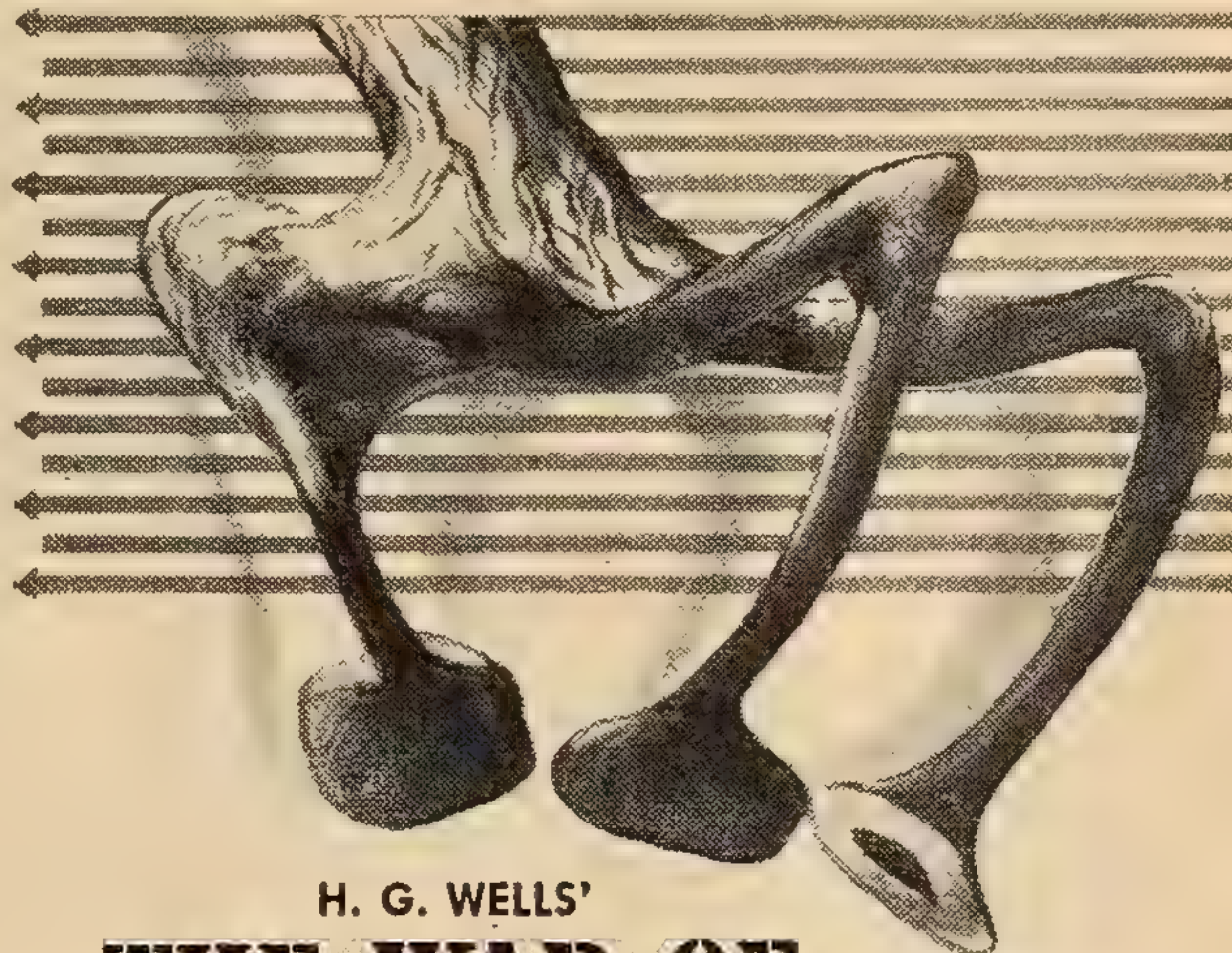
CHARLTON HESTON · RHONDA FLEMING
JAN STERLING · FORREST TUCKER

Directed by

JERRY HOPPER · CHARLES MARQUIS WARREN

Screenplay by

Based on a Story by Frank Gruber · Produced by Nat Holt · A Paramount Picture



H. G. WELLS'

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Produced by GEORGE PAL

Directed by Byron Haskin

Screenplay by Barré Lyndon

A Paramount Picture



Paramount presents

Jamaica RUN

Color by TECHNICOLOR

starring

RAY MILLAND · ARLENE DAHL
WENDELL COREY

with PATRIC KNOWLES · LAURA ELLIOT

Written for the Screen and Directed by
Lewis R. Foster · From a novel by Max Murray
A Clarion Production



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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

Favorite Men Stars:

John Wayne
Gregory Peck
Gary Cooper
Roy Rogers
Robert Taylor

MONTGOMERY CLIFT has set up bachelor diggin's at the Roosevelt Hotel and every day Monty walks the half-block over to Hollywood High School and goes through track workouts with the team and the instructor, a good pal of his.

The athletes are so used to Monty they pay no attention. Even more surprising, the co-eds either don't recognize him (which seems unlikely) or else high school girls in Hollywood are so immune to stars, there's not a good gasp left in 'em.

Clift is becoming very interested in the school activities. He attends lectures on subjects that interest him—usually at night.

So far the most excited group about Monty is the drama class. He has attended several rehearsals of the Spring play, *The Road To Rome* and given many helpful hints to the young thespians.

He is a strange boy, this Monty. He's far happier training and coaching with the high school kids than he would ever be as a social lion attending Hollywood cocktail parties.

THE Letter Box: My apologies to the State College of Washington, in Pullman, Washington, where the Crosby twins, Philip and Dennis, are students of animal husbandry. I mistakenly placed the boys at the University of Washington. Maynard Hicks, director of State's news bureau, calls the error to my attention, "because we are very proud of the twins here." All Hollywood is very proud of them, too.

Charlton Heston has been mentioned more than any other actor in this month's fan mail—and it's all complimentary, Charlton. Take a bow.

Bengt Overgaard, Studentgatan 28, Lund, Sweden, writes: "Lew Ayres is still tremendously popular in Sweden—why is there no news of him?" For one thing, Lew shuns publicity.

"Lola," of Kansas City, wants to know, "How does 41-year-old Ginger Rogers think she will be happily married to 26-year-old Jacques What's-His-Name?" His name is Jacques Bergerac. As for Ginger, she looks no more than 26 herself, Lola. Happy marriages are built on understanding and companionship, anyway. Not ages.

I'm omitting addresses of servicemen who would like to correspond with film fans this month to print the news and views of other correspondents. But I haven't forgotten the boys—and next month I'll print some new names and addresses.

That's all for now. See you next month.

easy money!

Time to pay the piper for the Maypole dance, and not a penny in your jeans? Don't fret, pet. Here's the answer to all your problems. All you have to do is read all the stories in this May issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Jeanne Crain
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Sweet and Hot
- ☐ Divorce Ahead? (Gregory Peck)
- ☐ The Story Of Shelley's Baby (Shelley Winters)
- ☐ Is Bing Thinking Of Love? (Bing Crosby)
- ☐ The Wasted Years (Olivia deHavilland)
- ☐ The Truth About Mr. and Mrs. Curtis (Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis)
- ☐ Love And Learn (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ Between Two Women (Robert Wagner, Stanwyck, Reynolds)
- ☐ Somebody Has To Stay Home (Virginia Mayo)
- ☐ Just What The Doctor Ordered (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ Farley's Design For Living (Farley Granger)
- ☐ Married Madcaps (Anne Francis)
- ☐ Everything Happens To Me (Glenn Ford)
- ☐ When I Hated My Mirror (Jan Sterling)
- ☐ Bride Of Faith (June Haver)
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- ☐ TV Talk by Paul Denis

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

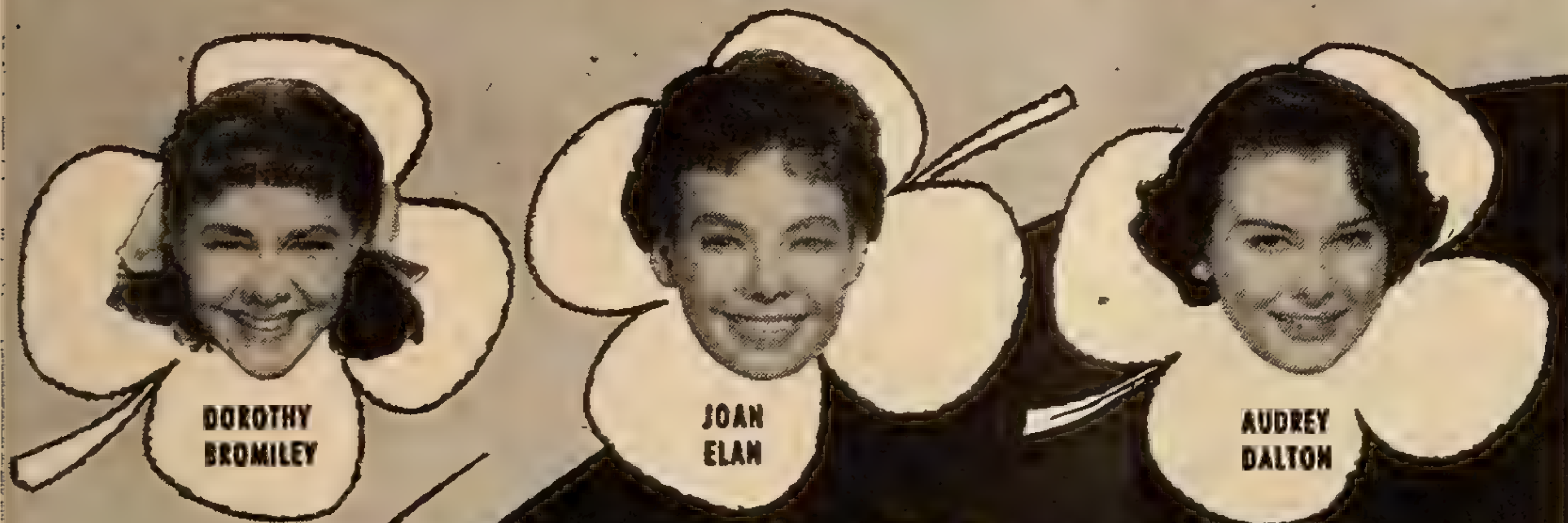
What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....
My address is.....
City..... Zone....
State..... I am.... yrs. old

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**Name the Star
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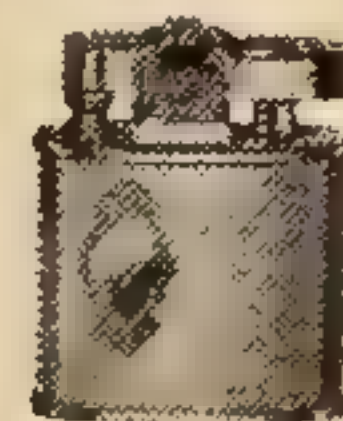


Includes one week's stay at the beautiful CASABLANCA Hotel...Hollywood's Two Million Dollar Ultra-Modern Play Ground...spending pleasant days in the Casablanca's beautiful pool.

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Guaranteed accuracy in Lifetime 17 Ruby Jewel 2-in-1 watch with luxurious built-in bracelet. Product of world famous HELBROS Watch Company.



RONSON "PRINCESS" For you, this dainty RONSON Princess, pocket lighter with one finger motion ... "Press it's Lit...Release it's out" safety action.



LANVIN'S "MY SIN" PERFUME
Young, tingling, earthy and adventurous...LANVIN'S "MY SIN" perfume...the choice of the young and gay...the perfume of beguiling youth and happiness that inspires exhilarating and courageous adventure.



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...All puppies love IDEAL, the ideal dog food.



BILLPAK BILLFOLDS



BILLPAK billfold of top grain cowhide with 23½ k. gold tooling. Complete with picture windows, bel-lows change purse and secret pocket, the BILLPAK has the exclusive flip closure-lock!

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PALOMAR CULTURED PEARLS Exquisitely beautiful necklaces by Palomar for dress or evening wear.

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KIMBERLY PERFUMERS...a golden spill-proof perfume case to carry in your purse.

PALOMAR SIMULATED PEARLS Costume jewelry designed with you in mind.

PAPERMATE PENS The pen that is used by Bankers and guaranteed never to leak.

MAGICOMBS...for cleaning, waving or tinting your hair.

AND MANY MORE!

DIVORCE AHEAD?

Quotes from Greta

stoutly deny a split between

Greg and her. But

many believe they're

heading for a Peck

of trouble all the same.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

■ Last May when Gregory and Greta Peck, married ten years, stepped aboard the Queen Elizabeth with their three small sons and secretary, it was the understanding of their friends and business associates that none of them would return to the United States for at least a year and a half.

Today, of the entire entourage that sailed for Cherbourg on that May 19th, only Eldred Gregory Peck remains in Europe.

His wife and the three boys, Jonathan 8, Steve 6, and Carey Paul 3, are all back in Hollywood living in the Peck ranch house overlooking Mandeville Canyon, while Dame Rumor, led by Walter Winchell and a small army of other columnists, suggests to the world the erroneous possibility that the Pecks have separated because Greg might be unduly interested in the welfare of a fascinating Schiaparelli model in Paris named Julienne. He isn't, not in Julienne, anyway. All the same Hollywood insists that something in the man-and-wife relationship between Greg and Greta must have gone awry in Europe, or why, after eight months abroad, should Mrs. Peck have suddenly bundled up her flock, moved out of the villa she and Greg had rented near St. Germaine, take the boys out of the American School in Paris, and sail back to the good old U.S.A.?

Greta Peck says, "Greg and I are not separated, there will be no divorce, we may even fly over to see him this summer, and frankly, all those rumors make me sick.

"The children and I came back to California, because it's just too difficult trying to raise them abroad under Greg's schedule. He's in Italy for a few months, France for a few months, England for a few months. He likes to have his family with him, and we just can't keep (Continued on page 62)



"Who says we'll divorce? We won't. We're not even separated," says Greta Peck. But she and Gregory are certainly not together. She and the boys returned to California in January. Greg is scheduled for at least three more films abroad.

New!

Scientific proof! Tracer Method technique (above) proves New Fresh Cream Deodorant superior in keeping underarms dry.



Philip Hulitar designed her Parma blue faille gown and magnificent mantle. Her deodorant, sure, New Fresh.

...a Sensational Step Forward in deodorants!

gentle NEW FRESH will give you up to 180% more underarm protection than other leading cream deodorants. Proved by university scientists!

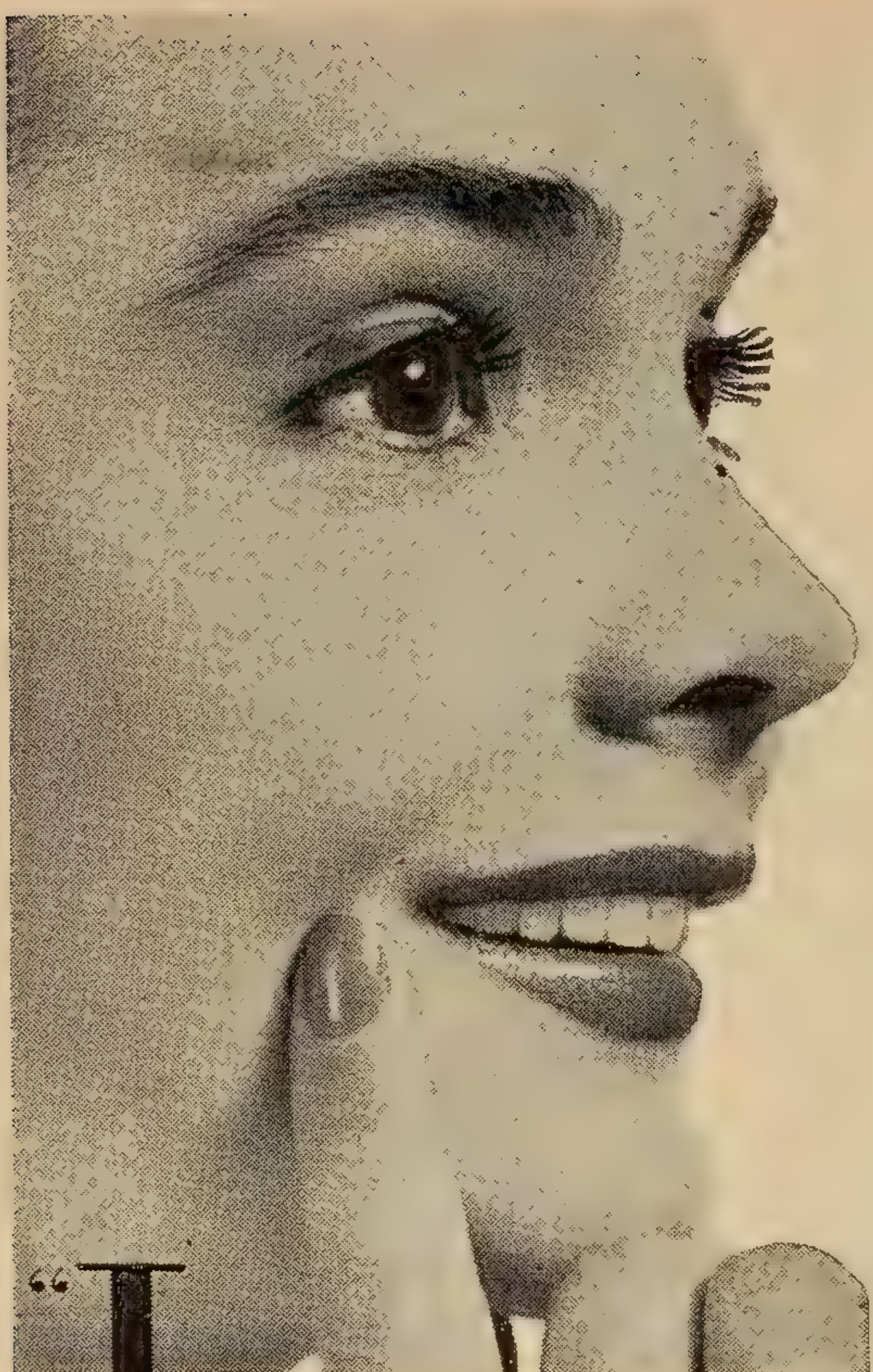
Now the greatest improvement in deodorants in years is in New Fresh Cream Deodorant. By a skillful change in formula, New Fresh is now up to 180% more effective than other leading cream deodorants! It outperforms all others tested in keeping underarms dry. It stops odor completely! Never sticky, it's creamy soft and as extra-gentle to skin as ever!

Superior new formula! Tracer Method Tests made in a famous university laboratory prove that the gentle new moisture-control formula in New Fresh Cream Deodorant is far superior in astringent action to other leading cream deodorants! And it's the astringent action in deodorants that keeps underarms dry ... actually keeps you and your clothes safer!



Sure, yet gentle! Stops odor instantly, keeps underarms dry. Safe for fabrics. Use daily. Fresh is also manufactured and distributed in Canada.

New Fresh keeps you Lovely to Love Always...



I never dreamed Tampax could mean so much to me!"

Why put up with unnecessary and downright uncomfortable inconveniences at "that time of the month?" To many women the difference that the Tampax method of sanitary protection can make is a revelation. There are no bulky external pads to create chafing, irritation and odor. There are no belts or pins to "show."

These advantages alone would account for much of the popularity of Tampax. But internally-worn Tampax gives you other and even more dramatic benefits. You can't even feel the Tampax, once it's in place. It's easily disposable, even when visiting. Tampax can be worn in shower or tub. And your hands need never touch the Tampax, thanks to the dainty, throwaway applicator.

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure white, compressed surgical cotton. A whole month's supply can be carried right in your purse. Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. The economy size gives an average 4-months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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16 by the Journal of the American Medical Association

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



LONG HUNCH DEPT:

His friends are betting that Lex Barker, despite his romance with Lana Turner will continue to live the bachelor life in the apartment he rented from Patricia Neal. And Lex has settled for a new car instead of a house . . . John Agar has cried Wolf! once too often. We'll never believe him again when he swears he'll quit drinking, not after this last arrest . . . Ruth Roman, whose first-born is six months old, declares she doesn't intend to stop at one . . . Odds are ten-to-one Pier Angeli will walk down the aisle with Kirk Douglas soon as she turns 21 . . . Marlon Brando rented a garage in Beverly Hills for himself and his motorcycle. But there's no room for Movita or a raccoon! . . . Incidentally, Marlon's psychoanalyst says he's a new man so it begins to appear you won't be reading so much screwy publicity about our boy in the future.

I'll say this much about the Dale Robertsons' domestic situation: it has improved, at least as we go to press. But only slightly . . . Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens have been sharing the same house again but won't admit it's a reconciliation because they figure this



Lewis

would ruin it . . . The Aga Khan informed his son, Prince Aly that his followers might erupt if he marries another actress. The Aga, needless to say, was pointing a finger right at Gene Tierney. Rita Hayworth's would-be successor . . . Jerry Lewis told me he'll have to wear a brace the rest of his life as a result of his fall off that motor scooter . . . Jerry couldn't join Dean Martin at Bing Crosby's Pebble Beach golf tournament because of the accident. So Dean received a loving cup inscribed: "This Is the Trophy You Would Have Won at Pebble Beach If It Hadn't Been for Me. Your Partner, Jerry" . . . Greta Peck says she will re-



Brando

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Mike Wilding is happy because the baby looks like Liz Taylor: a mass of black fuzz! . . . Liz and Mike went calling, their first outing since Junior's arrival, on their pals, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger . . . Desi Arnaz shot a photo of his baby at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. The nurses raised holy Ned with Desi and Lucille Ball and made them sign a paper releasing the



Garland

hospital from any responsibility for damage to Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV's eyes . . . Claudette Colbert is slated to return from Europe in September but there are those who don't think she'll be moving back into the big house with Dr. Joel Pressman . . . Ginger Rogers is helping her new husband, Jacques Bergerac study for his citizenship examinations.



Ball and Arnaz

Judy Garland is spurning desserts these days, in preparation for her first picture in several years, *A Star Is Born*. She lost seven pounds in 10 days . . . The Italian Consulate in Los Angeles found a real Italian Countess living in Redondo Beach and sent her to Shelley Winters, who hired her to cook and keep house—so that Shelley's Vittorio will have real spaghetti, pizza and lasagna when he returns from Italy! . . . Alan and Sue Ladd write me that they've decided to make only two pictures in Europe, instead of three, and that they'll be back early this Fall, in time for the kids to start school . . . Peggy Lee and Brad Dexter have His and Hers pajamas, except that the His is embroidered on hers and the Hers is embroidered on his! . . . Mike O'Shea gave Virginia (Continued on page 88)

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Hedy Lamarr



No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed!
Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box (\$2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

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New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.



Hedy has a large collection of records. "Every star has to take care of her figure," says Hedy. "Ayds helps you slim the way Nature intended you to."



Hedy Lamarr in a famous role. "If I find myself putting on weight," says Hedy, "the first thing I turn to is Ayds. I sincerely recommend it."



Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you! At your drug or department stores.

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an adventure
just
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MOVIE REVIEWS

by florence epstein

picture of the mont.



Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up, teaches the Darling children, Wendy, John and Michael, to fly. Then they all fly away to Never Land, for great adventures.



Falling into the hands of wicked pirates, Peter battles with their leader, evil Captain Hook. Meantime, the Lost Boys are captured by Indians, who later free them.

PETER PAN

■ One of the most famous of all children's fantasies, written by J. M. Barrie, is brought to delicate, joyful life in this full-length animated cartoon by Walt Disney. Peter Pan is the boy who refuses to grow up, who lives in Never Land where mermaids drift on lily pads and pirates stalk the scary seas. One evening, just after bedtime, a girl named Wendy and her two brothers are visited by Peter (in his bright green costume with a feather in his cap he looks like an adventurous little Robin Hood) and Tinker Bell, the fairy as big as your thumb who flits about in a swirl of falling gold dust. All of them fly back over the hills and across the moon to a child world and a series of breath-taking adventures. There's the ugly villain Captain Hook and his band of rowdy henchmen; there's the Crocodile who ticks (he's swallowed a clock) and hungrily follows Hook's ship around with his jaws wide open. There are the Lost Boys, the Indian Village, the wonderful ditties like—"You Can Fly—You Can Fly," and "What Makes The Red Man Red." As usual, Walt Disney's creations are expertly drawn and beautifully alive in dazzling color. They move with such dreamlike grace and charming vitality you wish they'd come alive—but perhaps that would spoil this delightful excursion into make-believe.—RKO. (Jackpot of the month on page 20)



last year my hair was mousey brown...

although I once was brightly blonde...



now-**Richard Hudnut**

Light and Bright has brought
back natural looking lightness

Nothing to mix or fix

**"It's simpler than
setting your hair!"**

Photograph by Mark Shaw, courtesy of MADEMOISELLE

LIGHT AND BRIGHT by Richard Hudnut is the newest cosmetic gift to blondes, brownettes, redheads, with dull or lifeless looking hair. It's an entirely different kind of home hair lightener, a cosmetic really, that gives you natural-looking color that won't wash out because it brings out the lightness inherent in your hair. Not a dye, or rinse, it's a simple, single solution you apply directly to your hair to lighten and brighten a little or a lot depending on how many times you use it. And it's so easy to use. No mixing, timing or shampooing. So safe, too. Light and Bright contains no ammonia and the color change is gradual because you yourself decide how many applications to have. At all cosmetic counters, **1.50** PLUS TAX.

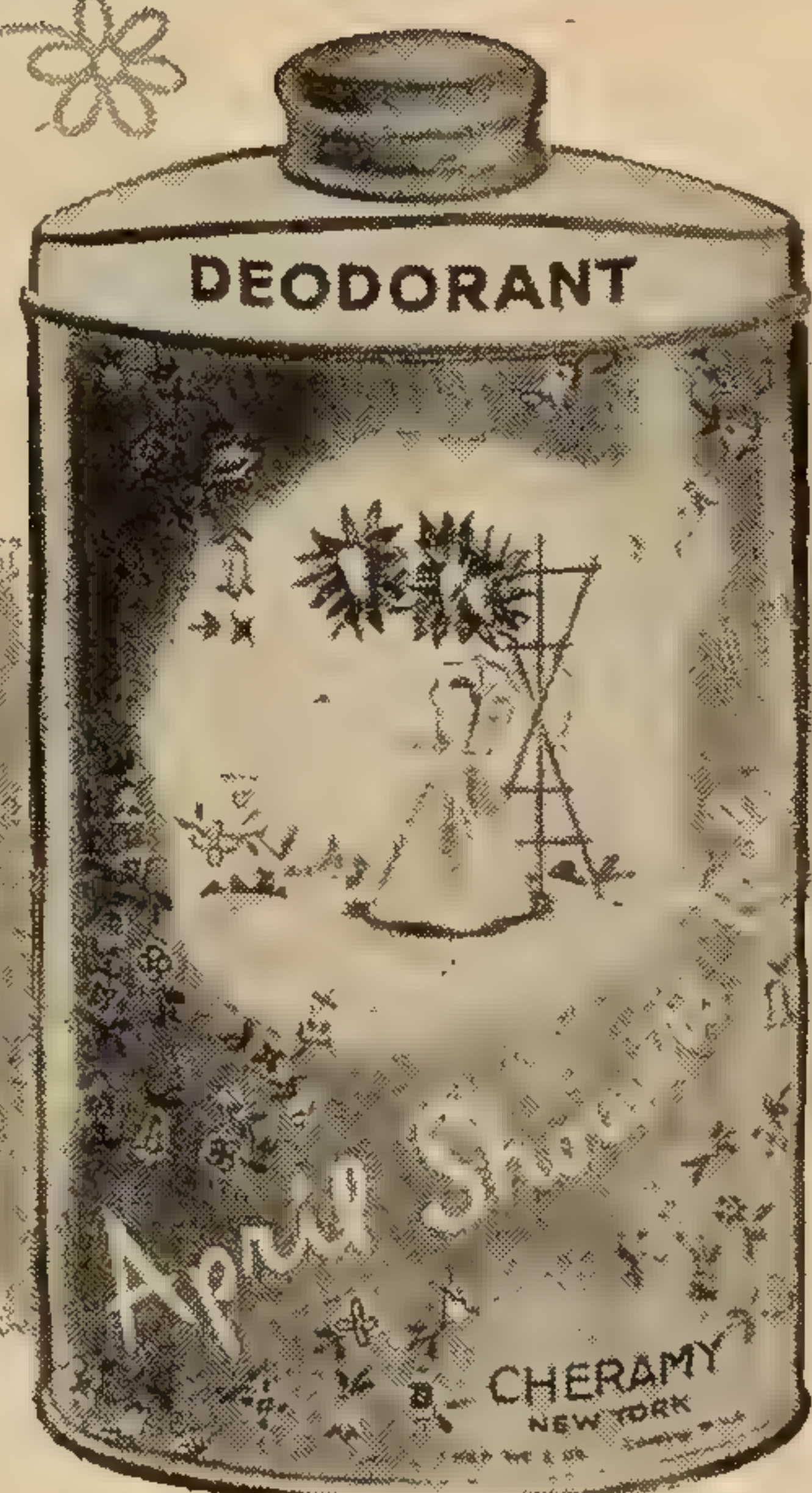


Light and Bright

RICHARD HUDNUT of Fifth Avenue

NEW!

TWO-IN-ONE TALC!



1. It's a deodorant!
2. It's a refreshing body powder!

April Showers

DEODORANT TALC

Now! Discover for yourself this wonderful "two-in-one" talc that gives you all-day deodorant protection—and, at the same time, keeps skin soft and smooth—fresh as April Showers—all over.

Family size, 50¢

FAVORITE WITH BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

"A/S"

STICK DEODORANT

So easy to apply... glides over the skin!

This "Always Safe, Always Sure" deodorant gives sure, lasting protection. In solid-stick form—wonderful for traveling—not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢

Prices plus tax.



by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

MOVIE REVIEWS continued

jackpot of the month



Salome, returned from Rome to Jerusalem, performs the Dance of the Seven Veils before lecherous King Herod. Her mother is Herod's wife, a woman of evil, who plots the death of John the Baptist. Salome believes she is saving the holy man's life. Herod misunderstands her wish, murders John.



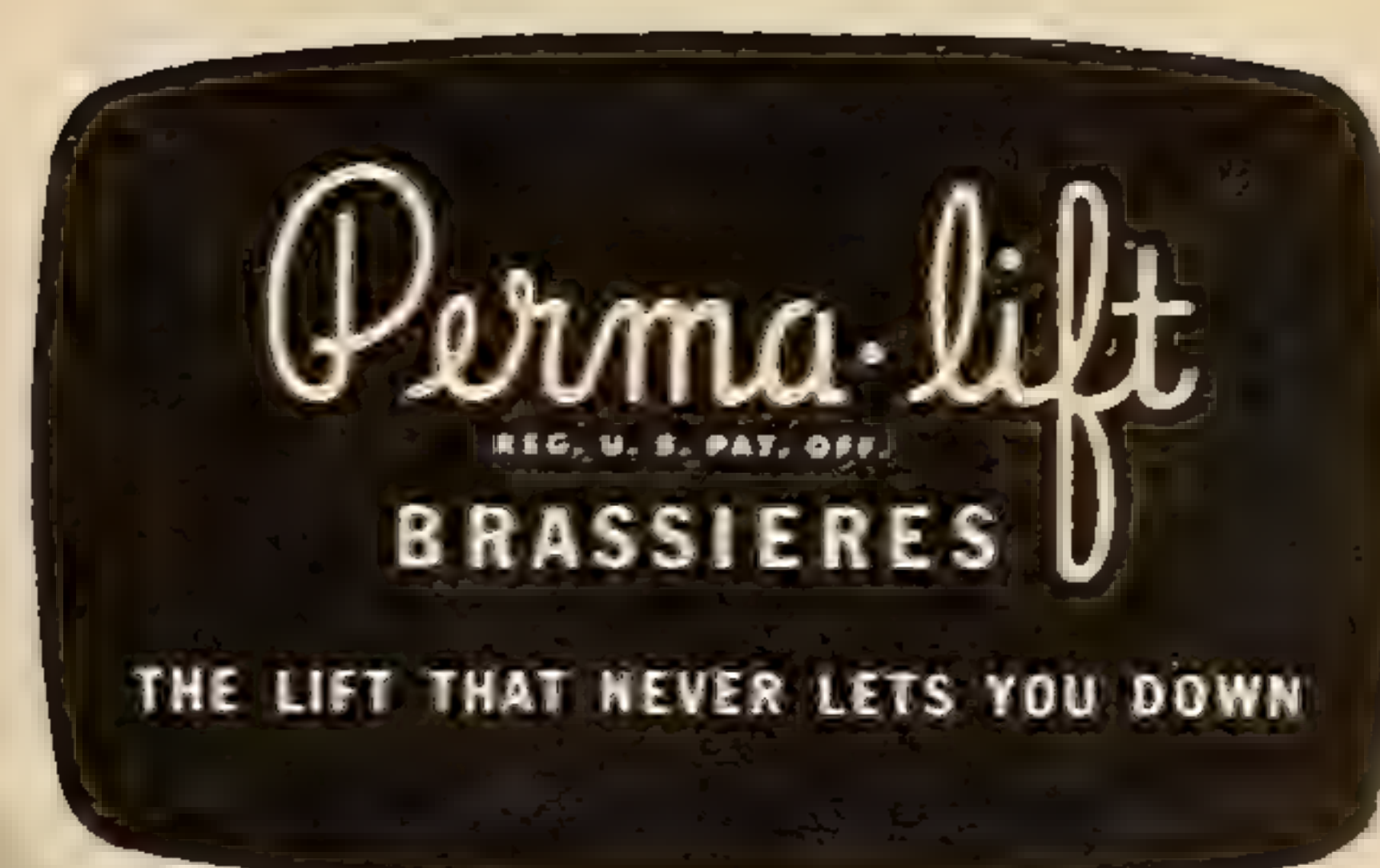
Centurion Claudius, who is secretly Christian, and Salome have been baptised by John. He tells them that Jesus is the true Messiah.



After John's murder, revolted by her mother, Salome and Claudius flee. They find The Master and join the Christians for the Sermon on the Mount.

SALOME

■ Rita Hayworth drives Charles Laughton mad with lust when she dances under seven Technicolored veils. That's the highspot of *Salome*. You know the story. Salome (Rita), banished from Rome, comes home to the kingdom of her corrupt mother (Judith Anderson) and step-father (Laughton). There she falls in love with a Roman officer (Stewart Granger) who is a secret convert to the teachings of John the Baptist (Alan Bodel). The Queen wants to have John killed—he defiles her name, threatens her power, she says. The King won't touch John who he fears is the Messiah. The struggle between the King and Queen involves the use of Salome as a pawn, and the movie reaches its climax during her dance when the head of John is carried into the banquet hall on a plate. But that's only a skeleton of the script. Columbia probably emptied its purse to put meat on those bones. It's a lavish spectacle. The costumes alone are worth the price of admission. (More reviews on page 22)



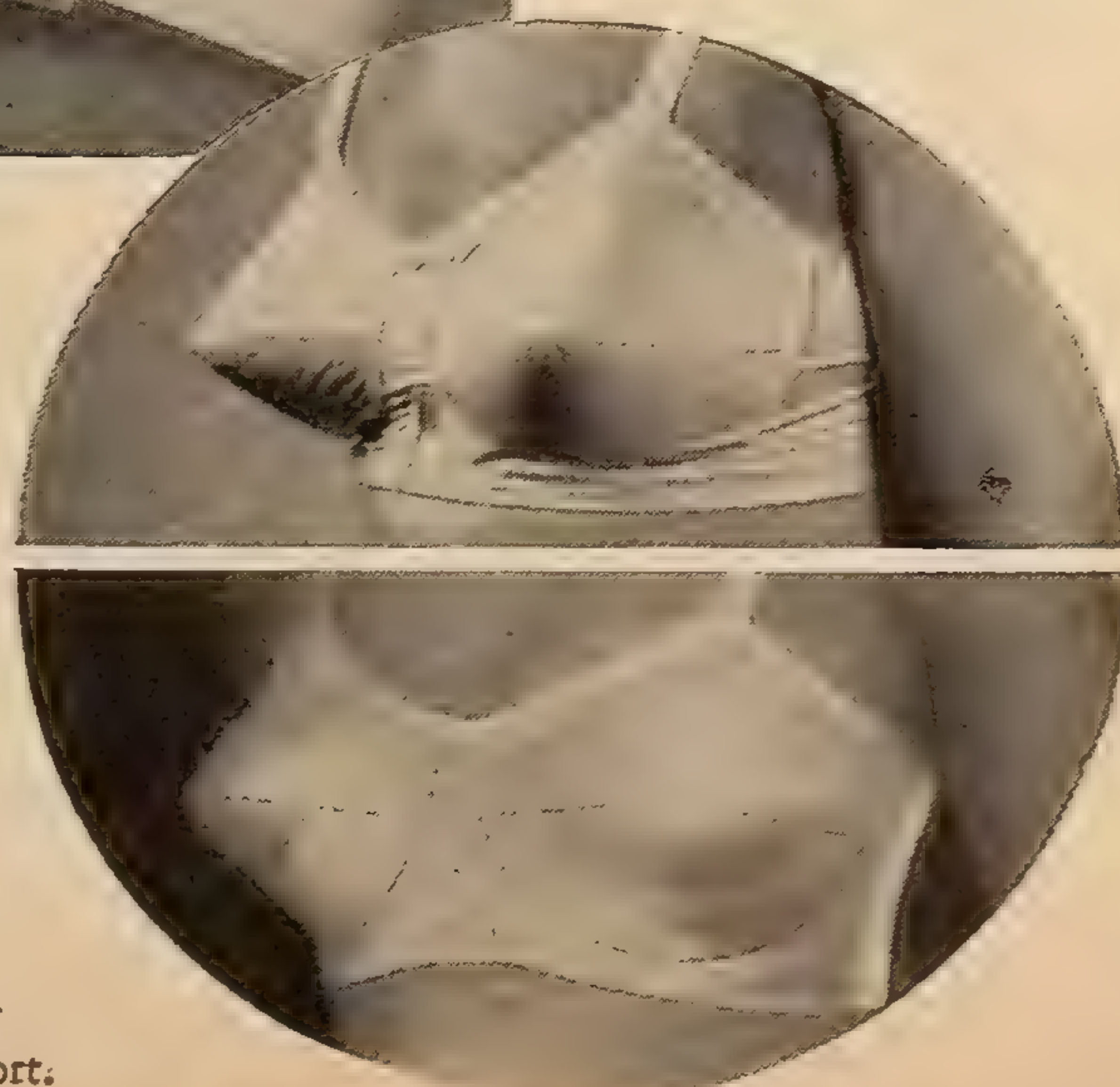
Look for the Magic Inset • you'll love the difference

Circular stitching gives you a compact, youthful, accentuated bustline—the Magic Insets guarantee lasting beauty. Only "Perma-lift"* Bras have the Magic Insets at the base of the bra cups. Your bust is gently and firmly supported from below, and that support is guaranteed for the life of your bra, no matter how often you wash it or wear it. There's a "Perma-lift" Stitched Cup Bra just perfect for you at your favorite Corset Department. Be fitted today—you'll love the difference.

- #160 in Cool Cotton . . . \$3.00
also Satin at \$3.50—and Nylon at \$4.00
- #164 in plunge neckline, in Cotton . . . \$3.00
- #166 "Added Attraction" Padded Bra . . . \$3.00

* "Perma-lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company
Chicago—New York—Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Top circle: An actual photo of an ordinary bra **without** the Magic Insets.
Bottom circle: Change to a "Perma-lift" bra **with** the Magic Insets; completely eliminates shoulder strap strain—you enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort.



The
"BOTTLE BACILLUS"
(*Pityrosporum ovale*)

Don't fool with INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

Start with Listerine Antiseptic...Quick!



A LITTLE normal shedding is natural, but when flakes and scales persist on coat collar, look out! They may mean infectious dandruff. Dandruff is the most frequent scaly disease of the scalp. When due to germs, Listerine Antiseptic is especially fitted to aid you because it gets after the germs in a jiffy.

Don't fool around with preparations devoid of germ-killing power which merely remove loose dandruff. Start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage regularly twice a day . . . the medicinal treatment that has helped so many. Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as an infection should be treated . . . with quick germ-killing action.

You simply douse it on the scalp, full strength, and follow with vigorous fingertip massage.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives your scalp an antiseptic bath—and kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, including the "Bottle Bacillus" germ (*P. ovale*). This is the stubborn invader that many derma-

tologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Keep the treatment up regularly: see how quickly the flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how itching is alleviated . . . how healthy your scalp feels.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

When You Wash Hair

To guard against infection, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic whenever you wash your hair. Listerine Antiseptic is the fine, time-tested medicine that has served Americans so well for more than sixty years. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

AS A PRECAUTION . . .

AS A TREATMENT FOR . . .

INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

Every week 2 different shows, Radio and Television—

"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"—See your paper for times and stations



LILI

Lili is a beaut. There aren't many musicals that can dip into fantasy and not drown in it. There aren't many musicals that you can sit through for over an hour without getting tired of the music or the dancing. Lili is original and lovely and enchanting. Leslie Caron plays Lili, a waif who wanders into a small French town looking for employment with an old friend of her father's. But this friend, like her father, has died, and she is completely alone. Suddenly, she spots Jean-Pierre Aumont buying fruit at a vendor's stand, soon she's madly in love. Aumont is a magician with a carnival and a Don Juan with women, but Lili's too naive to sense it. She picks up her valise and follows him like a puppy. He tries to get her a job as a waitress (she can't dance or sing and looks like a plump little country girl). Lili's too love-struck and awkward to even carry a tray. Pretty soon she's jealous, too—of Zsa Zsa Gabor, Aumont's assistant. With no place to turn Lili tries to commit suicide right on the carnival grounds. The voice of a puppet alone on his small stage stops her. Mel Ferrer is the puppeteer behind the curtain—an angry bitter man who was once a great dancer but hurt his leg in the war. Ferrer loves Lili but can't show it. His puppets talk for him, instead, and soon Lili is part of their act (like Kukla, Fran and Ollie). It takes a while before Lili realizes that it's not Aumont but the puppets and not the puppets but Ferrer whom she really loves. She discovers this in her daydreams where some clever and wistful ballets take place. You'll fall for Ferrer, too. And for Lili. And the puppets. All in color. CAST: Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Kurt Kasznar—MGM

JEOPARDY

This picture, as the saying goes, will scare you right out of your wits. It's torture, and it's so exciting you can't close your eyes even though you're dying to. Simple plot. A married couple (Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan) and their son (Lee Aaker) hop into their car and drive down into the loneliest part of Baja, California, for a vacation. The little boy gets his foot caught on a rotting jetty that extends into the sea and in saving him Barry is trapped by falling timber. If Barbara doesn't get help before the tide comes in, goodbye Barry. Unfortunately, the one man she finds who can be of any use is an escaped convict—a murderer (Ralph Meeker). He thinks Barbara's kind of cute—and what does she want to go and save that old husband of hers for? He plans to use her car to escape from the Mexican police who are hunting him down. Meanwhile the tide is rising, Barbara's getting desperate and Barry's putting on a brave act for his son. There's one heartbreaking scene

where the little boy makes coffee for Barry by pouring the contents of an entire can into the pot. You don't know what's going to happen until the end, and I'm not going to tell you. Just take a deep breath and buy your ticket. CAST: Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan, Lee Aaker, Ralph Meeker—MGM



BATTLE CIRCUS

"They haven't invented a medal yet for these people," says a soldier in *Battle Circus* as he watches a long line of medics edging their way down a hill in Korea with the wounded in their arms. Well, at least they've made a movie about them—the nurses, aides and doctors of the Mobile Army Surgical Hospital (MASH, for short). These are the people who put up their temporary city of tents right behind the front lines, send out helicopters to bring back the litters and save lives almost as fast as they're snuffed out on the battlefield. But not quite as fast. Not fast enough to keep Humphrey Bogart, who plays a surgeon, from losing faith in everything. However, a fresh-eyed young nurse (June Allyson) is assigned to his unit. She's like a spring flower blooming in the wasteland, a symbol of the world Bogart had forgotten. More than a tribute to MASH, *Battle Circus* is a tender love story glowing with humor and charm. Bogart, the cynic and Allyson, the innocent find new depths in themselves and even beauty in the shadows of the Korean nightmare.

CAST: June Allyson, Humphrey Bogart, Keenan Wynn, Robert Keith, Danny Chang—MGM

I CONFESS

I Confess is the stirring drama of a priest who cannot betray his vow even when his own life is at stake. The priest (Monty Clift) is accused of murder. Actually, the murder is committed by an employee in the rectory (O. E. Hasse). Hasse confesses to Clift who is bound to silence. Because two little girls saw a priest at the scene of the crime, and because Clift is the only priest in Quebec without a convincing alibi he is suspected. Relentlessly, Inspector Larrue (Karl Malden) digs up the story of Clift's past which involves Anne Baxter, now married to a member of Parliament. It is a story of love and blackmail and it pours more guilt on Clift's head. Finally, he is brought to trial. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock, *I Confess* is slick, well-paced and exciting. But it is more than that. It tells us that there still are men who are incorruptible, men of free nobility who can die for an ideal, even though the actions of others seem to reduce idealism to a fool's game. This is an important message,

Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!



Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's mild *beauty-cream*

lather gently removes dirt and make-up. But Dial does far more! Here's the important *difference*: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

Now available in Canada



DIAL
DAVE GARROWAY—
NBC, Weekdays



***P. S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try
New DIAL SHAMPOO in the handy,
unbreakable squeeze bottle!***



To learn "the truth" about your pals —

- ☐ Let them tell it with costumes
☐ Study palmistry

Who'd guess that timid Theresa secretly longs to be a Mata Hari? And Bill (The Shoulders) hankers to whip up the world's best souffle? Give a "secret ambition" party! You'll get a line on your gang—with their togs representing the life they'd really like! As for you, you're safe from revealing lines (that certain kind) — with Kotex. Just trust those special, flat *pressed ends*. And you get double *protection* — extra absorbency plus that *safety center*.



Can you offset bowlegged gams with

- ☐ Grace ☐ Exercise ☐ Blue jeans

If Nature threw a curve when she built dem bones, exercise won't straighten 'em. To offset that bowed look, acquire graceful posture; avoid shorts, snug-fitting jeans. Wear skirts with a graceful flare—at the right length for you. For *every* gal (come calendar days) there's a "just right" absorbency of Kotex. Regular, Junior, Super.

Are you in the know?



While dancing, which policy's best?

- ☐ Cool chatter ☐ Wait for the tone signal

Should you be a conversational ball of fire? Chances are, he'll prefer good footwork to clicking the pearly gums. Try a few remarks re the music; if he's for yacketty, let *him* set the tone. And if it's "that" time—keep prancing in *comfort*. Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it: *this napkin holds its shape!*



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

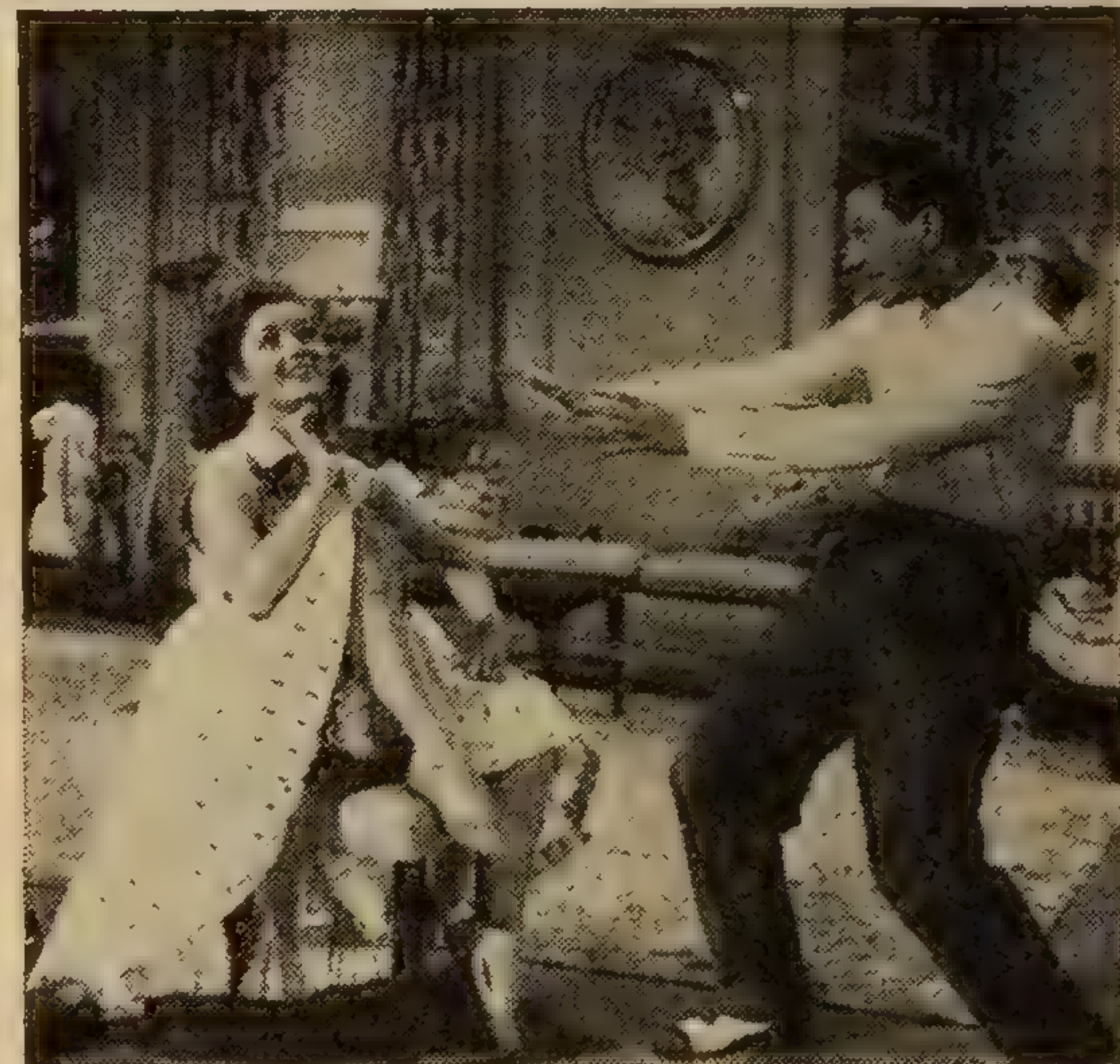
*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Know someone who needs to know?

Remember how puzzled you were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some youngster *now* who's in the same boat. Help her out! Send today for the new *free* booklet "You're A Young Lady Now." Written for girls aged 9 to 12, it tells her all she needs to know, *beforehand*. Button-bright! Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 343, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

and that it is presented with great skill as real entertainment is a credit to all concerned. CAST: Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, Brian Aherne, Roger Dann, O. E. Hasse, Dolly Haas—Warners



I LOVE MELVIN

Donald O'Connor doesn't need anything but a bare stage and a couple of props—that's how talented he is. *I Love Melvin* doesn't give him much more. The movie's as light as spun sugar. Debbie Reynolds wants to be a great musical star. So far her biggest role is playing the football in a dance number—and whoever thought that up was really desperate. In her dreams, though, she is comically seductive as the kind of woman men die for. Donald (he's Melvin) works for Look magazine. That is, he knows he works for them; they don't even know he's alive. Anyway, he promises Debbie he'll put her picture on the cover, and that's where the trouble begins. Plot aside, the movie's fun. Donald sings, dances, mimics, falls all over the place and keeps you laughing. Debbie is cute and gay, a trial to her harried father (Allyn Joslyn). One of the best performances is given by Jim Backus. He is cast as a Look photographer with an acid sense of humor.

CAST: Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, Una Merkel, Richard Anderson, Allyn Joslyn, Jim Backus—MGM

THE HITCH-HIKER

Here is another suspense story but it doesn't really grip you. Naturally, you feel sorry for any innocent party who's at the wrong end of a gun, but if there's not much else to make you sympathize with him you just wait a little uneasily for the gun to go off. Edmond O'Brien and Frank Lovejoy are on a fishing trip. They head their car south for San Felipe and pick up a hitch-hiker. Little do they know that this particular hitch-hiker (William Talman) has been killing people all week. Just a little crazy, is what. When Lovejoy turns around to offer a cigarette to the hiker he finds a gun staring him in the eyes. And that's about it for the rest of the movie. They travel from one end of a Mexican desert to the other with this maniac threatening to pull the trigger any minute. O'Brien cracks up along the way, but Lovejoy, who has a wife and kids, keeps better control of himself. Oh, yes, to make things even more eerie, Talman has something wrong with his right eye. It doesn't close, so at night they can't tell if he's awake or asleep. After a while the boys don't much care what happens to them. Maybe you will.

CAST: Edmond O'Brien, Frank Lovejoy, William Talman, Jose Torvay—RKO

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

FROM THE MOVIES

THE I DON'T CARE GIRL—*As Long As You Care* by Les Baxter (Capitol).

LOVE MELVIN—sound track album* (MGM) Debbie Reynolds and Donald O'Connor provide some bright moments in this collection of novelties and ballads.

THE JAZZ SINGER—album by Danny Thomas** (Victor). *Hush-A-Bye* by Bing Crosby & Fred Waring* (Decca); Stan Kenton (Capitol). *This Is A Very Special Day* by Peggy Lee** (Decca). *I Hear The Music Now* by Peggy Lee* (Decca); Karen Chandler (Coral).

The Danny Thomas selections include the three tunes listed above, as well as *Living The Life I Love* and *Oh Moon*. Peggy wrote *This Is A Very Special Day*.

Don't forget, by the way, that two of Peggy's earlier big Decca hits, *Lover* and *Just One Of Those Things*, are also in the picture; and MGM Records, cashing in on Danny's soaring popularity, has put together a collection of performances entitled *An Evening With Danny Thomas* in which he does such old favorites as *Singing In The Rain*.

LILI—*Hi-Lili-Hi-Lo* by Lita Roza (London).

NIAGARA—*Kiss* by Toni Arden* (Columbia); Ginny Gibson (MGM); Dean Martin (Capitol).

Tiny Toni has one of her best sides to date in *Kiss*.

PETER PAN—album by Hugo Winterhalter* (Victor).

Second Star To The Right by Doris Day* (Columbia); Don Cherry (Decca). *Your Mother And Mine* by Lawrence Welk (Coral); Doris Day* (Columbia); Eddy Howard (Mercury). *Never Smile At A Crocodile* by Larry Clinton & The Paulette Sisters (Columbia). *You Can Fly, You Can Fly, You Can Fly* by Betty Clark (MGM); Ernie Rudy (Coral). *Follow The Leader* by Larry Clinton & The Paulette Sisters (Columbia); Jerry Lewis (Capitol).

THE STARS ARE SINGING—album by Rosemary Clooney** (Columbia).

Rosie sings *Haven't Got A Worry* and *Lovely Weather For Ducks*, from the score written by hitsmiths Jay Livingston and Ray Evans for the picture. Also in the album is the song that led the way to her movie contract, *Come On-A My House*, which she sings in the movie.

THE STOOGES—album by Dean Martin* (Capitol).

Dean only gets a chance to sing snatches of some of these songs in the rather chaotic picture; here you can hear them at length, to much better advantage. They are *I Feel A Song Coming On*; *A Girl Named Mary And A Boy Named Bill*; *Just One More Chance*; *Who's Your Little Whozis*; *I'm Yours*; *I Feel Like A Feather In The Breeze*; *Louise*, and *With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming*.

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars:
Average

“Soaping” dulls hair— HALO glorifies it!



Yes, “soaping” your hair
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no
soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals
shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair
soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable!

No special rinses needed. Halo
does not dry . . . does not irritate!

*Halo glorifies your hair
with your very first shampoo!*



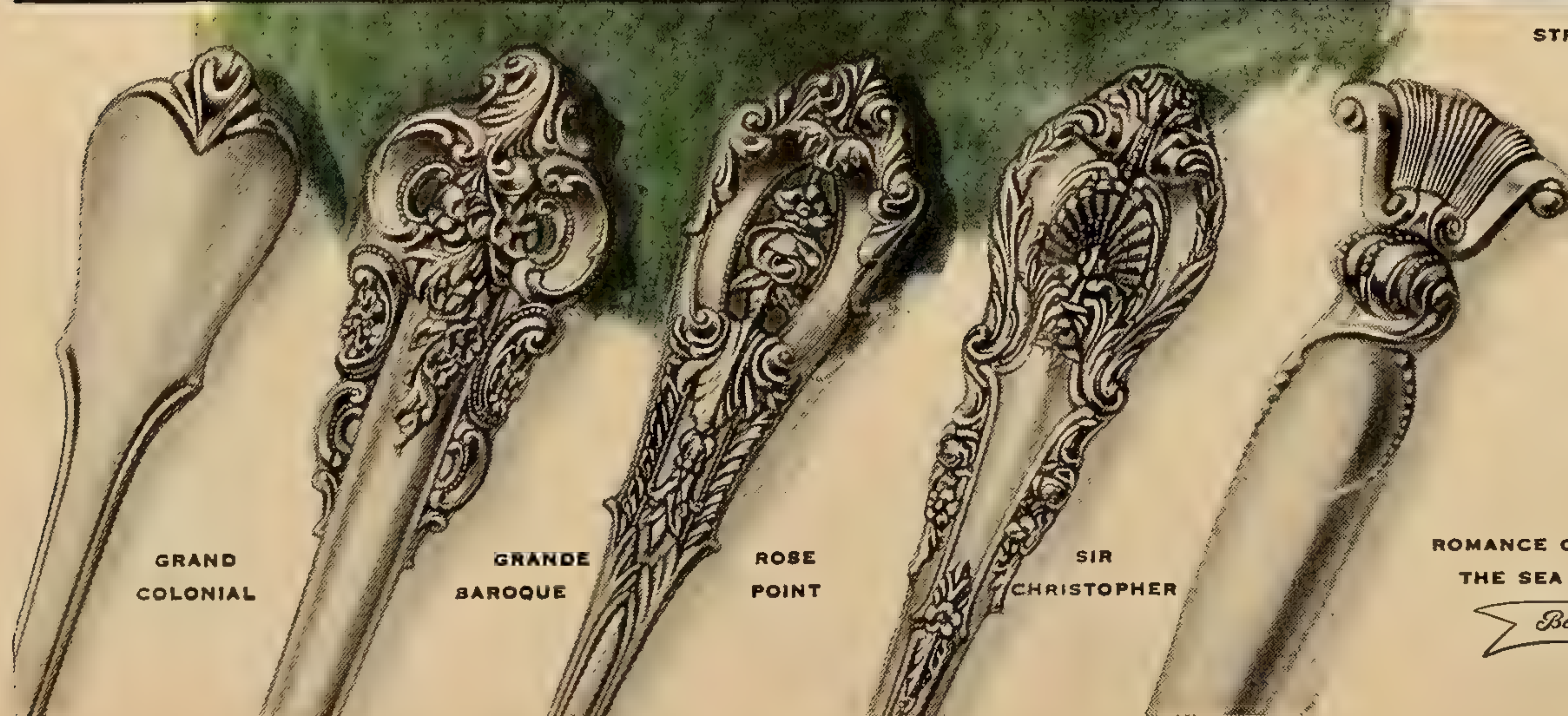
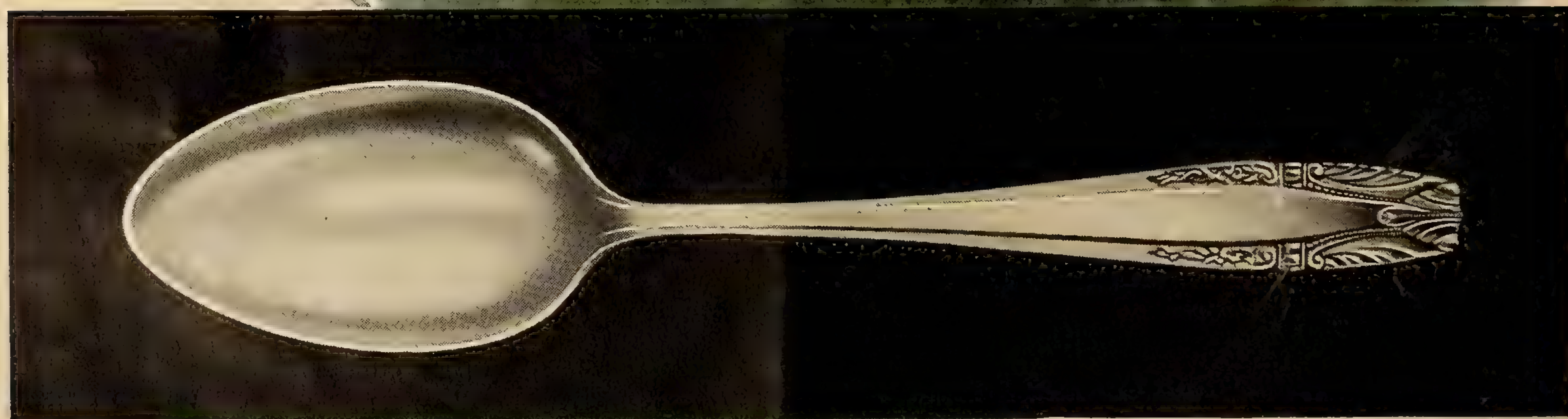
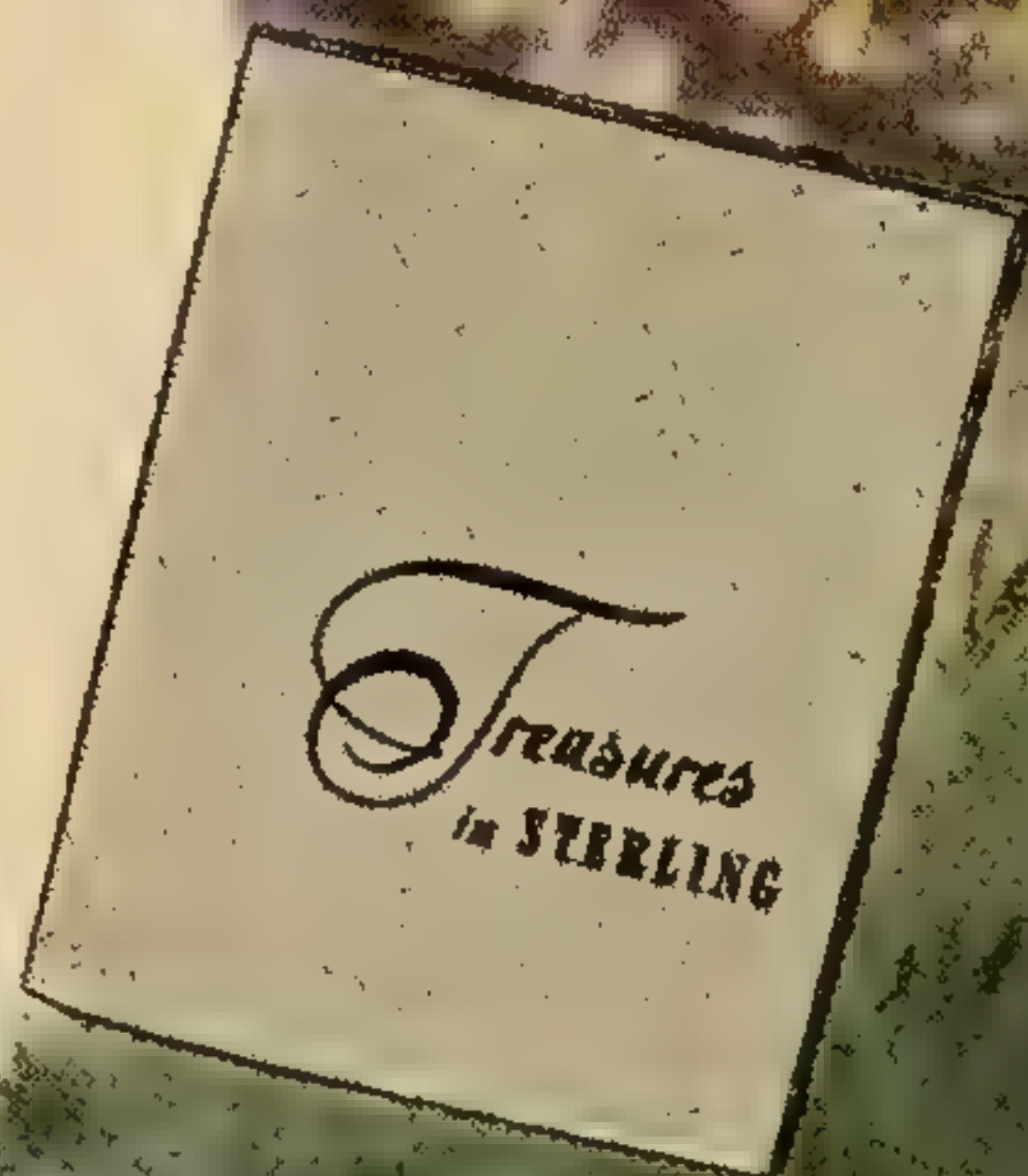
Stradivari

sterling in the mood of culture

The matchless beauty of the Wallace Stradivari pattern was inspired by the perfect violins of Antonius Stradivari, whose craftsmanship has never been equalled. Here is a lovely, lilting pattern—exquisite in form, crowned by a sparkling leaf curled back upon itself and enhanced with delightful highlights and shadows. It was created by famed designer William S. Warren in sculptured “Third Dimension Beauty”—the exclusive Wallace artistry in silvercrafting. Stradivari, like every Wallace “Third Dimension Beauty” pattern, is a masterpiece—beautifully formed not only in front, but in profile and back—giving you sterling perfection from every possible view.

Six piece place setting, Stradivari, \$35.75. Settings of other patterns from \$35.75 to \$47.75—all prices include Federal Tax. To learn where you can buy Wallace Sterling, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25. She will give you the names of the stores nearest you.

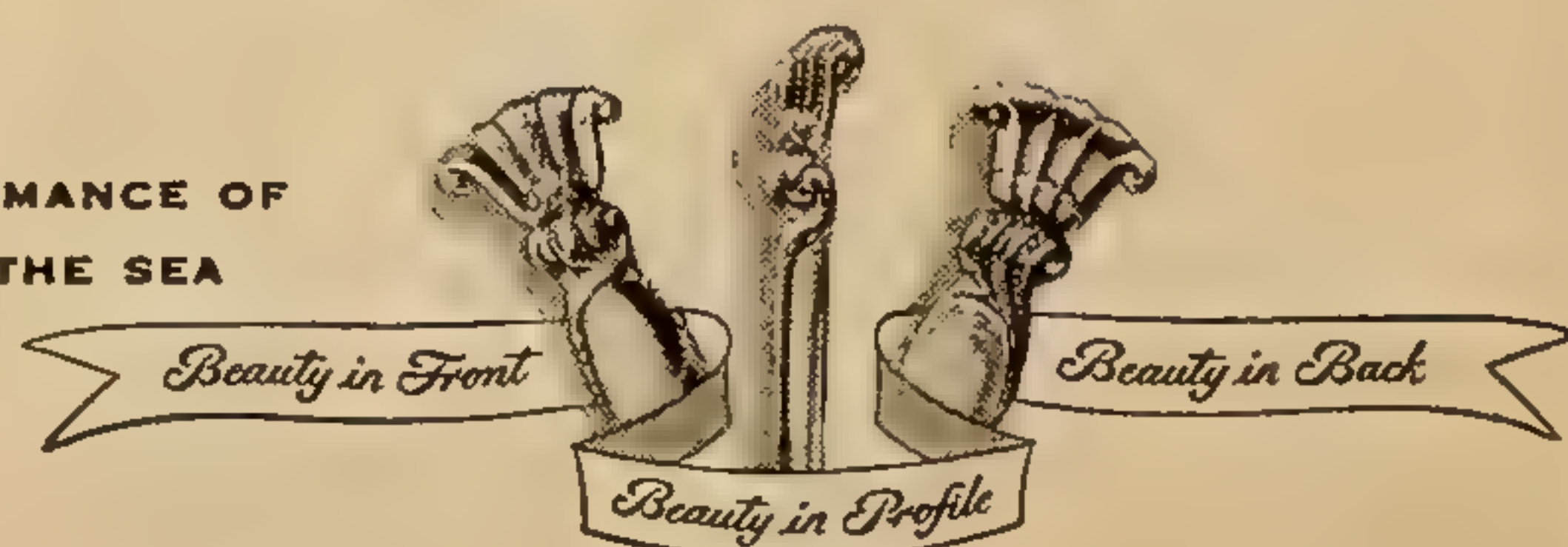
Read the exciting design stories of each Wallace pattern in the 32 page book “Treasures in Sterling.” It also contains many helpful table-setting ideas. Write (send 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 934, Wallingford, Connecticut.



STRADIVARI

WALLACE
Third Dimension Beauty
STERLING

ROMANCE OF
THE SEA



Why did the public
have to wait three days to
hear of Shelley's baby?
How did she conquer death
and despair alone . . . with
her man half a world away?

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

The story of Shelley's Baby

Tempestuous Shelley and Italian actor Gassmann married last spring.

■ The baby was not due until April of this year, but in her heart Shelley Winters hoped the child might come late, for then Vittorio would be back from Italy.

As she pictured the scene in her mind, he would drive her to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital when her time came. Dr. Emil Krahulik, the eminent obstetrician, would be waiting. She would look at her husband, and Vittorio would give her one last kiss before they wheeled her into the delivery room.

For hours he would nervously pace the corridors, hoping for a boy, waiting for some word. Presently, they would come out and tell him that Shelley had given birth to a child. They would call him in to identify the infant as his, to count all the toes and fingers, to give his okay that everything was in order. Then when they wheeled her out to her room, Vittorio would hold her hand. They would gently lift her onto her bed. Vittorio would be permitted to remain at her side for only ten minutes. Soon the sedative would take effect, and she would (Continued on page 82)

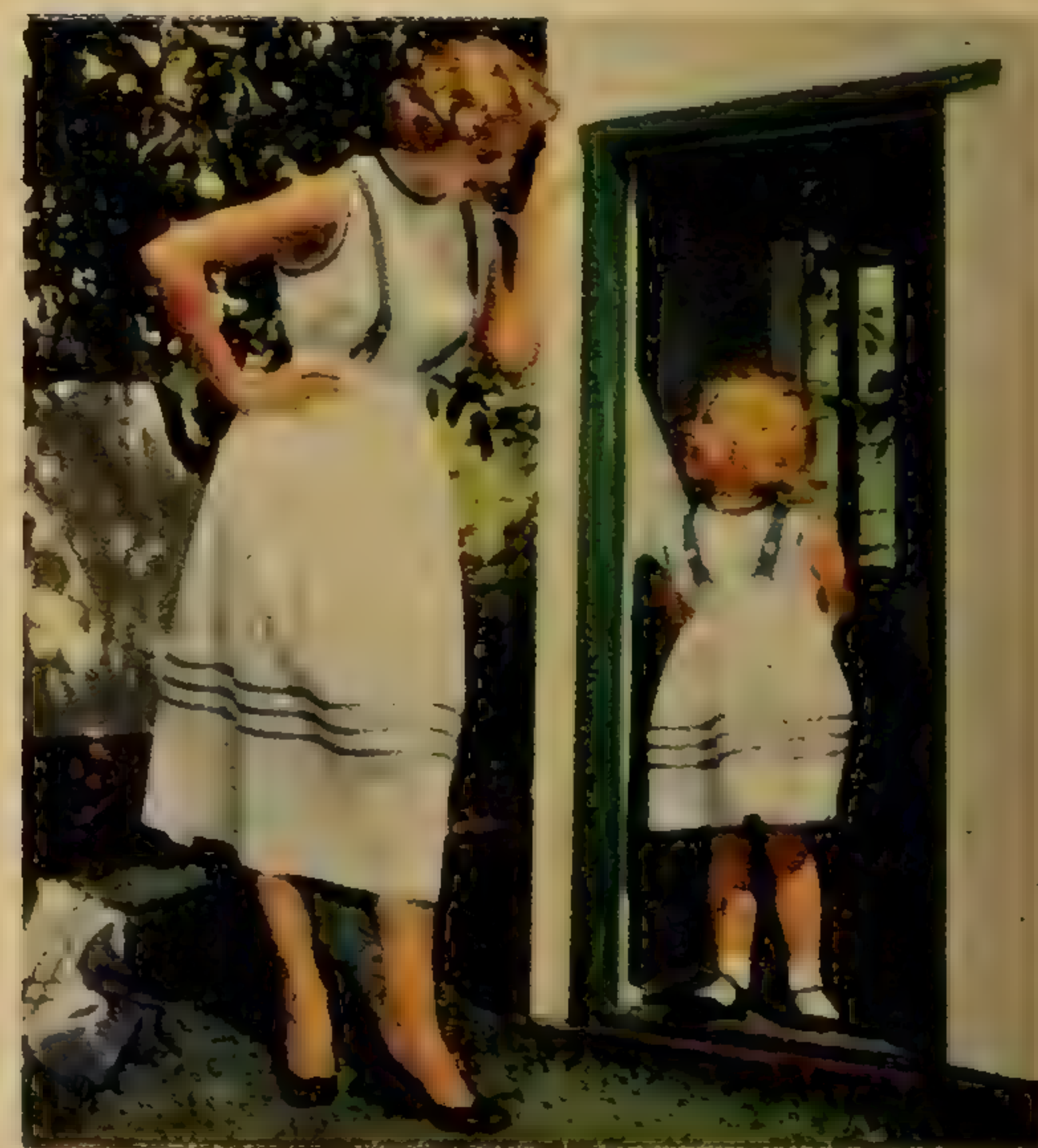




Mona Freeman, the lovely blonde actress who recently divorced Pat Nerney, is Bing's constant companion everywhere in Palm Springs.

Is Bing Thinking of Love?

By **LOUELLA PARSONS**



Mona's six-year-old daughter Monie is vacationing with her mother in Palm Springs. She's too young to tag along on evening dates . . .

■ Let's get this point straight in the beginning: the *only* girl Bing Crosby has dated since he became the world's most eligible widower is Mona Freeman. Not Mary Murphy. Not Terry Moore.

As of this writing he has been seen exclusively with pretty, blonde Mona.

This is why I say that the citizens of Palm Springs, that desert resort where the glories of Mother Nature and Mama Hollywood can be appreciated for \$50 per day and up—have recently been treated to the beginning of what well may be the Headline Love Story of the Year.

The eye-catching spectacle and daily appearance in the streets of Bing Crosby's car—Bing, sitting up front with the chauffeur; and Mona (his already widely publicized "new interest") sitting in back with 14-year-old Lindsay Crosby—all but the chauffeur equipped with golf clubs!

This startling caravan is always headed for a day of sunshine, fresh air, golf (and romance?) in the bright sun flooding the fairways of the Thunderbird Golf Club.

Now, Palm Springs is not a stranger to the astounding goings-on in the Hollywood Love Department.

Ginger Rogers was playing tennis at the Racquet Club just an hour before she slipped out of shorts and into a cocktail dress to marry Jacques Bergerac.

It was in (*Continued on page 80*)



... but Bing's youngest son Lindsay (second from right) is always along when his father and Mona dine out. The other boys are away in school, now.

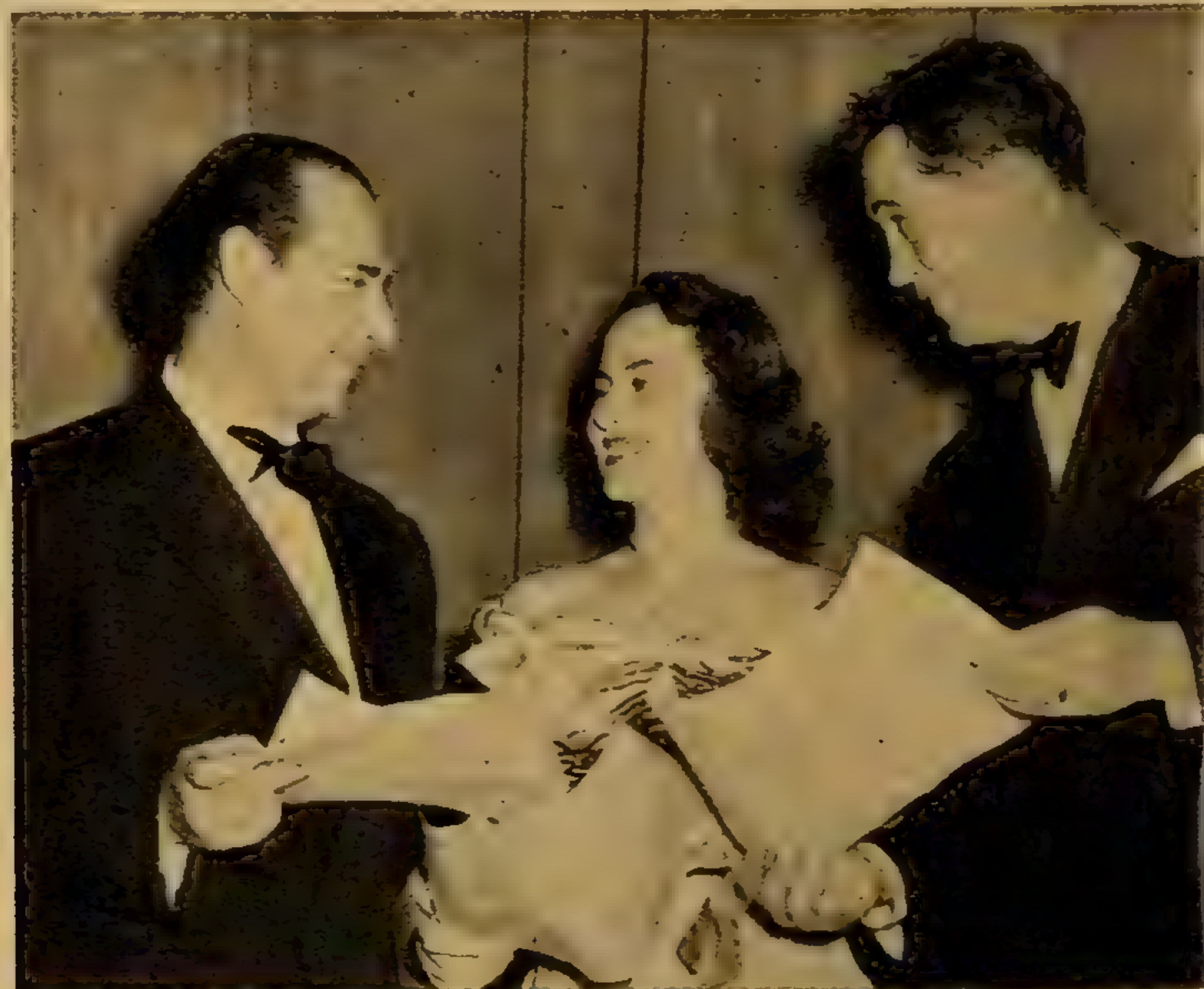
They're over, the
wasted, bitter years Olivia
deHavilland spent in
bondage. Now, with her
disastrous marriage behind
her, she can tell the story she
tried so desperately to hide.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR



Her divorce made a new person out of Olivia. Radiantly happy, she attends parties, sees old friends (like Joan Crawford, above) as she used to.

THE WASTED YEARS



Roberto Rossellini and John Huston were with Olivia when she won the N. Y. Film Critic's award for *The Snake Pit*. Ironically, this triumph came at the height of her marital problems.

■ Now that Olivia deHavilland is divorced and the wasted years are over, the truth of those years of suffering and fear in which she lived with Marcus Aurelius Goodrich may be told.

It is not a pretty story.

Other than for momentary flights into pleasure and passion, it is not even a romantic one, but implicit in it is a lesson which every young woman should learn.

The lesson is this: To marry a man without really knowing or understanding his personality is to court almost inevitable marital disaster.

Six years ago Olivia deHavilland was married to the novelist, Marcus Goodrich. Months later she learned, according to intimates, that she was Goodrich's fifth wife. Olivia is reported to have told a friend, "I didn't find out how many times Marcus had been married until I read it in the newspapers. I knew practically nothing about his previous marital history."

Coming from Olivia deHavilland, such a confession is surprising, for here at 36, is one of the most intelligent, perceptive, and brilliant actresses in Hollywood history.

Here is a young woman who has won two Academy Awards and never given a bad screen performance in her life. Here is a young woman of shrewd judgment who has chosen her own scripts, *The Snakepit*, *To Each His Own*, *The Heiress*, *My Cousin Rachel* and upped her salary to \$175,000 per picture.

Now, how does such a knowledgeable, perspicacious, independent, and wealthy young actress get married to a man of whom she knows so little? A man who, it is alleged, sought no employment, let his wife become the family bread- (Continued on page 54)



Not until after she'd married him did Olivia learn she was Goodrich's fifth wife!



Olivia's new design for living includes lots of parties, new beaux, and plenty of fun. Charles Brackett, an old friend, squired the ex-Mrs. Goodrich to Ciro's, where she indulged in all three.



Hollywood's highest honor: sidewalk immortalization in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater. Olivia, assisted by Charles P. Skouras, had her hand and foot-prints imbedded there, recently. Livvy's the proud owner of two Oscars.



LEARNING TO LIVE TOGETHER IS FUN . . . BUT YOU'VE REALLY GOT TO WORK AT IT. TONY CURTIS AND JANET



Because their work is such a vital part of their lives, they try to share it as often as possible. Here Tony visits Janet on outdoor location for *The Naked Spur*.



Doing things together is their motto. But—they don't go places and do things blindly just because each thinks the other wants to!



Parties are fun—but the Curtises, as well as other young Hollywood couples, had to learn to take some rough kidding at first.

The truth about

MR. AND MRS. CURTIS

Tony and Janet
are a Hollywood rarity:
two normal people who've
learned to ignore
the pressures and worries
that wreck so many
marriages.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Pretty soon now, on June third to be exact, Tony Curtis will take Janet Leigh in his arms on the second anniversary of their marriage and together they can exclaim, in some wonderment, "Well, what do you know—we made it!"

That two years of wedded bliss should be considered such an incredible achievement may seem a little silly; yet, statistically speaking, Janet and Tony are rare birds on Hollywood's domestic scene. They know it, too. In their almost 24 months together they have hung on tight to each other as they watched a long parade of movie marriages smash up: the John Waynes, the Gary Coopers, Lana Turner and Bob Topping, Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan, the Dan Daileys, Olivia deHavilland and Marcus Goodrich, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, the Clark Gables, and now the separation of their close friends, the Dean Martins.

No wonder the ladies and gentlemen of the press look upon any Hollywood marriage with jaundiced eyes. No wonder, too, that Tony Curtis speaks with some venom and utter seriousness from his own point of view:

"If people would only understand that motion picture figures have the same right to fall in love as anyone else, that they have the same feelings and the same emotional honesty as plumbers, bank clerks, executives or insurance salesmen. If they'd only understand that. We're not phonies. We bleed and hurt and love like anyone else. But take Janet and me, the things they said and wrote about us for a while, you'd think we dreamed up the whole thing for a couple of bucks at the box office.

Tony still steams himself up violently when he thinks (Continued on page 57)

LEIGH, WHO HAVE BEEN MARRIED FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS, HAVE A SUREFIRE FORMULA FOR HAPPINESS



Janet will never become that pitiable creature, the golf widow! She and Tony, getting ready for a round here, are both fans.



"Taking your work home with you can be murder," says Tony, who relaxes after a day before the camera with paints, model boats.



Their miniature poodle, named Houdina, is loved by both of them, but can't possibly make up for the major thing missing in their lives: their own child.



THERE'S MORE TO MARILYN THAN THOSE ASTRONOMICAL MEASUREMENTS. WIN HER TRUST AND AF-

LOVE AND LEARN

by Steve Cronin

■ Nobody, but nobody from Hollywood makes such a stir in the world as this girl Monroe. If people aren't whistling, they're talking about her. And most of that talk is questions. What's she really like? What's with her and Joe? Is she going to get married?

It's far from easy to answer. Although Marilyn is one of the most highly publicized personalities in Hollywood, she keeps her private life more secret than anyone in that dizzy town. Although every red-blooded male over the age of six would love to date her—very few get a chance. Joe DiMaggio wouldn't like it. Neither would Marilyn. There's been a lot of discussion about how and where Marilyn has lived in the past. But she's not giving out the whereabouts of her newest apartment.



FECTION AND YOU'LL FIND THE REAL GIRL.

As a matter of fact, Miss Monroe's living quarters have been the object of much newspaper copy, and over-the-highball gossip ever since Joe DiMaggio came to sunny California. The moving-van chasers have started a lot of rumors based solely on where Marilyn's suitcase is parked at the moment. Here's the true situation.

Marilyn took a lease on a house in the outpost section overlooking Hollywood Boulevard last September. When Joe came out, she was delighted to have a spot for him to sink into an arm-chair, a stove of her own to heat up a bubbling pot of spaghetti. He's a real home-loving guy, and she loves him for it. It was such a perfect spot that he wanted to share his comfort and his girl with relatives and friends. He invited them all over. They (Continued on page 67)

Miss M. knows a demure black dress, and an apt bit of poetry, charm a guy like Joe DiMaggio. Marilyn's set out to please her home-lovin' man.





Rumors flew about Barbara Stanwyck and Bob after they were seen dining. Gossips forgot to mention Clifton Webb was along, too!

■ Debbie Reynolds was being very unDebbie-like! Instead of effervescing with her bubbling vim and unquenchable vivacity, she was sitting in Bob Wagner's MG, indulging in what is, for her, the rare luxury of introspection.

She and R. J.—that's what everyone calls young Wagner—had attended the preview of *Stars And Stripes Forever*, and now after the long ride home, they were parked in front of Debbie's unpretentious house in Burbank.

They had talked of life and love, the picture business and the pursuit of happiness, and now Debbie had reached the all-important point of declaration.

"R. J.," she said. "I don't know about you, but I'm not ready for marriage. I don't think we should give it a thought."

"If that's the way you want it."

"I think it's the best way. Don't you?"

R. J. thought for a moment of his impending tour of duty in the Marines—he's in the Reserve and should be called up any day—then of his relatively young age—he's only 23. He thought of the senselessness in marrying a young girl, going overseas, leaving her behind to worry and fret and cry her heart out. He thought of the bright (Continued on page 65)



Did Debbie Reynolds refuse to date Bob if he continued seeing Barbara? It's too soon to tell how this lop-sided triangle will come out.

What happens when
Hollywood gossip forces a young man
to choose between a sparkling
ingenue and a sophisticated older woman?
That's Bob Wagner's problem now.

BY SUSAN TRENT

BETWEEN TWO WOMEN



■ Most everybody in Hollywood knows that the Green Room of Warner Brothers studio in Burbank, California is the classier of the lot's two public commissaries, and second in caste dignity only to the private dining room of Jack L. (Himself) Warner, who according to legend has not eaten in the Green Room since the day a character actor, no longer connected with motion pictures in any form, slapped him on the back and told him to run out and get him a beer. But the Green Room is not a good place to conduct an interview for one very sound reason: it suffers from trick acoustics.

Thus, while it was perfectly possible one day recently to hear the lunch conversation of Howard Keel and Jane Powell, emigrants from Metro sitting two tables away, it was extremely difficult to get a word Virginia Mayo was saying, not to mention Michael O'Shea, who of course is Miss Mayo's husband, not to mention a lady publicist, who was along to make sure that every syllable was spelled right. And all were at the same table with the person who was trying to hear them.

The problem was roughly this:

Mr. O'Shea had been a pretty hot shot around Hollywood when he married Miss Mayo, who had been as cool a shot as anyone can expect to be when employed mainly to stand behind Danny Kaye while he makes faces. But then, as Miss Mayo went up, Mr. O'Shea went, to put it rather brutally, down, and how had the O'Sheas coped with a situation that would seem to have contained the seeds of strain? The question obviously was a delicate one and would not (*Continued on page 74*)

SOMEBODY



Mike O'Shea's one guy who's completely happy about
"retiring" especially when Virginia Mayo tucks him in.

HAS TO STAY HOME



Virginia's a pretty expensive Pin-Up
at the studio, but she keeps every
evening exclusively free for Mike.

This exclusive story,
the first interview Liz has
granted since the birth
of her baby, brings MODERN
SCREEN's readers an inti-
mate and surprising glimpse
of the glamorous young star.



"It's true I gained 40 pounds."



"Me lazy . . . well, guess you're right!"



"Little Mike's beautiful . . . and so good"

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

BY HEDDA HOPPER



"But 25 are off already!"

"Just Michael and me, and now baby makes three. That's all I need to make my hilltop house heaven!" says Liz Taylor. Since she's become a mother, Liz does nothing but eat, sleep and hover adoringly around little Michael who does nothing but eat and sleep . . . and maybe glimmer a toothlessly angelic smile at his enchanted parents. In this picture sequence, Liz describes her new role as a mother.

"Our next baby? Soon, I hope!"



Marriage has changed Liz Taylor a lot. For one thing, she's begun to wear shoes at social functions and even at home. Mike Wilding finally put her in them, then took off his own. He opened the door of their eagle's nest home in Beverly, and looked for all the world like a road show Gary Merrill. He was dressed in unpressed gray slacks, a sports shirt, a tweed coat, and was completely barefoot.

He was unaware that his shoes were missing, and this sent me into gales of laughter. For years I've been telling Liz if she didn't quit paddling around barefoot, she'd end up wearing canal boats or size 12's. But would she listen? No. Bare feet seemed to symbolize freedom of childhood to Liz, who never really wanted to grow up. In the White House once, she surreptitiously kicked off her shoes, and they landed smack under Bess Truman's chair.

Now Mike may wear the pants in that family, but he



doesn't wear the shoes. "Come in," he said twiddling his toes contentedly. "Liz tried to get out of the bath to greet you, but she didn't quite make it." (This was at 3:00 P.M.) That wasn't surprising. Every time I've called her since the baby came, Liz had to be roused out of a bath to answer the phone.

I took a few moments to scan the view. "You seem like an interloper," I said to Mike. "Charles Mendl and I used to come here every Saturday morning to look at the scenery and walk down the hill." And what scenery! For miles beneath us Los Angeles sprawled outward to the sea. Marvelous cloud formations drifted overhead. To the north were rows upon rows of rugged mountains, and nestling in their folds rose gardens and orange groves. There was no house there then; only a hilltop covered with wild growth and a view. Charles, who had traveled the world over, used to say it was the most beautiful sight in the universe. Now it belongs to Mike and the most beautiful (Continued on page 92)

FARLEY'S DESIGN FOR LIVING

by Marwa Peterson



Farley, determined not to buy much furniture until he has a house of his own, has learned to personalize his surroundings with trimmings. His knockdown

A PARIS MARKET, A SPANISH BAZAAR, AND THE MOJAVE DESERT ALL MEET AT GRANGER'S. WHEN A GUY HAS

■ Only the reckless and the foolhardy fight with the U.S. Customs men. Wise men usually dig into their jeans, come up with cash.

Not too long ago, however, a tall, wavy-haired young actor named Farley Granger—he is neither reckless nor foolhardy—stood under the letter “G” in the Customs

shed, raging at three revenue officers.

The Customs men were examining Farley's latest imports, three large paintings, a mosaic from Italy, an African carving, two Japanese actors' masks, a Polynesian fish net, and an enormous grain basket.

“I'm telling you,” Farley insisted, trying to control his not inconsiderable tem-

per, “the Guirin is the only original painting. I paid 200 American dollars for it. The other two aren't paintings. They're prints. They cost 25 bucks each.” Impatiently he reached into his breast pocket. “Here's the bill of sale.”

The Customs men glanced at the bill superficially. “These others look like orig-

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



A pet poodle named Gabe, plus a desire for privacy, are two good reasons why Farley prefers a house to a bachelor apartment. He has lived in eight different ones in the past six years! His present set-up, a two-bedroom job, also boasts a sun-drenched lanai (below.)



Farley's souvenirs, like the fish kites from Japan, the Mojave desert driftwood, and French and Italian woven baskets, help decorate the lanai. The den (below) houses his overflow paintings, his records, and the typewriter on which he corresponds with pals from Paris to Tel Aviv.



Free table, inexpensive and useful, is an example.

IDEAS IT'S SURE A SMALL WORLD

nals to me," one said, "they're signed."
"I know, I know," Farley admitted, "only they're not originals. They're gelotone reprints."

The Customs man scratched his head. "Jello reprints?"

"No," Farley repeated, "Gelotone. It's a new reproduction (Continued on page 56)

MARRIED MADCAPS



Regular cut-ups, these two, editing Bam's film.



Bam, painting here, cooks on Sundays.



"He helps me *willingly* with the house!"

Bam spent three months in the dark. Anne kept a snake. They lived in *two* apartments with *one* key. But . . . the first year was *dee-vine!*

by JANE WILKIE

■ In September of 1951 Anne Francis took a wastebasket to the incinerator shared by tenants of her apartment house and started a fire—that's been burning ever since. For also at the incinerator, armed with his own rubbish, was a darkly handsome young man named Bamlet Lawrence Price.

"You go first," said Anne.

"You were here first."

"Allow me," said the young man, and gallantly dumped Anne's milk bottle tops and Kleenex into the inferno, along with his own milk bottle tops and cardboard shirt stiffeners from the Chinese laundry.

During the short walk back to their mutual apartment building each recalled having met the other at a party not long before, and during the next few months they grew to know each other quite well. Bam dated Anne on Sundays and learned about her work in *Dream Boat* and Anne listened, enraptured to Bam's accounts of his course in motion picture production at UCLA. In May of 1952, they began sharing the same wastebasket. (Continued on page 90)

The uninhibited Price marriage has its quiet moments, too.





A MODERN SCREEN EXCLUSIVE: GLENN FORD EXPLAINS HIS MEXICAN MISADVENTURE, IN HIS OWN WORDS!



EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME !

by Glenn Ford



Glenn gets a look (above) at Monte Alban's 2,500-year-old ruins. He describes his whole trip, much to Ellie's amusement (left) in this letter.



While on location for *Plunder In The Sun* in Oaxaca, Glenn and director John Farrow play host to General Augustin Mustieles M. and his two children, Ampara and Alfredo.

Glenn Ford
Hollywood, California.

Dear Glenn:

I understand you have been out of town. What's new?

Jim Henaghan

Jim Henaghan
Westwood, California.

Dear Jim:

What's new?!!! This is the first time in my life anyone asked me that and I have an answer. At this moment I could write a book called "What's New." Or maybe I should call it "Open Season On Glenn Ford South of the Border." Pull up a chair, son, and wipe your glasses, you're in for a harrowing experience.

It all began when I went down to Mexico to make a picture called Plunder In The Sun. To tell you the truth I was very pleased. I liked the script, and the director and I thought it would be fun to spend a couple of months in Mexico, where the movie was to be shot. Sometimes now I wish they had made it at Sing Sing. I'd have been safer.

Getting to Mexico City was just fine. With the rest of the cast, I took a Pan American plane from the Los Angeles International Airport late one night and (Continued on page 58)



Glenn puts in some yo-yo practice—just about the only bit of harmless recreation he got in Mexico. Every time he went to the bullfights or the races, there was *that blonde* again!

THIS IS THE TRUE STORY OF JAN STERLING'S FIGHT FOR BEAUTY AND GLAMOR. HER DIET AND EXERCISE



ROUTINES WEREN'T SO EASY, AND THEY WEREN'T FUN . . . BUT THEY WERE WORTH IT!

WHEN I HATED MY MIRROR

by Jan Sterling



Jan whittled her figure, trimmed her nose, even changed the color of her hair for her screen career.

■ In Rio de Janeiro there is a restaurant called *Soveteria Americana* which used to specialize in American delicacies for the young. Among the most scrumptious was one listed as *Sundae Nova York*: vanilla ice cream covered with hot fudge sauce, smothered with whipped cream and heaped over again with malted milk powder. It was served with hot buttered toast thickly topped with grated, tasty yellow cheese. Time will never wash out the agony of an afternoon in which I sat in this restaurant watching my 11-year-old sister eating such a concoction before my envious eyes. What I had in front of me was just a glass of water. I was only 14 but I had begun my fight . . .

Everyone called Mimi adorable. With her curly hair, her slimness and delicate curves she was lovely. Me? They would cast a quick glance, smile kindly and assure me, "Why, Jane, you look fine." The devil I did! I already weighed 145 pounds. I could see 155 coming up, 165, 175 . . . and it was horrifying because in my heart had been a vision from earliest childhood that I could not give up. I yearned to be an actress, a queen of women, a supple, graceful creature who drew admiring looks from everyone. With this in my heart I could only detest the flesh I was picking up, and I couldn't understand why (*Continued on next page*)

For an exercise series designed especially for MODERN SCREEN readers by Jan Sterling, turn the page. →

WHEN I HATED MY MIRROR

continued

this wasn't apparent to everyone, including my own folks.

It had all started when I was 11. I already had begun to develop in a way that would have been gratifying had it been confined only to certain places. (As a matter of fact, at 13 I attended an Annapolis hop in a low-backed gown and must have passed for at least 17 or 18 because no one at all seemed to notice my juvenility.) But I didn't stay pat. I began to bloom elsewhere too, where it wasn't wanted and where it could only be called thickening or fattening. The morning of that day in Rio de Janeiro when Mimi was gobbling up her *Nova York* I had gone to the mirror knowing it was time to believe, not the assurances of my family and friends that I had nothing to worry about, *but exactly what the glass told me*. I looked and what I saw was cruel. I hated my mirror for its heartlessness . . . but I bowed before its truth. That day I started a way of eating that was, of course, a way of living from which I have never departed. At 15 and 16 and 17 and 18 I was not 155 or 165 pounds or more, I was only 122 pounds. And my dream came true . . . or rather I had made it come true under the constant guidance of *(Continued on next page)*



Jan keeps dishes of dried fruit handy for nibbling. Dried prunes, apricots and peaches satisfy without too many calories.

TO SLIM THIGH AND CALF



TO FIRM BUST AND SLIM RIB CAGE



TO WHITTLE WAIST AND SLIM HIPs



Position #1: Holding on to a heavy chair or rail for balance, keep right knee straight, shift weight forward, raise left leg slowly, grasping raised foot with hand, and pull hard. Then, reverse with other leg. Position #2: Arms folded, push left hand hard against right arm,

with right hand against left arm. Raise arms slowly to position #2a, keeping pressure on arms while changing position. Position #3: Stand tall, buttocks in, feet apart, hands on hips. Move to position #3a, first left, then right. Do each exercise six times every day.

Jan's beauty hints and glamor tricks are easy to follow. Below, the exercises she designed, and posed for, point the way to a slimmer, trimmer figure.



Daily hair brushing is a *must* says Jan. She advises using twin brushes, twice as much is done in half the time.



Here's a good exercise for a pleasant speaking voice: strike a note on piano, match it with your voice.

For Jan's seven-point glamor schedule, turn the page. ➤

FOR A FLAT TUMMY, STRONG STOMACH MUSCLES



4

4a

FOR A BEAUTIFUL, SWAN-LIKE THROAT



5



6

FOR PRETTY, DANCING FEET



6a

Position #4: Lying face down on mat or thick rug, move arms and legs to position #4. Then, advance to position #4a, rocking body from head to toes. Position #5: Body relaxed, hands on hips, move head slowly first left, then right. Touch chin to shoulder at farthest

stretch. Position #6: Barefoot, or with stockings on, pick up match box or other small object with toes. Position #6a: Sitting on chair or bench, roll bottle from toes under instep and back. Do each of these exercises six times *daily*, and you'll get results!

HERE IS JAN STERLING'S OWN PERSONAL SEVEN-POINT GLAMOR AND BEAUTY PLAN.

DIET:

No rigorous diet but foods high in protein, low in calories: lean meat, fowl, fish, gelatin, eggs, raw and cooked fruits and vegetables with very little butter or sugar. Skimmed milk, black coffee, plain tea. Consult a doctor for your personal requirements.

SLEEP:

Get plenty at night, and relax frequently during the day. "Just go limp," Jan advises. "Let your arms dangle, roll your head around like a ball on a string. Get the tension out of your neck and shoulders. And breathe deep . . . way down. When you know you're going to be out late at night, squeeze in a nap during the afternoon or lie down for a few minutes before dressing for the evening.

GROOMING:

Jan thinks good grooming pays bigger and quicker dividends than almost anything a girl can do. She gets in one good grooming chore each day, a manicure, pedicure, etc. She shampoos her hair frequently and dries it by hand. Sometimes she gives her hair a rest by going without a permanent for a couple of months, wearing it straight, and brushing vigorously. For big parties she sets her hair with eau de cologne diluted with water.

POISE:

Good carriage, and knowing how to enter a room gracefully, rate high on Jan's glamor chart. "Stand tall, but relaxed," she advises. "Pull your shoulders down as if they were a coat hanger. Feel that your hands are a part of your arms, not just attached at the wrist. If you don't know what to do with your hands, carry something. A purse, for instance, or a handkerchief."

WORST DEFECT:

Jan believes in minimizing bad points. There are lots of little tricks you can devise to suit your own defects, such as covering sharp elbows with long sleeves, or hiding large ears with a becoming hairdo. Jan felt her worst feature was her nose, and, after consultation with her physician plastic surgery remedied that.

VOICE:

As an actress, Jan has been concentrating on enunciation and expression for years. "But every time I went to church or sang in a group," she says, "I noticed that my voice was almost the only one off rhythm or out of key." To remedy that she started taking voice lessons. As a consequence Jan has added three voice exercises to her beauty schedule that she thinks belongs in any glamor routine. First, strike any note on a piano and see how nearly you can approximate exact tone and pitch. Second, to improve quality of voice strike a note again and sing A-E-I-O-U all on same note, same breath. Lastly, to improve voice projection, try placing sound in front of mouth. Don't be breathy. When pronouncing a word finish all syllables. Finish each vowel sound with lips.

PERSONALIZED WARDROBE:

This is one of the things Jan goes in for in a big way. She likes to accessorize her clothes with scarves, belts, costume jewelry, but not all at the same time, of course. And she's addicted to separates, and skirts of all kinds with sweaters and blouses.

WHEN I HATED MY MIRROR continued

my family doctor who checked my diet and rate of losing weight.

That 122 pounds was fine for an actress on the stage but it wasn't good enough for an actress on the screen. So I called on will-power and medical help again. Today I weigh only 108 pounds—and there have been other changes. As it happens I am the fourth wife of my husband, Paul Douglas. But the way he puts it now, after some of those changes, "You're both my fourth and fifth wife!" That's nice "changing!"

When I was about six my parents divorced and my mother remarried. My step-father, Henry James White, was an oil man with interests in both Europe and South America, and we seemed to beat a constant path between these two continents and the United States. Most of my education came from tutors and in my whole life I have had only one year of formal schooling. That suited me because no matter what subject I studied I always translated it in terms of the stage. History to me was full of characters with costumes and good or bad lines to say rather than people of political or cultural significance. English was something you talked—not wrote or analyzed. Geography concerned places where there were different forms of entertainment; opera in Italy, intimate theaters in France, outdoor concerts and folk dramas in Austria and Germany, weird all-day shows in China.

All my life I had always wanted to play at being someone else . . . but I didn't know my first big role would be the real-life one of simply not being me. I think the customs of my family cemented this desire. My mother, like many mothers, used to dress Mimi and me alike. I think this is a practice which pleases the parents, is complimentary to the younger girl, but darn unfair to the older one. I still remember the sack-like dresses we wore—the kind that hang straight down, when Mimi was seven and I was ten. The minute I'd get alone I'd find something, even if it was only a piece of string, and pull it around my waist, trying for a shape. And then . . . the bloomers! I tried so many experiments trying to unbloomerize them that generally I'd wear out the elastics and time and again these would break and I'd be all bloomers down to my ankles.

I gave my first performance for other than children at the age of nine. The audience was composed of the elevator operators in the apartment building we lived in on Park Avenue in New York at the time, and the stage was the lobby. When the operators agreed to watch my "show" I ran out (*Continued on page 83*)



"Early to bed tonight," Jan laughingly warns her husband, Paul Douglas, as she points to an early call on RKO's *Split Second* for the next day. Paul usually picks Jan up after work, and they leisurely make their way home, window shopping as they go.

*"You ask me why I gave my heart to Christ.
"I cannot reply.
"My heart was drawn at length to seek His faith.
"He called me and I came,
"He heard my prayers.
"I cannot tell you how or when or where—
"Or why I have told you now . . ."*

■ The small, almost frail young woman in the brown suit, brown gloves and hat carried her modest suitcase toward the big TWA plane warming up at the Los Angeles International Airport. She was alone.

June Haver had risen at five, told her family goodbye at her sister Evelyn's apartment and begged them not to see her off, for everything had long since been said that could be. Then she had driven by St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica to attend six o'clock mass, have breakfast, bid the sisters there farewell and receive their blessing. Now the flight was ready and she climbed aboard. In a minute she was aloft and rising toward the Heavens on a benevolent wind, headed East for Kansas to begin a new life, and to leave an old one behind.

June's clear blue eyes looked eagerly ahead, not back. Back lay Hollywood where she had spent the past ten of her 26 years, and where those same blue eyes had seen her girlhood dreams come true, as she danced, sang, laughed and brightened up the screen to make herself wealthy and famous, loved by everyone who knew her personally and by millions who did not. Back of her lay a star's career in full flower, a salary of \$3,500 a week, and all the luxuries, privileges and rewards of success—pretty clothes, jewelry, money, parties, comfort, popularity. Now she owned nothing of the world's goods except the necessities of her journey. Behind June, too, were even more intimately precious things—her mother and her sisters, Dorothy and Evelyn, her nephew and nieces, Kathleen, Trudy June and Brian, whom she deeply loved and to whom she was extremely close.

June looked ahead impatiently with eyes that were wide open to what she was doing and where she was going. She was going, as all the world knows by now, to St. Mary's Academy of the Sisters of Charity in Leavenworth to prepare for a nun's life in that cloistered religious order. Ahead lay a large, brick convent anchored to the flat plains of Kansas, where she would melt into anonymity, wear a plain uniform, eat plain food, share a plain dormitory room, rise at five o'clock, study, pray and work 16 hours a day, in pursuit of her stated ambition:

" . . . to be a Sister of Charity, with the Grace of God and the (Continued on page 95)

Bride of Faith

It stunned the world
when sparkling June Haver
decided to become a nun.
Here is a detailed
account of that decision . . .
and a tribute to June.

BY JACK WADE

June entered the convent
of the Sisters of Charity, an order that
staffs hospitals, on February 11.



the wasted years

(Continued from page 30) winner, on occasion beat her, caused her great mental suffering, threatened her with physical harm, and turned her into a nervous wreck?

If that language sounds too strong to you, it is nothing compared to Olivia deHavilland's testimony in court. Listen to her as she tells the judge what life with her ex-husband was like from August 26th, 1946, when she married him in Weston, Connecticut, to May 8th, 1952, when she finally left him:

"We were driving in a car—my husband was at the wheel—along Sunset Boulevard, in the area of Bel-Air, and having some sort of normal conversation. Mr. Goodrich took exception to something that I had said, something that was so trivial I cannot remember it, and began to pound my left arm with his closed fist, and this continued for several minutes, and when we arrived at our home which was in Bel-Air, I got out of the car and he had said that he would kill me. . .

"I got out of the car and ran down the driveway and down to the road that runs along the outside of the property where we were living, and I believe I sat down on a rock in some shrubbery and I didn't know where to go or what to do.

"After a while my husband found me there, he came to hunt for me, and I told him I was afraid to get in the car because he had said he would kill me."

As a result of the arm-pounding, Olivia told the Court, "I received a very large bruise which was dark blue and purple. The bruise . . . on my left arm between the shoulder and elbow, was about the size of a baseball."

In order to conceal that injury from her Hollywood friends, Olivia said, "I just used colored scarves. It was warm weather and I was wearing short-sleeve dresses, and I used scarves which I tied around the arm to conceal the bruise. It was very humiliating."

From 1946 to 1951 Olivia deHavilland maintained the fiction that her marriage to Marcus Goodrich was one of those divine couplings ordained in heaven, an incomparably happy union she never wished dissolved. When a baby boy, Benjamin, was born to her in 1951, she told reporters that she was the happiest woman in the world, that now her marriage was truly complete, truly ecstatic.

I and others who had seen her in company with Goodrich knew that she was whistling in the dark, trying to keep up her courage, hoping against hope that her husband might change. A consummate actress, Livvy felt at the time that she was actually fooling all her friends. She wasn't; we knew the score. We knew she was miserable, cowed, completely dominated by Marcus, living in almost perpetual fear of the man.

It took six long years, but Olivia finally told the truth about herself, her baby, and her husband; and she told it in court.

"During the first five-and-a-half weeks of the baby's life," she testified, "I took care of him all by myself—I wanted to take care of him all by myself and I did. During that period of time, well, the baby was four weeks old and I was caring for him in the bedroom of the house and my husband became upset for something—I cannot recall what it was—it was unimportant—and he became extremely violent and abusive in his manner and he struck me . . . I had to turn my body so that the baby would not be injured

because I was holding Benjamin in my arms at the time."

One more extract from the Court record and you'll have some idea of what Olivia deHavilland put up with rather than admit marital failure.

The following extract deals with Christmas, 1951, when the actress was on the road, touring in a stage play, and stopping over at the Hotel Utah in Salt Lake City.

Q: Do you recall the occasion that a person came to the door of the hotel suite and asked for your autograph?

A: I do remember that.

Q: Will you briefly tell the Court just what happened and what he (your husband) said on that occasion?

A: Yes. Someone came to the door and asked for my signature and my husband was rather angered by this request

Annette Warren, who did the singing for Ava Gardner in *Show Boat*, now seldom sings those songs in nightclubs. "I'm a little tired of them," Annette says, "besides one night a heckler advised me not to sing 'My Bill'—that I couldn't compare to Ava Gardner!"

*Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat*

and became rather excited and quite impatient and unkind.

Q: Was it a repetition of similar moods that you have described?

A: Yes, it was.

Q: How did that affect you?

A: I was disturbed for two reasons: I did not like to see such a small incident upset my husband, and I wanted to avoid a repetition of this kind of thing in the future because these rages disturbed me very greatly.

Q: What did he say particularly on that occasion that affected you? What was the threat that he made?

A: I suggested to my husband that next time if anybody came requesting my signature that Nellie, the wardrobe mistress, who is also my dresser—I suggested that he let her handle the situation as she was accustomed to doing so. She had always handled situations of that kind through all the years she had been in the theatre which were at least 20.

Q: In her presence what did he say?

A: He turned to me and said, "I will beat you for that," and started to cross the room.

Q: How did that affect you?

A: I was deeply upset, not only by the threat, but also by the fact he had said that in front of a third person. I felt the fact he had forgotten himself in front of a third person was a very dangerous thing and the next time I was alone and he became angry, I thought I might not survive.

WHY should a woman, particularly a talented actress who supports her family, put up with such treatment for six years?

This is the question all her friends have asked Livvy.

Why didn't she pull out as soon as she learned what sort of husband Marcus Goodrich really was? Why wait around for the punishment?

Her answer is characteristically simple, "I couldn't bear the idea of divorce. I didn't believe in it. It was my only marriage and I wanted it to last. Before I decided on divorce, I consulted my minister and asked his advice. It was only when I realized that my son was in danger, both physically and psychologically, that I had to face the fact that the marriage simply could not continue.

"I was faced with two alternatives—neither one was desirable. One was divorce and the other was a home in which my son might be done great physical and psychological damage, I decided after I talked to my minister, the only thing to do was to get a divorce."

Olivia got her divorce last year. It was uncontested, and she waived alimony, attorney's fees and court costs. She paid for everything and was awarded custody of her child with the right of reasonable visitation going to Goodrich if he desires to exercise it.

Since August of 1952 and her divorce, Olivia deHavilland has become a new woman. No longer is she the frightened, bewildered, dominated young wife who each time looked at her husband with trepidation before she answered a reporter's questions.

Today she is an attractive, vivacious, bubbling, spirited woman full of warmth, energy and drive, and she is beginning once again to go out with men.

John Huston and Olivia met for the first time in years when he arrived in Hollywood during Christmas Week last year to show his *Moulin Rouge* for Academy Award contention. It was a romantic and sentimental reunion, for when Olivia was a young actress on the Warner lot during the late 1930's, the first man she genuinely fell in love with was the lanky, quixotic Huston. They went together for years, and there was much talk of an impending marriage, but these two were almost similar in temperament and viewpoint, and the love affair eventually faded.

What memories were aroused early this year when Olivia and Huston ran into each other at several of Hollywood's New Year parties, I don't know. Huston has re-married for the third time and is no longer free, but I do know that when they met at the Vincente Minnelli party, Olivia looked more ripe, more beautiful, more radiant than she ever has before.

OLIVIA deHavilland first saw her husband at a dinner party five years before she married him. The dinner was held at the home of Arthur Hornblow, the MGM producer, and Goodrich, who speaks beautifully, was waxing eloquent on the various virtues and faults of women in America. All that Olivia remembers of the affair, and this rather hazily, was that Goodrich said he thought he'd go to Scandinavia, marry a healthy young girl and have a dozen children, whereupon Olivia said, "Why go to Scandinavia?"

She wasn't impressed by Goodrich, merely regarded him as a pleasant fellow who'd obviously been around.

At that time, which was 1940, Livvy was actually thinking more of her career than of her love-life. She was exceedingly ambitious, and that's putting it mildly. She'd finished the role of Melanie in *Gone With The Wind* in which picture she had established herself as a sensitive, perceptive actress.

By 1946, however, after 11 hectic years of career obsession, and a tearful farewell to John Huston, Olivia had seen through the illusion of Hollywood, and she was more than ready for a personable and presentable man. She had worked in many films, and tiring of them temporarily, agreed to go to Westport, Connecticut, to do a play.

In the Spring of 1946, Olivia boarded the train for New York on a mission with one of her best Hollywood friends, Phyllis Seaton. En route to the East, both girls began to plunge into various subjects, the most fascinating of which turned out to be something called, "Men."

Phyllis brought up the name of Marcus

Goodrich as an eligible man-about-town and Olivia said she had met him five years ago.

"That's a coincidence," Mrs. Seaton said, "Marcus is an old family friend and he'll probably phone us in New York."

THAT'S exactly what happened. A day after Phyllis and Livvy checked into their hotel suite, Marcus Goodrich was on the phone. That night he took both girls to dinner. Two nights later, he asked for the same privilege. Again it was granted. On Friday night he phoned for a third date, and on this occasion Phyllis Seaton, very happily married, took the hint.

"I've got a nasty headache," she told Livvy. "You'll just have to dine with Marcus alone."

He and Olivia talked until three the next morning, and Goodrich, glib and mellifluous, was absolutely fascinating. At least, Livvy thought so.

A day later she had him drive her from Westport to East Hampton on Long Island. During this trip Marcus asked for all her biographical details, and as Livvy recalls, "We became so entranced by the subject that we got ourselves lost five times."

By the end of the trip, Marcus was ready with a little advice for the talented actress. He had heard his date out and he was convinced, so he said, that she should remain single for another two years and then get married—not to a writer or an artist, but to a successful business man. Olivia said this made good sense and she would in all probability follow Marcus Aurelius' advice.

Less than a week later, Goodrich was back at Olivia's hotel. Over luncheon he said, "Will you marry me?"

Olivia's eyes sparkled. "But you're not a successful businessman," she cracked. Then she said yes.

They talked until the early hours of the morning, Marcus explaining to his bride-to-be that "you are the type of woman who has enormous respect for duly constituted authority. One of the needs of your nature, like that of every real woman, is to be able to rely upon your mate." Olivia fell for that routine hook, line, and sinker.

When Goodrich discussed the wedding ceremony with her, he reportedly said, "I'd like very much if in the ceremony you would promise to obey."

Olivia knew that contemporary marriage ceremonies carry the promise to "love, honor, and cherish," that the word "obey" is considered out-moded in the light of woman's modern accomplishments, and she should have gathered, from his insistence upon this point, some idea of Goodrich's dogmatism, but she hardly gave it a second thought.

ONCE back in Hollywood, he began to manage his wife's career which, up to this point, had been brilliantly directed. In the process he antagonized agents, reporters, executives, dozens of persons who had known, loved and long respected Olivia.

Some of these friends began to refer to Goodrich as "Svengali," so completely did he come to dominate this actress who had once been too strong to be dominated by anything except her own unbridled ambition.

As Olivia deHavilland's husband, Marcus Goodrich was no success in Hollywood. People began making cracks about the fact that Olivia was the family breadwinner, that outside of writing one novel, "Delilah," Goodrich didn't appear to be very productive. Gradually, some of the more sensitive souls in Hollywood began to drop the couple socially.

Many of us knew Olivia was unhappy, but

few of us realized that life with Goodrich had deteriorated into the miserable shambles she later described in court. Few of us imagined that Marcus would ever dare use physical force on so fragile and high-strung a woman. We knew the writer was opinionated, strong-willed, and frustrated, but we figured that once his wife became pregnant, he would alter his ways and become a kind and considerate husband; apparently, this didn't happen.

"I was confined to bed for seven months during the time I was expecting my son," Livvy has explained, "and I wasn't allowed to get up because of the danger of losing the baby. It was our custom to dine in the bedroom—my husband would have his dinner at a card table and I would have my tray in bed. One evening my husband was served beefsteak pie . . . and he was very upset because it was not steak and kidney pie and he threw the pie across the room and left the house."

After the baby came and Marcus still refused to mend his ways, Olivia went to see her minister and together they decided that divorce was the only solution.

Last June, Olivia returned to Hollywood with her little Benjie and gave out the announcement that she was going to divorce Marcus Goodrich and play the

WAS HER FACE RED!

Anne Baxter was excited and a little bit puffed up about playing opposite the late John Barrymore. One day she went into a big scene with all her heart, soul, and "theatah." She felt she was really knocking them out when Barrymore suddenly turned toward the director and exploded, "Good Heavens! Must she swim, too?"

—Kolma Flake

lead in *My Cousin Rachel*.

Hollywood was happy for her on both counts.

When deHavilland works she throws herself into a role with such complete concentration that at the end of the day she's exhausted and has no time for the social amenities. It was that way with Livvy during the making of *Rachel*. She was rarely seen around town.

Once the picture was finished, however, we saw a new Livvy emerge, a girl of warmth, vibrancy, and tenderness. To begin with, Olivia reconciled with her father, from whom she had long been estranged. Various reasons have been attributed to this estrangement, but the truth involves the story of the deHavilland family background heretofore untold.

OLIVIA's father, Walter deHavilland, left England in 1893, after graduating from Cambridge, to head a law office in Tokyo. In 1914 he returned to Britain where he met a young lady named Lillian Ruse who was studying drama in Sir Beerbohm Tree's Dramatic Academy. Young deHavilland, an impetuous bon vivant, proposed marriage and asked the girl to return to Tokyo with him.

Lillian Ruse said she wasn't sure. "Tell you what we'll do," Walter deHavilland suggested. "We'll toss a coin. Heads you go to Tokyo as my wife. Tails you stay here single." The coin was flipped. It came down tails, but Lillian Ruse changed her mind. She decided to marry the young man anyway. Two years later, a daughter was born to the couple in Tokyo on July 1st, 1916. This first-born daughter was christened Olivia. A year later another daughter was born. This one was christened Joan de Beauvoir deHavilland.

Unfortunately, life in Japan didn't agree with the babies, so Mrs. deHavilland, not

too pleased with her marriage in any case, packed their things and sailed with them to California. On arriving, she made a home for her girls in the small town of Saratoga.

In 1925, Mrs. deHavilland decided to divorce her husband and returned to Tokyo for that purpose, leaving her daughters with a nurse. When she returned to the States a few months later, she discovered happily enough that Joan and Livvy had made a fast friend of a department storeowner, a French Canadian, named George Fontaine. Mrs. deHavilland also became his friend and subsequently his wife which is how Joan de Beauvoir deHavilland came to take the name, Joan Fontaine.

Not long after Mrs. deHavilland became Mrs. George Fontaine, her ex-husband decided to marry his Japanese housekeeper. Joan saw nothing scandalous in this. In fact when she was 15 she went to Tokyo to live with him and his Japanese wife for two years. Olivia, however, viewed the entire affair with jaundiced eye and declined to see her father.

When at 69 Mr. deHavilland arrived in California with his Oriental wife, World War II had begun, and his wife was ordered out of the West Coast war zone by War Department authorities. The couple went first to Denver, Colorado, where they eked out a bare living and later to British Columbia in Canada where they now reside.

Olivia hadn't seen her father for years when, after finishing *Rachel*, she decided there was no point in perpetuating this paternal estrangement. She called Walter deHavilland long distance and told him that he must come to California and see his new grandchild, Benjamin. She paid all the travel expenses, but her Japanese step-mother did not accompany her husband. She remained in Canada.

When the old man arrived at Union Station in Los Angeles, Olivia and her little boy were on hand to meet him. Tears of joy punctuated the reunion, and one got the feeling that one of Walter deHavilland's fondest dreams was coming true.

OLIVIA has also reconciled with sister Joan. Before they were married the two actresses shared a cottage in Coldwater Canyon, and there was no talk of jealousy and feud concerning them. After Joan became Mrs. Brian Aherne, however, the girls separated, and there was much gossip to the effect that Aherne had been Livvy's beau to begin with and that Joan had stolen him away. It was all stuff and nonsense. The two actresses simply began to grow apart, to lead different lives.

Olivia's only husband, Marcus Goodrich, had no liking for Bill Dozier, Joan's second husband, so that no attempt at reconciliation was made during his six-year regime. If anything, salt was thrown upon the open wound.

Once Joan divorced Dozier, however, and married Collier Young a few months ago, she ran into Livvy at the Beverly Hills Hotel and invited her sister and her nephew to visit her family. Livvy said they'd be glad to come, and that was that.

From here on in, Olivia deHavilland is determined to be kind, friendly, and at ease with everyone. She has no room in her heart for bitterness, rancor, or feud of any sort. She had quite enough of that in six years of marriage—years which she insists were not wasted, "because really I learned a good deal from them."

The most important thing Livvy learned, and it cost her a fortune in money and heartache, was something every girl should be told by her mother: Marry in haste and the chances are very good you'll live to regret it.

Farley's design for living

(Continued from page 43) process. Only a few prints are run off at each printing and the artists sign them. Look, I have a dealer's bill of sale."

The revenue officer grinned. "Those French art dealers," he said, "will give an American movie star any kind of bill of sale he wants."

"For Pete's sake," Farley groaned. "Call the Whitney Museum of Art. Call the Metropolitan. They'll back me up about these gelotones."

"Maybe they will," the Customs man persisted, "but how'll we know these paintings are what you say they are? You better leave 'em with us."

"Ohmyfoot," Farley muttered in desperation. "Call somebody and let me get out of here."

WHILE one of the officials went to see his chief, Farley leaned against a rail and stewed in his own exasperation. His eyes swept the shed for some sympathetic face. No one gave him as much as a half-smile. For a fast second he was tempted to grab up his paintings and make a run for it or just leave them behind and forget all about them, but then suddenly, he took the canvases and turned them on their backs, and there on the rear, in small clear letters were the words, "Rotogravure, deuxième reproduction."

Farley called one of the Customs men back. "See," he said triumphantly, pointing to the stamp, "this proves it. It says this is a reproduction and a second printing."

The Customs man nodded. "Okay," he agreed. "Now, about these other purchases. You got receipts for everything?"

"Not everything," Farley conceded. "Only for the more expensive stuff. The 12 hemp mats I found in a market in Seville. They only cost about a buck. The casseroles come from the same place and cost 30 cents each. That grain bucket I bought at a roadside stand in France. Don't even remember where. It's worth a buck and a half tops."

The official began to look skeptical again. "And the bird cage?"

"From the Paris flower market," Farley answered with painful honesty. "Less than a buck."

"No jewelry? No gifts?"

Farley shook his head.

"What you gonna do with all this junk?" the Customs man asked.

"It's for my house," Farley said.

The Customs men looked at each other in mutual acknowledgement of an irrefutable truth. "Actors sure are nuts," one said to the other. "Imagine this guy flying all that stuff over from Europe. I'll bet his house looks like a booby hatch."

Farley's house looks like anything but. A small, compact, two-bedroom job, it nestles against the side of a canyon and is possibly the most tastefully furnished bachelor's haven in the entire movie colony.

Farley has learned how to decorate a house the hard way. He's rented eight different ones in the past six years and very early in the game made practically all of the mistakes.

"As soon as I rented a house," he admits, "I used to re-paper and re-paint the place, sometimes even add a patio. Then when my lease was up, I was out. Couldn't take anything with me. Now I've learned how to do over a place with accessories."

Farley doesn't mind repainting a living room, but he knows the walls can be made exceedingly attractive by adding a few good paintings, a couple of carefully chosen art objects, and a shelf or two of books. Right now he's on an art kick and

is gradually beginning to acquire a fine collection of paintings.

They range from a sketch by Diego Rivera to a half-dozen water colors painted by an MGM technician named Irv Block. "I buy most of my things on trips," Farley explains, "because that's when I have more time to roam around art galleries. In my contract with Mr. Goldwyn there's a clause that gives me 18 weeks off specifically for the purpose of travel."

FARLEY'S taken good advantage of that clause. Since 1950 he has been to Mexico, Honolulu, Greece, Israel, France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Switzerland, and Italy. And from all these trips he's amassed

Rita Hayworth is more fiery, more desirable, more voluptuous than ever. Her voice is as intimate as the rustle of bedroom lingerie. Her figure has as many curves as a scenic railway, and her object in life is primarily a happy marriage—and not a great career.

Prince Michael Romanoff

a collection of beautiful glass, pottery, baskets, mats, and dozens of other household articles all of which you'll find in his house.

"My folks secretly think I'm crazy to drag all this stuff home," he admits, "but I really enjoy my foreign furnishings. I think it does a lot for a house."

The truth is that it does so much for a house that Farley's bungalow has now become the favorite hangout for the more literate and appreciative of the Hollywood younger set. Farley throws two dinner parties each week—he has a wonderful cook and housekeeper named Arzy Peebles—and at these gatherings six to ten of his favorite friends are usually invited. Shelley Winters is still one of these.

Although he's become quite a party-giver of late, "Farfel," as Shelley calls him, prefers to spend most of his home-time in either of two spots, his den or his sun-soaked lanai.

In his den he reads scripts, studies his lines, answers his fan mail, plays hundreds of classical and contemporary recordings. When friends accuse him of living the life of a maharajah, he has a ready answer. "I think," he says, "that it's a sign of maturity that I'd rather spend money on a house and furnishings than in night clubs the way I used to do. It's much more fun taking a girl up here on a date than going to some night spot. Might as well enjoy the things I have."

Although he doesn't mind spending money on furnishings he can take with him, Farley draws the line on buying furniture for any house he rents. He uses a lot of ingenuity to acquire what he wants without being extravagant.

In the living room, for example, a conventional coffee table came with the house. After a few weeks, however, Farley discovered that there weren't enough low tables to take care of his buffet-supper guests. Rather than buy one large coffee table that might fit this particular living room but no other, he had a carpenter knock together four plain tables, 18 inches square and two feet high. He sprayed them with four different colors of enamel and arranged them in the form of one L-shaped table in front of the living room couch. When he builds a house of his own, which he'll probably do when he finds a bride, he can take these little tables with him and scatter them in separate rooms throughout the house.

Similarly, when Farley needed a larger flat top desk in his den, he bought a strip of plywood and set it on top of an exist-

ing knee-hole desk. When he wanted an extra lamp table in the lanai he put one together consisting of twelve concrete bricks and a slab of plywood.

Farley is economical with a buck and has learned from experience how to cut corners when it comes to decorating a house. He's found, for example, that you can hide offensive light brackets by covering them with stylish but inexpensive baskets. He also hides an ugly wall heater with a chunk of driftwood he picked up on the Mojave desert, and when someone burns a hole in any of his upholstery, the tell-tale signs are covered with an Indian blanket.

One girl who has dated Farley on and off, says, "It's a little frightening how much he knows about good living and good taste. I mean, the girl who marries him will have her work cut out. Unless she's very well-bred and very well-traveled and very well-cultured, I'm inclined to believe that she'll develop a most acute inferiority complex very early in their marriage. Unless, of course, she's content to let Farley take everything over."

Of late, Farley has been seeing a good deal of an English actress, Dawn Addams, who was at MGM until a few months ago.

Of late, too, he's been bitten by the bug to build his own house. He's even picked out his architect and the location. After living in a variety of neighborhoods, ranging from Malibu to San Fernando, he's decided that he'd like to build in the Hollywood Hills overlooking the Sunset Strip.

For an architect he's chosen a friend and a promising disciple of Frank Lloyd Wright, a young man named Aaron Green. Architect Green lives in San Francisco and supervises the work Wright does in that area. He himself, however, has designed a number of modest homes in and around Los Angeles, and whenever he comes to town, he stays in Farley's extra bedroom. If Farley isn't working on that particular day, he tags along with Aaron on the various construction jobs.

"That's the way to learn about pure design," Granger says. "Go along with an expert who's learned it from the greatest architect in the business. Aaron has taught me an awful lot what to want and what to look for in a house. What I want is a compact little modern house, something built out of materials in their natural state—wood, stone, glass, and so forth."

THE experience of renting different types of houses has taught Farley what he needs: one large living area with built-in sections for entertainment and dining. He also wants a well-equipped kitchen and a swimming pool. The only thing that's holding him back from rushing into construction tomorrow is money. "I just don't have enough dough," he admits, "and I don't want to get started on a house and then stop halfway. I've seen a number of my friends over-extend their bank accounts. Then they move into partially completed houses. I'd hate that. I'd rather not start than end up with a house that has no landscaping or just makeshift furnishings. For me it's got to be all or nothing."

Farley's friends—and these include besides Shelley and Vittorio Gassman, the Sidney Sheldons, Rocky Cooper, Dawn Addams, Leonard Bernstein, Ted Loeff, and a few others—are inclined to believe that Granger is waiting not so much for money to build as for the right female incentive.

"All he needs," says Shelley, "is a wife. When he finds one he'll stop talking about a house and start building a home." END

(Farley Granger can be seen in MGM's Story Of Three Loves.)

the truth about mr. and mrs. curtis

(Continued from page 33) about it. "When we were engaged, and she was wearing my ring and all, some New York columnist wrote that Tony Curtis better get himself a new press agent, because Janet Leigh had fallen in love with someone else and was going to marry him. Man, that was rugged!"

Man, it certainly was!

When the synthetic news that his girl was about to throw him over reached Tony, he came mighty close to a nervous collapse. He was in Denver, Colorado, on the first big personal appearance of his career. So great was his appeal for the opposite sex that after one stage show, he had to hide backstage for an hour before he could safely be smuggled back to his quarters at the Brown Palace Hotel. Girls of all ages were trying to rip off unanchored bits of clothing and he had been kissed once too often that day by passionate, predatory females.

Back in the comparative safety of his hotel suite, he tried to reach Janet by long distance telephone. She had been attempting to reach him all that day, with no success, because the operators were obeying orders; Mr. Curtis didn't want to speak to any eager young ladies. They'd have to leave their names and he'd call back.

Of course, there was some comfort in the dozen messages under his door, asking him to call Miss Leigh in Pittsburgh, but when he couldn't get through his normal reaction was the sneaking suspicion that perhaps, after all, there might have been some truth in the story that Janet had met up with a fascinating baseball player and, so to speak, flipped her lid. It was three o'clock in the morning before the connection was made. Then, at a cost of some 68 dollars, they straightened it out. Tony understood that Janet had met the ball player only once at a benefit show, after which they'd had dinner together with other people; that the ball player, being engaged to another girl, was just as upset over the columnist's "wild item" as they were. Janet, in turn, satisfied herself that Tony really believed that she loved him, and only him. And that morning, before they went to sleep in cities thousands of miles apart, they agreed to advance the date of their marriage by several months.

All this made the MODERN SCREEN correspondent a happy man. He was able to let his editor in on the news six weeks in advance, because he was with Tony at the time. Net result: several other magazines appeared on the newsstands with stories about Janet's "new" romance, and her ditching of the actor for the ball player, at almost the precise time she became Mrs. Tony Curtis.

TODAY, Janet remembers this experience, along with a few others, from an equally mature though feminine viewpoint: "I have a reputation for never forgetting anything, and those hectic days left a deep impression. The things that were printed sometimes! It was all publicity—Tony loved somebody else. I loved somebody else. Every few days we'd read how we'd split up—sometimes even by the same writer who'd said we'd never gone together in the first place. I don't care what anyone says; that's not funny when you have to live through it, and it's not an ideal beginning for marriage.

"But we survived all that. We did get married, and even when some people wouldn't leave us alone, we learned not to get nervous about rumor any more. We learned to live our lives and let other peo-

ple say what they liked, hoping as we still do that maybe they'll eventually give up and go away."

Unfortunately, Janet knows that this will never happen. During their two years together, they have observed an even dozen famous marriages crack up. They know that reporters, although they are a frequent irritant, are not really to blame. The truth is, as Tony puts it, "Movie stars have the same right to fall in love as anyone else." They also have the same right to fall out of love, and like human beings

My favorite activity is reading!

Marilyn Monroe

everywhere, they will deny, up to the last minute, even to themselves, that a romance or a marriage is really over. That's why the whole marriage picture in Hollywood has become a strange game in which reporters must use every clue and device known to journalism in order to pass on to their readers the facts and trends in each matrimonial situation.

Sometimes (but not too often) they can be dead wrong. For instance, not many evenings ago, a guest at a Hollywood party, seeing Tony going through the hilarious fun of the magic acts he learned for his part in *Houdini*, asked where Janet was.

"Oh," he was told, "she was tired, so she went home."

A few days later a columnist hinted that Janet was fed up with Tony's preoccupation with magic, toy trains, and such-like. Net result: They were having serious trouble. This half-truth could have started a fight between Tony and Janet.

NO SUCH thing happened, and this is why: "Of course we have fights," Janet admits, "but for one simple reason. It's the things we worry about in each other. That sounds a little Pollyanna-ish, but that's how it is. I'm a busy person. So is Tony. The difference is that I'm not a very good sit-stiller. For instance, Tony is one of those people who can sleep 15 hours if he has 15 hours to sleep in. If I get eight, I'm lucky. Six is my average. When I get up, I have to get busy.

"That gets Tony mad. Starts a health lecture. He's so good at it he could take his solemn warnings out on tour. Then, he makes me mad when he forgets to get a haircut, or starts out somewhere, dressed more or less formally, in blue jeans and T shirt. Tony's not sloppy, but he's not what you call clothes conscious, either. (The truth is he started out to be, but so many people razzed his selection of clothes that he decided to skip the whole thing.) Once or twice I've caught him ready to go to a party looking like a man who's just been wrestling with a mountain lion.

"Don't misinterpret this, now. Objectively speaking, I don't think that's good for people in our business. Everyone's got a certain thing to sell, I don't care what they do. Part of ours in the movie business is appearance—perhaps a kind of personality by which you become known. Sometimes even talent, if you happen to have it. But appearance, certainly. Naturally, it works the other way sometimes. You want a switch? Here's one. Sometimes Tony catches me looking a trifle goonish. So it's back to the mirror for Mrs. Curtis until Mr. Curtis approves.

"Mostly, from what I have learned so far, I think it's a good idea for one person to leave another's personality and habit patterns alone, and not to intrude on his individuality. But with Tony I do reserve one right—not to be penalized for speaking my mind if I think it should be spoken. I don't say he has to act upon my ideas; I do, insist on the right to express them.

He feels the same, and that mutual attitude has saved us a lot of serious trouble."

Few Hollywood people have the courage or even the sense to express themselves in such an honest evaluation of themselves and their marriage. It must be increasingly apparent that Janet Leigh not only knows her way around the English language, but doesn't use it to lie to herself.

"Of course," she continues, "there are a lot of little things. I worry about Tony's not eating enough. On the other hand, he's afraid I'll go up like a land mine some day, after one too many desserts. I fix him four eggs for breakfast and stand over him until he's eaten them. He groans, complaining that food is just an ordeal, a chore to get over. Then, Tony likes a room hot; I like it cool. He goes around the place turning up the heat. I follow him, turning it down. He won't ride with me in a car. He's got to drive."

Right here, Janet is speaking of the type of little problems which, when all strung together, can begin the breakup of a marriage. Usually, when Hollywood marriages break up, the publicity releases make the whole thing sound like some horrid freak of fate played upon two perfect people, instead of the truth. The truth? Well, it gets back to such things as a husband not liking to have four eggs crammed down his throat each morning by an ever-loving spouse. Then a whole series of minor irritations which are climaxed by a full-blown physical and spiritual parting of the ways.

That this doesn't happen with them, or hasn't yet, is best explained by Janet.

"In two years our marriage has mellowed. It's sort of *shaken down*. We're in a groove now. A groove, I said—not a rut—and we're better people for it, I think. Happiness is always happiness, but it may be more assured happiness because of time. I'd wish that to everybody. Our feeling for each other has deepened, and if the deepening robs the intensity a little, then that's a healthy form of theft. You can't hold a melting-eyed closeup indefinitely, and you aren't expected to."

AT THIS point, having gallantly given the wife the first words, Tony's attitude is pertinent, if at times contradictory.

"This marriage is wonderful, no matter what you may read," he says. "It gets better and better. Janet and I aren't exactly of high school age any more. We're growing up and learning something new about each other every day. You grow up. You've got to. Everything in your life comes of age sometime. You discover that your work belongs to your marriage. Your marriage belongs to your work and your social life, and so on. In the long run, you can't disunite anything without tearing yourselves apart. Take this acting. I figure that with each picture I learn something. I get a little better. If one isn't so good, I learn from it. I gain in confidence and I take that confidence home to the marriage. It must be the same in every business; in every household.

"But that doesn't mean that you can take your work home with you. Brother, that's murder. Many a happy home has been wrecked by that. Look, I come home, I got hobbies. I got this model boat I'm building. I got a tape recorder Jerry Lewis bought me, 900 bucks' worth. I got a camera I'm learning to work, got an electric train, even. To explain, when I go home of an evening, I may go to work on my boat. I work with parts that are a 16th of an inch or a 32nd of an inch—all small and delicate—putting in pieces you can hardly see. And while I'm doing it I'm thinking about that work and nothing else. I'm just another guy with a hobby. I'm not telling my wife, actor-like, about how the director just doesn't have the "savvy." I'm not

fighting with her. I'm just fooling around, relaxing with a gadget that cost \$1.90. Maybe some other people are spending \$30 an hour going to a psychiatrist to find out why their wives get on their nerves, or vice versa. That's not for us."

BOTH Janet and Tony feel that the "Gee Whiz Kids" part of their marriage is over. Thinking back on it, they may wonder, sometimes, whether the public ever thought they were a real couple, or a pair of fiction characters put together from a chocolate éclair recipe.

"We were and are real, all right," Tony continues. "Almost everything written about us has been true, outside of the 'pan' gossip, and if we're not quite so romantic to read about now, we're at least more plausible. I think we got that way by going over the hurdles. Some of the people here in Hollywood, they got a cute custom. Cute like a hit in the head. When we were first married, we discovered these goons. I don't want to make it too nasty, but at parties and other places they make a deliberate effort to cut you apart.

"Maybe it's nothing worse than a sophisticated form of needling or a practical joke. But it's a fact that somebody will make a pass at the husband, and somebody else will make a pass at the wife. Then they like to sit back and laugh when the trouble starts. We went through it, but we discovered that when nothing happens they'll leave you alone. I've had it—up to here, and when you're in love it's not pleasant. Now that we're an old couple, I guess we're immune, and I must say I don't miss this sort of indoor sport."

Here, Tony Curtis has put an expert finger on the trouble with many Holly-

wood marriages. Frequently, it's not a matter of what happens at home as what happens away from home that leads a movie couple down the road of disenchantment to divorce.

Janet has an excellent slant on this observation. "We're relaxing now—I mean both in a social way and with each other. That must be the growing up stage. In the first year everything the other wanted was just 'duddy.' If I wanted to go to the movies, so did Tony. If Tony wanted to stay home, Janet was all for it. Never a disagreement; a state of affairs which, if it had gone on and on that way, might have brought on an interesting psychological condition.

"Then, just the other night we were scheduled to go to some party or other. All of a sudden I turned to Tony and said, 'You know, I don't want to go.' And do you know what he did? He laughed. He threw back his head and laughed in the most relieved sort of way. Just this side of mild hysteria, he said, 'Janet, that's the first time I've heard you declare an honest impulse since our courtin' days.' He didn't want to go either. It turned out we were both going to go because we thought the other wanted to. It was a great discovery to make about each other, and it's making life a lot easier."

ON THIS note, the bittersweet recollections of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis cease, but further cursory research discloses that the Curtis marriage, however sane and intelligent it may now be, was not without flamboyance in its earlier stages. It took place, as much of the civilized world still remembers, on June 4, 1951, at the Pickwick Arms Hotel in Greenwich, Conn., and

amounted in effect to an elopement right from under the eyes of the stockholders and studio brass, an executive group opposed to the whole foolish business.

Tony's best friend Jerry Lewis had to relay to the pair the displeasure of their various employers over the whole proposition. Lewis was in favor of love himself, but had agreed to state the executive attitude formally, the executive attitude being that marital status would detract from the boxoffice impact of both partners. To their everlasting credit, the two embraced the general state of mind of General McCauliffe at Bastogne and went ahead with their plans.

As it turned out, there wasn't so much of a flap after all. No known suicides followed the revelation that Mr. Curtis was no longer a nominee, and Mrs. Curtis' following held up equally well.

Miss Leigh, according to the soundest available sources, is a protégée of Norma Shearer, who came across her at Sun Valley and rushed the news to Hollywood. Mr. Curtis, whose great-grandfather was a seven-foot-eight strong man in a Budapest circus, is the protégé of every woman in America under the age of 23. He himself will be 28 the day before his second wedding anniversary, on June 3.

So ends another interim report on the Curtis family, as they step up from the role of America's sweethearts to the more recognizable grade of a devoted married couple, a little older and a little wiser, if still not quite ready to renounce sugar, spice and similar ingredients. **END**

(Janet's latest film is MGM's *Confidentially Connie*. And both Tony and Janet are in Paramount's *Houdini*.)

everything happens to me

(Continued from page 47) landed shortly after dawn at the Mexico City Airport. The Mexicans are a very well-mannered and warm-hearted people, extremely considerate of guests in their country, so we were taken through the customs and immigration like royalty. Then we were driven to a comfortable hotel and I sat back, with my morning coffee before me, happy and firm in the belief that this was to be one of the most interesting experiences in my life. Well, in a way it was. But in a way it wasn't.

The picture got rolling and spare time for sightseeing was short, but I did have to make appearances at a number of affairs—as a visitor is expected to do. That's when the trouble started. A splendid Mexican gentleman who works on a film paper down there handled our publicity and he asked me if I would make an appearance on the Mexican national radio network and just say hello. Because hello was just about all I could say in Spanish I agreed. I showed up at the station and was ushered before a microphone. I turned around for a minute to take a peek into the control booth and when I looked back a large blonde in a black dress was at my side.

Now I like to look at a large blonde in a black dress as well as the next man, so naturally I grinned like a small boy who had just found his lost live frog. The girl took me by the hand and led me to the microphone and the audience applauded uproariously. Some of it was for me, but a lot of it was for her, and properly so. She spoke into the mike and because I heard her mention my name I bowed politely and muttered: "Si, gracias, amigo, buenas dias. . . ." and a couple of other

words I had learned for the occasion. I was received like a noted linguist.

After the program was over, photographers came by and took a lot of pictures, in some of which the blonde woman was standing by my side. Everything was just fine—until the next morning. Someone showed me the papers and it seemed to me that the editors had cut all the other people in the pictures out, leaving just me and the blonde in the shots. I was disturbed for a moment, but then I thought, "Oh, well what's the difference. It's all for the good of the picture. Maybe my wife will understand."

I didn't see this blonde lady for several days. The next time was at the race track. Diana Lynn and I were making some shots out there and we were standing around waiting for the director to say, "Action!" when a little man ran up in front of me with a camera and flashed off a bulb in my face. At the same moment I felt a clutching hand on my arm and I looked around and there she was, looking at me with eyes filled with tenderness. I was beginning to get sore. I called over the publicity man and asked what was going on. He took me and the blonde aside and explained things.

THIS lady, it seems, was one of the big movie stars of Mexico. She was a European, but she spoke Spanish fluently, had made many Mexican pictures and had become very popular. "That is all very well," I told the publicity man, "but I don't like the expression she gets on her face whenever there is a camera around. I am a married man with a family. If this lady (whose name I will not mention out of a sense of chivalry) has this tremendous urge to have her picture taken with me, let's see that she doesn't look that way and let's have a few people around so it won't look like I'm raising

old Ned with some siren while I'm away from home. How about that?"

The publicity man was receptive and the blonde appeared not the least bit upset, so with some admonition, like, "Let's watch ourselves around here in the future," I went back to my work.

Life was uneventful for a superb 24 hours. This time it happened at a television station. Dolores Del Rio was making her debut as a TV producer and when I was asked I was delighted to make an appearance at the station. I walked in and guess who popped up, grabbed hold of my arm and swung into a beautiful flow of Spanish. She might have been telling the people around that I was a former axe murderer for all I knew, so all I could do was stand there and grin and mutter: "Si, amigo, gracias, buenos dias. . . ." Apparently, though, she said something nice, because everyone applauded like mad and the photographers ran up and began snapping pictures. I got out of there as fast as I could. And you should have seen the papers the next morning. The pictures were played up big, and my name and the name of the lady were sprinkled all through the copy. I went right out and bought a Spanish-American dictionary.

They got me again at the bull fights. You can horse around in a lot of places in Mexico, but not in the bull ring. The seats are reserved and numbered and a group from the picture company took a block together. I was no sooner seated than I heard a lot of applause, so I looked down into the ring to see what was happening. I was looking in the wrong place, because out of the corner of my eye I saw this blonde skidding along toward me, followed by her cameramen. I looked for a way out, but there wasn't any—and I knew about creating a ruckus, so I just smiled while she sat, and I wished the sun would

June Haver

starring in 20th Century-Fox's
"THE GIRL NEXT DOOR"
Color by Technicolor



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go down, so I could get under the bench. But they had flash bulbs—and the only consolation I had was that some of the photographers got some great shots of the top of my head.

The next day at the studio I insisted that the American press agent, employed by the studio, take a hand and see if he couldn't stop this situation from getting any more romantic. He was very appreciative of my problem and promised to think of something.

One of the biggest events of the year in Mexico City is the annual film festival. A lot of American stars come to Mexico and the players of each country put on a big show for the press and public. Naturally, I had to go, no matter how much I craved solitude at the moment. But as soon as I stepped into the auditorium, I grabbed an official and I said if I was obliged to do any talking with *anyone* it was all going to have to be in English. He tried to point out to me that very few Mexicans would understand me, but by that time I was only concerned with *me* understanding what was going on. While I was talking to him he kept backing me up and the next thing I knew I was on the stage looking at about 5,000 people.

THERE was nothing to do, of course, except bow and walk over to the center of the stage where, so help me Harry, Blondie stood alone as big as ever. Except that by this time she was beginning to look like Bela Lugosi to me. I was trapped, but determined. "Look here, madam," I scowled at her quietly, "I've got to know what you're saying this time, so I can answer intelligently." She grabbed me by the arm and squeezed and whispered to me. "I am going to tell them how much you love Mexico, Mexican films and the Mexican people," she said. "And all you have to say is 'Mucho, mucho,' and they'll understand."

"Well, watch it," I said. "And stick to the subject."

She waited for quiet and rattled off a long string of Spanish, then she looked coyly at me.

"Mucho, mucho," I said.

You'd have thought I'd just given them Texas the way those people cheered. Things are getting a little better I thought. Once again this spellbinder got going with the language then gave me a little hug.

"Mucho, mucho," I said, not quite so eagerly.

This time you'd have thought I'd abolished taxes. The folks just went plain nuts—and Blondie reached up and gave me a little squeeze. I stopped saying, "Mucho," right then. And I'm not ashamed to admit that I discovered I have a streak of cowardice. I slid over to one side and made a fast exit.

That night, with the lights out and the moon shining in the open window I lay in bed and swore an oath that never, never as long as I lived would I stand beside that woman again, or stay in the same room with her. And I never did. But it didn't help a bit. I didn't have to read Spanish the next morning to know what was in the papers. "Our beautiful Mexican actress confesses she might be in love with Glenn Ford!" they said, or words to that effect. "And," cried another headline, "Glenn Ford, when asked by our beautiful Mexican film star if he could love her, shouted 'Mucho, mucho.' What a beautiful pair they are. What a couple of romantic lovers!"

"What a crock of sauerkraut!" I was howling at the press agent ten minutes later. "What are they doing to me? Can't somebody tell them I am a happily married man? How can this happen? Do something!"

A man came in and said that my "Friend" was on the telephone. "You tell her," I said, "that I wouldn't talk to her if she was afire and I knew where the only fire hose in Mexico was."

"We seem to have a serious situation here," said the press agent.

"What do you think I've been trying to tell you?" I said. "If this keeps up I'll be living in a hotel when I get home. Do something about it."

"It appears," he said thoughtfully, "that this actress has just about the hottest-shot press agent in the western hemisphere. And she's using you to get space."

"Okay," I said. "Hire her press agent away. Have him arrested. Get her space with somebody else. Find her a nice local fellow with no family. Get Bogart down here and have the lot of them rubbed out. But move fast, I feel a hot breath on my neck."

**Feminine charm is like garlic—
heavenly if not overdone.**

Ava Gardner

The hot breath was all over me the next edition. Apparently upset because I wouldn't accept her phone calls, the lady had given an interview to the papers—which they ran under the usual headlines—stating that she was not so sure now she was in love with me. Good! I thought. But down further I saw my name again and had it translated. "Why?" the newspaper asked, "does not Glenn Ford speak his feelings for our beloved film star? Is he not a man? Is he going to allow our lady to pine because of his ungallant manners. He is surely no gentleman if this is so."

By this time I was surely no gentleman for sure. I was happy to tell anybody who would listen to me just exactly what my feelings for the lady were. But it never got in the papers. The next day all of the Mexico City papers were at me. They almost made me hate myself. "Is this American movie star to be allowed to publicly insult by his silence the flower of our country? Is he to be permitted to break the heart of the loveliest lady in our land. No! Stern action must be taken to halt this. Such a man is not fit to be in our city." And in another paper: "Miss _____, in an exclusive interview with this reporter, stated that she could not understand what had happened between her and Glenn Ford, but she was coming to the end of her patience. She is not at all sure now that she would forgive him if he came crawling to her on his knees. What a shameful situation," it continued. "Who is this man who was welcomed here as a guest and who has made a fool of our sweet lady? Who, in truth, has ever heard of him?"

"Everybody has now heard of me," I roared at the press agent a little later. "Would to God nobody in this corner of the world had, though. When are you going to do something?"

"It seems," he said quietly, "that the young lady has a lot of cousins who are very influential with the press."

"That is the silliest thing anybody ever said," I yelled. "This girl apparently *owns* the press."

The press agent was trying to stuff a newspaper up the back of his coat while we talked.

"What are you doing there?" I asked. "Nothing," he said. "It's just an old newspaper I'm saving."

"That's a funny place to save a newspaper," I said. "Let me see it."

"Later," he said. "You're a little upset right now."

"I've been upset ever since I got here," I bellowed. "Let me have that paper."

He handed it over. I saw a cartoon, depicting the lovely flower of Latin-American films. I got out my little dictionary, but I really didn't need it. "Who needs a Ford," the caption read, "I have a Cadillac."

"That does it," I said. "Get me writers, lawyers, police. This is the last straw. We're going to give a statement to the press and they're going to print it if I have to go to the President and the American Ambassador."

Finally, at long last, I got a word in the papers. It was difficult to know what to say, because I was a stranger in a foreign country, and I had made many friends, and had developed a good deal of respect for the Mexican people. But I remembered that the lady was not a Mexican, but a European, and I was so fed up with being misunderstood that what I said had to be to the point. Because I was innocent of any complicity in this "romance" I felt I did not have to be polite beyond ordinary dignity, so here is what appeared in the papers the next day:

"When questioned concerning statements made by Miss _____, Mr. Ford stated he had not read in full translation the articles in question. 'However,' Mr. Ford said, 'I have received such magnificent and wonderful hospitality from my co-workers and friends in Mexico, I feel that if Miss _____'s statements are helping her career as an aspiring actress, then I am glad to be of assistance. When she does achieve the full success she is seeking, she will probably adopt more dignified methods of achieving publicity.'"

If that sounds rough, it is exactly what I intended it to be. I wanted an end to the matter, and no future speculations as to my relationship with the lady. And I wanted the people of Mexico to know that I was aware the whole thing was a publicity stunt at my expense. That night I rested comfortably for the first time in weeks. Everything was fine, wrapped up and over with.

LAD, it was only the beginning. All the cousins went to work on me at once. The papers did, too. Someone told me the lady's boy friend was looking for me with a knife. A friend in the government wanted to deputize me, so I could carry a gun. Now, the company press agent decided to get into the act. He invited the lady to meet him at a restaurant and talk the whole thing over. They met—and those who were present say it was quite an occasion.

It seems the lady denied that most of the articles had appeared. The press agent said they had so. All of the papers for the past few weeks were ordered from the news offices and when they were brought the only place they could be spread out was on the bar. While the lady and the press agent began heatedly flipping through the pages and making and denying charges, the bartender began setting up drinks along the line, and in a couple of hours neither the lady nor my defender were feeling any pain.

A couple of days later I got on a plane and came home. When I looked at my house, and saw my wife and son standing in the doorway waiting for me, I wanted to get down on my knees and kiss my own driveway. Ellie had a twinkle in her eye and after I'd kissed her she started to say something. I held up a hand.

"There will be no baiting of Father," said. "Father has had it. I have had a bad dream. I am now going up to bed and have a good one." And I did. And it was all in English.

What's new, indeed!

—GLENN FORD

for the
Queen
of the
Family

**CROWN
COLOR**

proportioned
nylons by

Holeproof

Gift packed for
Mother's Day
In a clear plastic case

Such a lovely gift for
Mother—for so little! A
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divorce ahead?

(Continued from page 14) moving all the time.

"When we first arrived in Europe, we caught the Rome express to Italy. We had a villa ready for us outside of Rome in Albano. We hired an English tutor, Mr. Ticknor, for the boys, and he was wonderful. Greg was acting with Audrey Hepburn in *Roman Comedy*, and of course, all of us picked up a little Italian.

"When we moved up to France, we spoke a little French, and while learning new languages for Greg and me was very good, it only confused little Carey. He's just a little more than three, and after a while his language became such a mixture of different tongues that the only ones who could ever understand him were Greg and myself.

"EUROPE is a very wonderful continent and all of that, but a winter in France can be pretty wet, and when I thought of what we had waiting for us back in California, the sunshine and the house we'd had re-furnished—well, I just decided that it would be best for everyone if I came back with the boys.

"Greg has a restless nature, and I felt it would be good for him, too, if he didn't have to worry about us. As soon as we were gone he went on a publicity trip for *Snows Of Kilimanjaro*. He was in Stockholm, Copenhagen, Oslo, and Helsinki. I have dozens of relatives in Finland, and they gave him a tremendous welcome. He called us up on the phone and told us all about it. And another thing, he leaves soon for India. He's making a picture for Arthur Rank. I think it's called *The Purple Plains*.

"It sounds very romantic, but how would it be dragging three small boys to India for a couple of months, enrolling them in school, getting everything set up and then just when you've got your household organized, start packing and return to France?

"That's what I was faced with. Greg wanted us to remain with him. No matter what anyone tells you, he is a very strong family man—after all when he was making *Captain Horatio Hornblower* a few years ago, didn't he insist upon bringing the whole family over to London, even Carey and the nurse? But really, it wouldn't have been fair to the boys. That's why we're back in California.

"About Greg and that model Julianne—that's no big secret. I've met the girl. She's a very lovely person. I believe Gladys and Eduard de Segonzac—he's the Paramount publicity man in Paris and his wife is a designer—were the people who first introduced her to us.

"So Greg has taken her out to dinner once or twice, and she has shown him around Paris—that's no great crime. I have never expected Greg to live the life of a hermit.

"When he's away he's entitled to a little companionship. There is nothing wrong in that, nothing in going out with two or three couples or having a dinner partner.

"What is wrong and really unpleasant are those wild stories which spring up from these things. But honestly I'm used to them. The first time—it wasn't long after we were married—two years or so. I was pregnant with Jonathan, and I think Greg had gone to New York for some exploitation or something, and the stories began to come back. He was dining with so and so, or such a girl. I was very young, I believed everything I read, and really, it made me sick. I believed all that divorce talk until I found out it was something the newspapers had just made up.

"It is really a funny world. Greg can be doing *David And Bathsheba* or any other picture in Hollywood, and he'll be having lunch with an actress, and no one will think anything of it, but let him sit down at a café in Paris and take lunch with a girl, and right away, it's a big romance, and we are getting a divorce.

"I'll tell you again and then we won't talk about it any more. Greg and I are not separated. There will be no divorce. We are on the best of terms, and if you don't believe it, you can talk to him at the Hotel Lancaster in Paris."

At the Hotel Lancaster on the Rue Berri, a hotel which Katherine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy introduced to the Hollywood colony about six years ago, Greg Peck blew his top when he was asked if he contemplated dropping Greta in favor of some younger woman.

"How in heaven's name do these things start?" he exploded. "I'm not separated. I'm not getting a divorce, and I'm very happily married. Right now I'm between

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on the cover

headlines

modern screen's

exciting june issue

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may 8

pictures, but I'm scheduled to leave for India around April 1st. Then I'm going to do one called *Assignment In Stockholm* and probably another comedy that Willie Wyler has in mind. After that I'll probably go home.

"Greta and I had a great time and I wanted her to stay, wanted her to stay very much, but she's a wonderful mother—she's always thinking of the boys—and she figured they would be better off in California."

Gregory and Greta Peck are both honorable people, and under the circumstances their protestations are understandable and of course, completely believable. But where there is so much smoke there is usually a little fire, and in this particular case it has been said of tall, dark, gangling Gregory that he is suffering from a disease common to many husbands and known as *The Roving Eye*.

In Europe the story persists that Greg's roving eye has settled on a beautiful, 21-year-old half-French, half-Russian journalist named Veronica Pasanie.

According to this story which has been hushed about every European capital, Greg

was introduced to Veronica last Summer in a café outside Rome by Papashou, the French chanteuse and night club entertainer.

At the time Veronica, according to friends, was representing a French evening newspaper, the *Paris Presse*. These same friends say that it was love at first sight for the young girl, that she became infatuated with Peck, stayed on in Rome to be near him, and later followed him to Paris after he had finished *Roman Comedy*.

Allegedly, Mrs. Peck knew nothing about this infatuation. She took little side trips with Greg to Saint Moritz where they indulged in winter sports. Last September she came to Paris, registered at the Elysée Park Hotel, made arrangements to register her sons at the American School in Paris.

Newspaper reporters in Paris say that two weeks before she returned to the U. S., Greta Peck found out about Veronica. Supposedly she and Greg had one of those heart-to-heart talks which culminated in a verbal battle royal.

Greta Peck insists this is nonsense, but the gossip in Europe is that Greg continues to see an awful lot of Veronica who was 21 on February 10th.

In some quarters there is talk that the onetime *journaliste* for the *Paris Presse* may even follow Peck to Stockholm, Morocco, and India.

It is possible, of course, that the friendship between Veronica and Greg is nothing more than a platonic relationship, that Greg is flattered by the hero-worship of a young, intelligent, and avidly admiring female, that she has somehow touched his vanity.

Certainly they are never seen together at night clubs, cafés, and restaurants, but still they have seen a good deal of each other in quiet, out-of-the-way places.

Not that anything too serious will develop out of this affinity. A year or so ago, a notorious blonde who worked for a short while at several studios and was later involved in one of the most highly-publicized marriages in Hollywood history, gave Peck a bad time of it.

She made a strong play for the boy from La Jolla, but Peck refused to succumb to her not inconsiderable charms, and this was an admirable demonstration of self-control on his part, and good luck, too—for a few months later, this predatory temptress hooked a well-known actor who divorced her when he somehow managed to come upon a rather sensational photograph.

In all probability Peck's friendship with the Pasanie girl will dissolve as harmlessly, for Greg is one actor who will never have his children suffer the agony of a broken home.

He is the product of such a home himself—his parents were divorced before he was ten—and he was passed around to various relatives, and he knows that such an existence makes for an unhappy, insecure childhood.

As a matter of fact, it has been suggested many times that a contributory reason behind Greg's falling in love with Greta Konen, the girl he married, was her secure family life.

Greta came to the U. S. with her large Finnish family when she was 12. The family eventually settled in Jersey City, and after Greta left New York University, she got a job as hairdresser for Katherine Cornell.

In 1939 Miss Cornell's husband, Producer Guthrie McClintic, signed Gregory Peck, an ex-Radio City guide, for a last-act bit in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, a play his famous wife was taking out on the road; and it was during the course of this tour that

Bewitching—

Deborah Kerr is enchantment itself, with her wide violet eyes . . . her auburn hair that's a perfect frame for the pearl-like radiance of her skin!

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Wildroot Gleam Girl, Millie Lou Wellborn of Fort Belvoir, Virginia says:
"Lady Wildroot Shampoo is especially wonderful for blonde hair like mine. It gets it smooth and soft and brings out glowing, golden highlights."

**Put that
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Here are three more winners in Wildroot's nationwide Model Hunt! They all have something wonderful in common—radiant, shining hair they keep beautiful with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. How about *your* hair? Would it make you eligible for Wildroot's Model Hunt? Take a tip from these girls (none are professional models). Start using Lady Wildroot Shampoo with Lanolin today. Watch how the soapless suds froth up instantly! See the sparkle, shining highlights, the smooth softness come out in *your* hair! You'll be a Wildroot girl, too—once you've used this sudsy, sweet-smelling shampoo!



Wildroot Gleam Girl, Joan Thacker of Riverside, Illinois says: "Lady Wildroot leaves my hair so easy to manage—even right after a shampoo. I love its quick suds—and the way they rinse away without leaving dull film."

Wildroot Gleam Girl, Jane Lynn Hutton of Metuchen, New Jersey says: "Mommy always washes my hair with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. She says it's gentle—but really gets hair clean and shiny."



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Send a snapshot or photo (not larger than 8x10 inches) showing your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture. If your photo is chosen, Wildroot will pay you \$100 and your portrait may be painted by a famous artist and used in a Wildroot ad. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director, whose decisions are final. No photos returned. Offer good 60 days from the appearance of this magazine only. Send in your photo today.

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Greg first met the tiny, attractive, wide-faced Greta. When the tour was over, she took him to meet her family in Jersey City, and from that point on, it was love all the way.

They were married in 1942, and the marriage brought Peck great luck. McClintic gave him a part on Broadway in Emlyn Williams' play, *The Morning Star*, and while the play flopped, Greg got good notices and was seen by Hollywood producer Casey Robinson.

Brought out to Hollywood by agent Leland Hayward, he was shy, uncertain, not too sure of his acting ability, but this was during World War II when Hollywood was practically manless and since he was draft-proof—he had hurt his spine while rowing on the crew at the University of California—Peck was sought by every studio in town.

For a very little money he was soon split up between David O. Selznick, MGM, and 20th Century-Fox. Hayward turned him over to an assistant, an affable Australian named Roy Myer, and each Friday, Myer would pick up Peck's weekly check of \$1500.

Fortunately for Greg he was never cast in a series of B pictures, the fate most apprentice actors must endure. All of his pictures were top budget jobs. *Keys Of The Kingdom* cost \$3,000,000. *The Yearling*, *The Macomber Affair*, *Spellbound*, *Duel In The Sun*, *Gentlemen's Agreement*; all of these were budgeted at \$1,500,000 and over, and all were major productions; so that Peck was never type-cast and was always given a big buildup.

In all fairness to him, it must be said that success never went to his head. At 36, he is still one of the most unassuming of all Hollywood stars. Before he left for Europe, he liked nothing better than to spend his spare time at home with Greta and the three boys or to take family trips. Other than for the aforementioned blonde, gossip never touched him.

He dislikes night-clubbing and the high-pressure social life, but likes to spend money now that he gets upward of \$100,000 a picture. His wife is on the thrifty side.

Taxes being what they are, he doesn't get to keep too much of what he earns, which is one reason why he decided last spring to make films outside of the U. S. (Citizens who work outside of the U. S. for 18 months don't have to pay any Federal income tax).

When the Pecks arrived in Rome last May, the first thing they did was to leave their boys at the hotel and take a moonlight ride to the Colosseum and the other famous Italian ruins. This is a pretty romantic way to spend a first night in Italy, and it shows that after ten years of marriage, Gregory and Greta can still light the spark.

HAVING been in show business herself, Greta Peck realizes that actors, particularly handsome leading men, are constantly beset by temptation in the form of designing females.

She knows that many women have figuratively thrown themselves at her husband's feet, but she is a sensible woman with calm Scandinavian blood in her veins—"I don't get alarmed very quickly"—and she has boundless faith in her husband's moral character.

When asked about Greg and the various "divorce" and "separation" stories emanating from Europe, Mrs. Peck holds her head high and says in words that come from the heart, "Greg is a good man. He would never do anything to hurt his family."

Whether that statement is fact or merely wishful thinking the next six months will tell.

END

between two women

(Continued from page 36) promise of his sensational motion picture career, and he said quickly, "You're right, Debbie, let's keep it the way it is."

"You mean just hold Saturday nights for you?" Debbie's voice camouflaged her disappointment.

"Only if you want to," R.J. said. "If you're too tired, or you want to date someone else—I mean, you do whatever you want to."

Debbie reverted to type. "You bet I will. And you do whatever you want to, R.J." And with that, she slipped out of the car and whisked into the house.

THE following day columnists announced that Debbie Reynolds had struck the name of Robert J. Wagner, Jr., the brightest young actor on the 20th Century-Fox lot, from her list of eligible beaux.

Some of the rumor-spreaders said Debbie had tired of waiting for R.J. to make his move. She had been going more or less steadily with Bob for two years, and while all the newspapers had described them as engaged, the boy who, figuratively speaking, had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, had never even come up with a ring or a declaration of his intentions.

They suggested that perhaps Debbie in her carefully careless feminine way, had tried to force the play and, in trying, had struck out. R.J. had not even been maneuvered into a statement of his affections. He wanted freedom to play the field, to date Melinda Markey, Babs Darrow, Susan Zanuck, and he was willing to accord Debbie the same leeway with the opposite sex. No entanglements of the heart for this rapidly-rising star.

When Debbie was asked if she'd quarreled with her handsome heart throb on these grounds, all she would say was, "Don't be silly. R.J.'s got to find himself. I know about boys all right."

Other columnists insisted that Debbie and R.J. had called it quits for a very simple reason. Wagner had become infatuated with Barbara Stanwyck, whose son he was playing in *Titanic*.

In fact, Bob and Barbara were raked over the coals by the press, R.J. being depicted as a sensuous Lothario who dated the 45-year-old Barbara on one night and reverted to the 20-year-old Debbie on another, while Stanwyck, it was implied, had begun in the summer of her life to cultivate the art of robbing the cradle.

The truth of the Stanwyck-Wagner-Reynolds triangle is simple. The truth usually is. Here are two women and one young man whose friendships have been publicized as love affairs, so that under the present set of circumstances, it is considered prudent for Bob to go out with Debbie, but not too prudent to be seen in public alone with Stanwyck.

BARBARA Stanwyck or "Missy" as she's called on every lot in town, is one of the sweetest, kindest, most helpful actresses in the movie colony.

As you probably know, she never wanted to give up her second husband, Robert Taylor. She loved him very much and probably still does. It was he who wanted the divorce, and because Barbara is the type of understanding and compassionate woman she is, she consented without quarrels, fights, or long, involved legal hassles.

With Taylor gone, Barbara was lonely and unhappy, and for such a state of depression she knows only one anodyne: work, work, and more work. She took practically every picture offered to her,

and during the course of these films met several young actors: Jean Pierre Aumont, Ralph Meeker, and of course, Bob Wagner.

"With every one of these," she good-naturedly recalls, "it was the same thing. As soon as some reporter saw us talking together, right away it was a big romance. Take this thing with R.J. One evening Clifton Webb, R.J., and myself, all three of us, went to dinner at Romanoff's. No one mentioned that Clifton was along. Oh no! That would've spoiled a good item. The columnists merely wrote that Wagner and Stanwyck had been seen dining together. They made a real cozy thing out of it."

"I've been out here a long time. I know the ways and wiles of publicity, and I don't care what they say about me. But it certainly is unfair to R.J. He's a fine boy and an ambitious actor. It was great fun working with him, and we might've become good friends. But under the cir-

I never knew what happiness was until I married. Then, of course, it was too late.

Irwin Corey

cumstances it's impossible. You become self-conscious and embarrassed about a little thing like dinner in a restaurant. You know it will be blown up to ridiculous lengths so you stop going out.

"Last year several newspapers in Paris insisted that I was phoning Jean Pierre overseas every single night. It wasn't true, but they were determined to have us involved in a romance so they conjured one up via transatlantic telephone.

"With Ralph Meeker it was the same story. We went out a few times. Of course, it couldn't be friendship. It had to be a big thing. Well, it wasn't."

BOB Wagner feels miserable about the Stanwyck affair. "They've spoiled," he says of the newspapers, "what could have been one of the finest friendships in my whole life. There was never anything between us that wasn't strictly professional. I hung around her dressing room while we were making *Titanic* because she was gracious enough to give me a few tips about some lines, a few suggestions how to play a certain scene. What's wrong with that?

"To me Barbara Stanwyck has always been one of the really great actresses in this town. She knows more about the business than I'll ever know. I'm really indebted to her for her advice. She was wonderful to me in the scenes we played together. She could have stolen every single one of them, but she gave me all the breaks.

"How anyone could think there was a romance or anything like that between us—well, it's beyond me. I admit that I liked to be with her. What man wouldn't like to be with Barbara Stanwyck? I feel it's an honor to have played in a picture with her. But this stuff about my breaking up with Debbie because I once had dinner with Clifton Webb and Barbara, or because Miss Stanwyck and I once had a drink together, that's not on the level. I've always thought the world of Debbie Reynolds, but we were never engaged, and I don't know who started the story that we were. Debbie's a wonderful girl, and we never called it quits. I still see her on the same basis I've always seen her. Debbie has no intention of getting married for years. That goes for me, too. How in the world can I think of marriage with the Service hanging over my head?

"Honestly, all you have to do in this town is go out a couple of times and you can get yourself so mixed up you don't

know whether you're coming or going."

What got R.J. "involved" with Barbara Stanwyck insofar as the Press is concerned, was a tip that these two used to meet nightly at a little restaurant in Beverly Hills called the Hob Nob.

Actually Stanwyck and Wagner were seen in that particular eating place only once. They'd had a hard day on the set and R.J. had offered to drive Barbara home, and en route, he'd suggested that they stop off for a drink.

Barbara had agreed, so they parked the car, walked into the Hob Nob, had a fast one, and then pulled out. Someone tipped off the columnists, and that's what started the gossip.

Whether Bob and Barbara will ever get together again socially no one at this point knows. Certainly they will have a third or fourth party along if they go out in public, because both are extremely sensitive to public opinion. Before she left for Mexico where she's starring opposite Gary Cooper in *Blowing Wild*, Barbara said, "I think R.J. is a very nice young man, and I'd like to work with him again. As for seeing him, well, you know what can happen. One cup of coffee together and the rumors start all over again. It's just too embarrassing."

LIKE other actresses of her age and position, "Missy" finds herself in a tough spot. It is almost impossible in Hollywood to find an eligible, unmarried man in the 45-to-50 age bracket. Stanwyck, on occasion, therefore goes out with younger men. As soon as she does, the reporters make an item of the date and the friendship goes up like a cloud of smoke.

Debbie Reynolds, of course, has no such trouble. At 20, she has more men than she can handle, but the one she dotes on is her six-foot, sandy-haired "R.J." the prototype of the all-American boy.

Although Debbie and Wagner both insist that absolutely nothing has occurred to change the status of their friendship, there are tell-tale signs that this isn't particularly true. The temperature of their relationship has reduced itself from hot to luke warm. The freshness of it, the primary spontaneity has dwindled, and they are now more obsessed with their careers than with each other. Both kids are determined to get to the top and stay there, and they're not going to let a little thing like affection interfere with their long-term plans.

They still care for each other a great deal, but they're probably more in love with success than with each other. No longer are they an inseparable duo. When it comes to previews and awards dinners, Debbie goes with Tab Hunter, Hugh O'Brian, John Anderson, Bob Travers, any of a dozen boyfriends.

It was Debbie, however, who arranged with R.J.'s mother for a surprise party on his 23rd birthday, and the two kids still talk to each other on the phone three or four times a week. But the promise and potential of their courtship has dwindled considerably since their careers have shifted into high, and Wagner has been mentioned in connection with Barbara Stanwyck.

Debbie first met Bob Wagner almost three years ago through the auspices of Camille Williams, a girlfriend who had a job in the chorus line at Fox. Debbie was just breaking in at Metro—she had been bounced by Warners after working her way up from \$60 to \$100 a week—and when she dropped by 20th one afternoon, Camille introduced the young Mr. Wagner.

Wagner took it from there. This boy who seems so shy and naive is in reality a very smooth operator but in a cultured, well-bred, impeccable way. He began



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taking Debbie out every Saturday night, usually to a show or the bowling alley in Glendale, and the next thing anyone knew, these kids were posing regularly for the fan magazine photographers, doing all sorts of layouts; and everyone was sure they were engaged or had entered some mutual understanding.

The crass truth is that they both knew they were good for each other, not only personally but publicity-wise, and while love was undoubtedly involved in their relationship, it was relegated to a subsidiary role. For other than the motion picture business and their mutual affection, they have little in common. Their backgrounds, for example, are completely different.

WAGNER is a rich man's son. His father is a steel company executive who's always earned a five-figure income. As a boy R.J. was sent to private school and educated with all the well-to-do trimmings. His folks own homes in Bel-Air and La Jolla. He's mingled with the country club set all his life. He knows what it is to buy and wreck a couple of sports cars, and he first broke into the movie game because his father happens to be a friend of Wild Bill Wellman, the ace director, and his father asked Wellman to get the boy a job.

Debbie on the other hand, comes from middle class stock. She was born in El Paso, Texas, on April 1st, 1932, and christened Mary Frances Reynolds. Her father was a carpenter for the Southern Pacific Railroad, and when Debbie was eight, the old man was transferred to Los Angeles where he rented a house for the family down near the tracks. The environment was so miserable, however, that the Reynolds entourage took a place out at Burbank, home of the Warner Bros. studio, and it was in this community that Debbie was raised.

Unlike Bob Wagner who has rented a bachelor apartment next door to Dan Dailey, Debbie still lives at home, chews gum violently, is vociferously enthusiastic about everything she does. Although she has made trips to New York, Washington, Korea, Japan, and Mexico, she has yet to adopt the jaded attitude of the worldly sophisticate.

A few years ago when she was asked how she felt about boys, she said, "They're fine if they don't take you for granted. What I don't like is one of those sharpies—you know, you give him a date and right away he says, 'How about driving up and catching a little breeze at Mulholland.' (Mulholland is a highway in the Hollywood hills frequently used as a lovers lane.) When they say that to me, I say, 'That's all, brother. Let me out of this buggy.' I just don't like to be taken for granted."

IN that last sentence may well lie the clue to Debbie's new relationship with Bob Wagner.

"Debbie insists she isn't teed off at R.J.," one of her friends explains, "but I think she is, in her own nice, sweet way, of course. For years she's been saving Saturday nights for him. Instead of asking for more than Saturday nights, he began to ask for less, and the papers began running all those items about him and Stanwyck. I think that hurt Debbie's vanity. She didn't want to be one of many, just a sometimes girlfriend. She wanted to be the girlfriend. I think she was hoping for R.J. to make things more definite. When he didn't, I don't think her heart was broken, anything like that. She merely saw no point in being known as his girl without being it. Lots of times that happens to a girl. She gets coupled with one particular fellow, and all the other guys

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are afraid to ask for a date. Debbie didn't want that to happen to her, and that's why she sort of decided to let R.J. go his way and she'd go hers. Not that they still aren't friends. They are, but from here on in, R.J. can't take Debbie for granted, either for Saturday-night dates or other dates. He's got to call just like any other fellow."

Debbie's mother says, "I want you to know that we all think the world of R.J. He is one of the kindest, most well-bred young gentlemen Debbie has ever known here, and she's gone out with quite a few."

"Insofar as I know he and Debbie are both still pals, maybe not as close as they used to be, but let's face it, time occasionally dulls the attraction. I don't think they were ever sweethearts—just good friends. Debbie has always said that she would never think of getting married until she was 23 or 24, and while secretly she may have looked upon R.J. as a potential husband, she certainly never said anything about it out loud. None of us believe any of that ridiculous stuff about R.J. and Barbara Stanwyck. Miss Stanwyck is a lovely person, whom R. J. much admires."

A dissenting opinion is offered by an actor on the Fox lot who's known Wagner since he played a small part eight pictures ago in *The Halls Of Montezuma*.

"My own personal opinion," this actor states, "is that young Wagner is in love with two women at the same time, Missy and Debbie, only he won't admit it; not even to himself. I think he's nuts about Debbie because she's young, bright, pretty, talented; she's got lots on the ball and probably the best sense of humor of any young actress on the town. She speaks his language."

"With Stanwyck it's different. He's probably infatuated with Missy, but that doesn't make it any less real. And I don't blame him one bit. Stanwyck is probably the nicest dame in this town. You'll never hear her cutting another actress to ribbons. She's a mature professional who has humility and understanding, and of course, great beauty and achievement. All those qualities are very attractive to an intelligent and ambitious kid like R.J."

"While they were making *Titanic* he hung around her dressing room pretty nearly all the time. He listened avidly to

everything she had to say. He has great respect for her, and somewhere along the line he probably added love to respect. There's nothing particularly unusual about the setup. Students fall in love with teachers every day in the week. They call such affairs puppy love."

"Stanwyck is too smart to let this kid go off his rocker, and R.J. himself is a very well-balanced youngster, but I don't believe we've heard or seen the last of this relationship. I'm sure that R.J. numbers Missy among his very good friends and that when she returns from Mexico, he'll be around calling."

"As for Debbie Reynolds, she and R.J. still continue to see each other but not on any semi-exclusive basis. Debbie is smart enough to realize that every young guy must sow his own share of wild oats. When and if R.J. is ever finished sowing, she'll probably hook him if she wants him. That little doll is one of the smartest, most sensible chicks this crazy town has ever known."

END

(Debbie Reynolds can be seen in MGM's *I Love Melvin*.)

love and learn

(Continued from page 35) came, and loved it, too. So much so that the gatherings became a nightly affair. Marilyn is, without any argument, the hostess with the mostest, but she was working on *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* at the time, and long social sessions with Joe's close friends and relatives, whom she loves as much as he does, just didn't mix with six o'clock calls. So, like the generous, sensible girl she is, she moved out of the house to the Beverly Hills Hotel, and turned the place over to Joe. Of course she continued to be the central attraction at every party, but when she felt a yawn coming on, she trotted down the street to bed without breaking up the party.

The arrangement worked perfectly. It probably would still be going on if Joe had not decided to visit his family in San Francisco for a while. He saw no point in maintaining the house, so he gave it up. In the meantime Marilyn had found that she liked being free of the responsibilities of house-holding, and instead of moving in again, rented a large apartment after finishing *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

Those were the simple facts that worked into the first big story of the end of the blonde and the ball-player. The house was empty; Joe was in San Francisco; Marilyn had even moved from the hotel.

Many people would believe that all this change of scene was a waste of time, and that they just ought to pool their lives and residences and be done with it. But Marilyn and Joe are strictly not in the marry-in-haste set. They believe in being slow but sure about such lifetime things as matrimony.

SOME of their biggest headaches so far have arisen from the ashes of Joe's former marriage. Some time ago Joe's ex-wife, Dorothy Arnold, took him into court asking him to increase the sum allotted to the support of their child. The judge denied Mrs. DiMaggio's request in no uncertain terms. He even lauded Joe as a fine sportsman and a good father in open court. But such an experience before a judge's bench, even with the most favorable outcome, is chilling to a bridal atmosphere.

Although both Marilyn and Joe considered the denial of the appeal, and the high

praise a step closer to marriage, neither wanted to risk such a step under the cloud of court action.

Another major problem concerns Joe's beloved son, Joe, Jr. The boy and his father are extremely close, although the youngster is in complete custody of his mother. Such is the custom of the California divorce law. Joe is deeply attached to his son, and has made every effort to be with him when the boy isn't at Black Fox Military Academy, where he is a boarding student. The law has granted Joe "reasonable visitations," as it does all fathers. Unhappily these precious moments have often proved embarrassing to Joe DiMaggio and his son. And to Marilyn Monroe, too.

For instance, last year Joe's former wife publically objected to Joe Junior going swimming at the Bel-Air hotel with his father and Marilyn. As a result, when Joe had his boy with him on weekend visits this spring, they spent the entire time alone, without Marilyn present. Gossip-mongers, seeing the ex-Yankee treating his son to supper at the beach, and keeping it strictly stag, buzzed around town spreading a rash of rumors that Joe and Marilyn had split.

It is only the Hollywood cynics who take such surface rumors to heart, who believe that they verify the predictions that they are drifting apart. Those close to them believe that such rumors have strengthened their determination to marry; that they are closer together than ever.

Marilyn herself has been heard to state, "We are in love and we will probably be married soon."

At this writing Joe has not slipped a ring on her finger, but all Hollywood expects him to become the most envied man in the world before too much time goes by. If he does, and if he has his way, Marilyn would quit pictures and live in San Francisco.

Who could blame this home-loving guy, who has retired from the spotlight himself, and wishes to live quietly despite being baseball's greatest living figure. There's a difference between stepping out of the center of the stage voluntarily, and being pushed away from it. From the moment Joe DiMaggio takes his vows, as all Hollywood knows, he will become known as Marilyn Monroe's husband.

Marrying Marilyn Monroe, though, is only the beginning of the battle. There is living with her, being consort to the most

exciting movie star of our time. This will not be easy at all. In the first place the demands on Marilyn Monroe's time are many and terribly important. For the next five years or so she will be making one picture after another, almost as rapidly as they can be turned out. She will have to be on call at all hours, inconvenient hours like for dinner and Sundays for publicity, making still photos and giving interviews to help sell the pictures. It won't be her husband who will tell her what to wear and who to be nice to, either. The studio people will do that.

Living with Marilyn Monroe will be like living in a goldfish bowl for sure. There can be no part of her life that will be completely private, and free of the demands made by the film salesmen. As a single girl she has had her apartment photographed a good many times, but, as a married woman, and homemaker, the requests for "home" stories and layouts will increase tremendously. And in the "home" stories there will be a need for Joe—and he won't care for that. One Hollywood man, married to a big star, once groaned upon entering his house for dinner and spotting a photographer in the living room: "I'm so tired of having my picture taken every night!" It can be a trial.

AND how will the fans take to Marilyn Monroe's husband? It is generally conceded that most of Marilyn's fans care for the physical side of her, and will continue to do so if she is married or not. They must, then, bear a little resentment toward the man she lives with—and will just tag him as a guy who is very lucky and who should keep his place. Joe DiMaggio will find this attitude a bit trying, too. He is not only a celebrity in his own right, but a rugged he-man. As a matter of fact, it is a pretty well-known secret around Hollywood that Joe is all for having Marilyn quit entirely. He has little sympathy with the movie-makers who need her in their business.

The problems confronting Marilyn Monroe's husband will fall atop Joe DiMaggio shortly after he returns from his honeymoon. Joe is not the apartment-dwelling type. He is a big man, with the outdoors in his blood, and he'll need room to move around in. A house is the only thing, and if there is any acreage (which there must be) there will have to be a swimming pool. Swimming (Continued on page 73)



Here, at Miami Beach, ready for a dip in the inviting pool of the Sherry Frontenac Hotel, are two lovelies in left to right, Catalina's "Border Butterfly" and "Success Story." Catalina is the "Official Swim Suit of the Miss Universe Beauty Pageant" held at Long Beach, California, July 9th to 19th.



Shopping in the native marketplace at Chichicastenango, Guatemala, is a most exciting vacation experience. Completely unspoiled by any modern-day innovations, it carries on century-old traditions. Here, bargaining for hand-crafted souvenirs are vacationers wearing, left to right, Catalina's "Candy Denim" gingham shirt with matching pedal pushers and "Tennis Club" terry shirt with tennis trunks.

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world playgrounds preview

NEW SWIM AND SUN FASHIONS

BELOW: One of the most luxurious ways to enjoy the soft waters of the Caribbean is at the Silver Sands Beach Club at Jamaica. Here, sipping coconut milk from a close-by tree, a visitor wears Catalina's "Shirtmaker," 17.95.





June Allyson in a Princess Junior multi-stripe cotton dress. About \$9—details of Princess Junior Summer dresses on next page.



Virginia Mayo puts her best foot forward in wedgies by Risqué. About \$11 details, page 71. Princess Junior dress about \$6.

Hollywood approves summertime fashions

■ News in fashion was certainly the pace of MODERN SCREEN'S May fashion board meeting. Many, many Hollywood personalities attended the gala affair. Glamorous and beautiful stars Virginia Mayo, Leslie Caron, Jan Sterling, Mona Freeman, June Haver and dress designer Elois Jenssen accepted invitations to sit on the board of judges. James Mason, Rod Cameron, Charlton Heston and Michael O'Shea gallantly joined the ladies.

A buffet luncheon was served to the stars before the fashion show (see the favorite dresses and shoes on this and the following pages—the stores where you can buy them are listed on page 72). The guests and members of the board chatted gaily through luncheon of the old and new doings in Hollywood. The ladies came to the party looking as if they just stepped out of a fashion show themselves. Shortly after luncheon the show went on. The board members seated (*Continued on page 71*)



MODERN SCREEN'S movie star Fashion Board who voted Summer Fashion Awards, seated from left to right: Jan Sterling, Charlton Heston, June Haver, James Mason (M.S.'s party host), Leslie Caron, Rod Cameron, Virginia Mayo, Mona Freeman, Elois Jenssen and Michael O'Shea.



Page 69—June Allyson.
A Wrinkl-shed Dan River woven Madras combed cotton frock—pastel stripes on white—one pastel color accented in dickey. Self belt. 7 to 15. Pastel stripes on white, with either pink, blue or rose removable dickey. About \$9. By Princess Junior.



Page 69—Virginia Mayo.
A sun-back, halter-neck frock of cotton broadcloth or printed lawn with full skirt. 7 to 15. Broadcloth: gold, pink, blue or aqua. Lawn: navy, black, red or green. Contrast fringed sash belts. About \$6. By Princess Junior.



Models parade Princess Junior cotton dresses before the guest stars.



June Allyson, MGM star, wears a sleeveless dress of Wrinkl-shed Dan River woven combed checked cotton (washable). Contrast trim is of Soutache braid. Self fabric belt. 7 to 15. Blue, yellow, chartreuse or coral. About \$9. Also by Princess Junior. June will next be seen in MGM's *Battle Circus*.



Lovely Joan Caulfield, Screen and Television favorite, poses in an all-occasion Princess Junior Summer dress of washable embossed cotton. Basketweave collar, cuffs and pockets—jeweled buttons, patent belt. 7 to 15. Mauve, aqua, mint green or lilac. About \$6. By Princess Junior of New York.



All votes go for colorful, casual shoes to be worn with crispy cottons.

Hollywood approves summertime fashions continued

themselves at a special table, set up just for them and the guests took seats. James Mason, a most charming host, was voted chairman of the board.

Destined to play an important role in Summer wardrobes for all-occasion wear cool, crispy cottons won the unanimous vote of the Board. Stepping right into the limelight, casual shoes took first preference for all Summertime fashions. Virginia Mayo (page 69) wears Risqué's famous wedgie, *Reckless*, voted the top shoe of the show. Casual shoes to go with all sports clothes as well as gay evening wear were chosen by the board. Seven Test nylons were favorites of the fashion board for the MODERN SCREEN Summer Award—the stars received gifts of Seven Test hosiery beautifully packaged in silver plastic handbags. Seven Test is the exclusive hosiery sold at the many Grayson-Robinson stores—for the one nearest you see page 72.

MODERN SCREEN wishes to thank the following stars for participating in our show: Jan Sterling, next in Paramount's *Pony Express*; Charlton Heston, next in Paramount's *Pony Express*; June Haver, 20th's *The Girl Next Door*; James Mason, soon to be seen in MGM's *The Story Of Three Loves*, in Technicolor and 20th's *The Desert Rats*; Leslie Caron, MGM's *The Story Of Three Loves*, in Technicolor; Rod Cameron, next in Republic's *Ride The Man Down*; Virginia Mayo, currently in Warners' *She's Back On Broadway* in Warnercolor; Mona Freeman, RKO's *Angel Face*; Elois Jansen, Academy Award designer; Michael O'Shea, currently appearing in 20th's *Bloodhounds Of Broadway*.

Casual shoes by Risqué of St. Louis



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Martini, thong sling-back sandal—about \$9. This style is available in white, Panama, Tingo red, Palma green, Chalky pink or yellow glazed kid.



Beauty, sling-back sandal—about \$11. Red, white, and blue multi-colored glazed kid. Also in all-over white calf or ash colored calf trimmed with cork calf.



Reckless, strap wedgie—about \$11. All colors of velvet with gold kid. Leopard cloth or white suede with gold kid. All colors of denim, straw or linen.

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PRINCESS JUNIOR (Dresses)—Pgs. 69, 70

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love and learn

(Continued from page 67) pools attract guests like honey attracts bears. That means lots of people, many with legitimate things to talk about, to be sure, will be around the shack a good deal. Privacy goes out the window—and Joe DiMaggio likes privacy as much as he likes to breathe.

And there will be the expense. A star, once asked if it was expensive to keep his pool filled with water, said: "It isn't the water that's costly, it's the gin." If a guest is sitting around the edge of your pool on a hot day, he'll generally ask for a tall, cool one, if you don't suggest it first. Many stars spend as much as five hundred dollars a month for grog and potato chips to keep the loungers happy. Joe DiMaggio is a thrifty man, who, although he has done mighty well in sports, has never been used to the scale of living Hollywood is accustomed to. He is going to resent both the guests and the expense after he marries Marilyn Monroe and has to begin living like a movie star's husband.

Then there is going to be the matter of control. If, say, Joe would like to take a drive down to Coronado some week-end and Marilyn wants to go but says she can't because the studio told her to stand by, Joe is more than likely to blow his cork and tell his wife to tell the studio to drop dead. Who, he will ask himself, is the boss around here anyway?

Well, the studio is the boss. That is for sure. Joe won't like that.

It must be admitted that this is not the case with all movie stars. Many top-flight actresses can live a pretty normal life—normal for Hollywood, that is—because they are only required to show up for work at specified hours, do their bit and go on home until tomorrow. But that is not so with Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn is an exciting star, one as hot as frying butter, and in order for the studio she works for to take full advantage of her phenomenal popularity there must be a constant flow of publicity. Making movies is only part of Marilyn's work—no more than 50 percent at this time.

On a day off spent at home, if Joe DiMaggio isn't driven crazy by the cars driving by to see Marilyn's home or by the fans standing in front of the driveway for a look at their idol, he will be by the telephone calls. It will make him long for the quiet of a summer day in left field in the Yankee Stadium.

Joe DiMaggio may not be a completely anti-social man but he is quite eccentric about keeping out of the public eye. In all the time he has been courting Marilyn in Hollywood, he has not once attended a party with her, nor has he appeared at a night club or a famous restaurant. If there are more than three people in a gathering Marilyn is slated to attend, she goes alone—and Joe sits home and stew until she can break away. It is an odd sight, indeed, to see Marilyn enter a room full of celebrities with their famous escorts, all alone. And it gives rise to much speculation as to whether or not she even has a boyfriend. However, proof that she definitely has is evidenced by the fact that she always leaves alone.

Joe DiMaggio, it seems, is determined not to make any new friends in Hollywood. His cronies now are not even the sports writers who were his shadows for so many years, but his relatives, his cousins and pals he went to school with in San Francisco. And none of them seem to give a hoot for the Hollywood crowd. Marilyn may not be too crazy about them, but she spends most of her time in their company, in deference to Joe.

Another rough spot in the marriage of Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe is going to be the personal appearances she is going to have to make. Marilyn's first real experience in the movies was as a traveling saleslady. The picture was *Love Happy* in which she appeared on the screen for a total of 60 seconds. But the producers wisely decided that she was just what the film needed to sell to exhibitors, so she was taken on a cross-country tour for about two months, calling on the theater owners and news folks throughout the country. The result was that many theaters billed the movie as starring Marilyn Monroe, huge pictures were exhibited in front of the show houses showing Marilyn in a characteristic pose, and the marquees blared: "*Love Happy*, starring Marilyn Monroe."

20th Century-Fox is wise to the fact that Marilyn out in the field is a good bet to increase the take on a movie, so she will, married or not, be required to travel a large part of the time she is not before the cameras. This DiMaggio will not like, for he is the kind of man who thinks that his wife should be in the kitchen preparing something for a man's appetite. Marilyn, on the other hand, feels she owes it to the studio to get out and do all she can to increase the grosses—and as long as she is a movie star she is likely to do so. It is not likely that Joe will be happy with this arrangement.

One of the most unpalatable chores the husband of a movie star has to put up with is acting as his wife's escort at gala events such as premieres, publicity parties, etc. At these events he must dress in either a tuxedo or tails and walk up a long fan-lined path in the glare of bright lights. Now if the scene was a ball park the spectators would fall out of the stands cheering DiMaggio. But in Hollywood it's the movie star they came to see and the most oft-quoted expression even Joe DiMaggio is bound to hear is, "Who's he?" Movie fans are generally of one loyalty and don't give a hang about celebrities in other lines of work. As a matter of fact, Jack Dempsey, who has attended many of these affairs, has seldom ever had his name listed among those present—and has never, to our knowledge, been asked to speak into the broadcast mikes at these events.

It is our guess that Joe will one night halt half way up the walk and go home alone. That is, of course, if they ever get him to go to one in the first place.

A BITTER pill for a movie star's husband to swallow is the "interference" of outsiders in his wife's (and his) affairs. In the movie business this is necessary. There are highly trained facets of a movie star's life that only specialists can handle. Take for instance the signing of contracts and approval of pictures. There is a good deal more to this than just the naming of a figure and an acceptance. Most movie contracts, for stars anyway, are made up of 40 or 50 typewritten pages. There are that many details. It requires endless hours of conferences and the consultation of many experts in law and finances before such a contract can be settled. A husband can only sit on the sidelines and listen during these times. And after the master contract is drawn there are discussions before each picture, to make sure the principles of the contract are lived up to. Joe will have to remain on the sidelines during these negotiations, because legally it is his wife who must agree to the deals, not he.

However, Joe may be able to help Marilyn along this line indirectly. At present, Joe's lawyer handles Marilyn Monroe's business affairs. He may be a pretty busy man in the near future, as a matter of fact. Few would believe it, but Marilyn is dis-

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contented with the current arrangement at her studio, and has told friends that she is beginning to think maybe she'd better quit. Her feelings were understandably hurt, because even though she is about the biggest box-office draw in Hollywood, her salary of \$750 per week was less than that cashed by many unknowns. It is estimated, for instance, that Monroe received about \$10,000 for work in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* while the same studio paid Jane Russell \$200,000 for the same picture.

Assuming Marilyn is properly pacified, then there are the interviewers, the gossip columnists and the photographers. They are vital in a movie star's life. Joe will sit by and listen to Marilyn explain that she likes to sleep raw so that, as she put it once, "I can feel blonde all over." And he'll boil maybe. And everytime she goes anywhere without him the phones will begin ringing the next morning asking if there has been a quarrel. Marilyn is now conditioned to gossip columnists and can handle these things. But can Joe? He has a simmering Italian temper, and it might be difficult for him.

And the photographers. This breed has never been particularly interested in husbands. They might ask Joe if he'd mind stepping aside so they can get a shot of Marilyn with some male actor she has been working with. Or they'll ask him to straighten his tie and stand beside "Miss Monroe." Man, the third or fourth time that happens will be a time to remember.

No matter how happy her friends will

be to see Marilyn Monroe marry the man she is quite obviously in love with, the fans and the studio will not accept the union with great joy. The fans actually prefer Marilyn single and, in dreams at least, available if a miracle should happen. The studio knows this and realizes that marriage might cut down on her box-office potential. There will be, then, some resentment—and it will more than likely be seen.

The fans will not accept Joe wholeheartedly and, because he is a sensitive man, he will not like that. The studio will be wary of his "influence" on his wife, and if she becomes obstreperous, may make Joe the heavy, even if he is innocent. This could lead to bad feelings.

The main problem in the marriage of Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio, however, will be the separations. And there will have to be separations. Marilyn's work will naturally be in Hollywood, and Joe's, for many months a year, will be in New York. Although he is retired from playing baseball, Joe has quite a career ahead of him as a sports announcer. Those who have seen him on TV, broadcasting after the ball games—and this writer is one of them—will tell you that Joe is a natural in this line. He is without a doubt the best of the players turned commentator. He receives \$1,250 per week for his services, so Joe will have to spend the ball season away from his wife, unless, which seems unlikely, she can arrange her schedule to be with him.

Every time they live apart they will be

the victims of the wagging tongues that will link one or the other of them with some one else. They could, we suppose, make sure they never stand too close to anyone of the opposite sex in public, but that will be very, very hard. And, apart from each other, they will either have to live in shells or suffer the discomforts heaped on them by the speculators who make a living keeping ahead of the news of Hollywood. Even without this hazard there is a strain when a married couple lives apart.

A short time ago Marilyn Monroe was eating a lonely dinner at the Beverly Hills Hotel, in the main dining room. As she sat eating Joe DiMaggio walked into the lobby of the hotel and went to the elevator—and apparently upstairs to wait for his girl. A waiter saw him pass and commented to a fellow employee on the fact that Joe didn't come into the dining room to join her.

"I guess," he said, "they don't like to be seen together in public. That's a funny arrangement. I understood they were going to get married."

"It ain't so funny," said his friend. "If those two get married it will be like Frank Merriwell marrying Nellie Bly. It just don't seem right."

And it "don't," as the man said. But maybe love is stronger than precedent. Maybe, in all the hours Marilyn and Joe have spent together they have figured out a formula. We, for one, hope they have—and that it works. **END**

someone has to stay home

(Continued from page 38) have been presented at all were it not for MODERN SCREEN's working premise that O'Shea was now in ascendancy again. Regrettably, it is necessary now to scratch one working premise.

By and by, while O'Shea peered moodily over a fruit salad deal that looked like a funeral wreath and Miss Mayo clutched a light coat across her working clothes—a black lace slip, for the picture *The Marines Had A Word For It*, the interviewer went about his task in real subtle fashion.

"You're re-making *A Star Is Born* out here, aren't you?" he said. "Judy Garland?"

"What?" said Miss Mayo.

"*A Star Is Born*! You know, that picture they made back in—" *A Star Is Born* won the Academy Award in 1936. It concerned a male star who married an unknown, lived to see his stardom melt and sputter out as hers became a spectacular reality, and resolved his problem in the end by walking out into the Pacific Ocean, into the sunset, with no notion he could reach Hawaii or even Catalina.

O'Shea heard the question. "Oh, sure," he said. "That wouldn't be for me though. I can't swim. Brother, the guy in that picture was really a ham. Not Freddie March but the part he played."

"Norman Main."

"What?" said O'Shea.

"Let's get out of here," said Miss Mayo. "Let's talk in my dressing room. Goodness."

Miss Mayo's Pontiac convertible was parked right outside where anyone could admire it, or trip over it, or let the air out of the tires. O'Shea said he'd get his car and meet us over there. His was a Jaguar sedan, very lush. The dressing room was one of those set jobs, a mobile with

enough room for four people and an ash-tray. En route, the approach was spelled out to Miss Mayo. "We thought now that Mike's up there again, you wouldn't mind talking about it."

"Well—he's not," said Miss Mayo. "But—oh, I don't know."

"I know," said O'Shea in the dressing room, "I know what you want." He turned to his wife. "They want a story, let's give 'em a story. It's all right."

"If you'd rather—" began the interviewer.

"No, no, it's all right. You think I worry about *What They Say*. If I worried about *What They Say*, I'd be six feet under right now. That goes for anyone who stays around Hollywood long enough. After a while, you get so you tune yourself out like a hearing aid or you give up. It's one or the other. Anyway, what can they say? This one here—" (Miss Mayo) "—and I don't worry, so why should anyone else? It's not that I can't get work. I can get work. I could go to New York. I could've had *Guys And Dolls*. Or others, the titles don't matter. I just finished reading a play that was offered to me. I don't like it. I won't do it. It's another of those kid-the-government things. I happen to think now's a good time not to kid the government. But I can get work. Only look at it this way: somebody's got to stay home. I've thought about an article like this and that's what I'd call it. 'Somebody's Got To Stay Home.'"

"Europe," said Miss Mayo.

"That's right, Europe," said O'Shea. "Virginia had to go to Europe to make a picture. If I'd been working in New York, do you think I could have gone with her? And do you think I want my wife—?"

"A girl can't just go to Europe by herself," said Miss Mayo. "Mike gives up so many things to be with me."

"Say I'd taken *Guys And Dolls*," said O'Shea. "A year, two years, three—away from my wife except for when she could get East, and that wouldn't have been often because this one, she works like a

gopher. Is a marriage supposed to stand up under that stuff? I wouldn't like to bet you.

"Now I'm a useful human being, I'm part of the team. Virginia goes to the studio, I do what has to be done around the house and grounds. I'm the cheapest handy man in the San Fernando Valley, no salary. Don't think I can't do it either. There's a wiring job got to be done right now, a big one. You think we're hiring a crew for it? Nope, I'm doing it. Like today, I come in here for this talk and I get out of the denims and put on this—this flashy set of threads—" (O'Shea was wearing a grave, single-breasted oxford gray suit) "—and as soon as we're through, I'll drive back and be in the denims and working again. I mend fences, fix leaks, repair roofs, you name it and I can do it. All for the price of none. And do what I can for a happy marriage. Is that bad? Am I that Freddie March character, has to drown himself to prove whatever he was trying to prove? Am I such a gutless chunk of ego I can't face a world because my wife happens to be doing better than I am? Am I supposed to be ashamed? I'm not. I'm proud. I'm proud of this one here and of our marriage and that I can hammer a nail straight and don't mind doing it."

"And I'm proud of him," said Mrs. O'Shea, very much as though she meant it.

"But don't make me sound as if I were through," added O'Shea, "professionally speaking. I'm not through. You know something? I still make more than Virginia makes—when I work, I mean." The figure \$2500 a week came up somewhere in the conversation. "A producer will call me about a part. He'll say, 'Look, Mike, I know it's just a bit but the bit needs you. Will you do it as a favor to me?' So the bit needs me, so I need the bit. So I do it."

"Listen. I've been in show business for—well, for plenty. Why should I kid anyone, you or the readers or anyone. You're up, you're down. Maybe six or eight years from now, Virginia'll be through and then I'll step in again. The poor man's Bogart. I had my chance. I want Virginia to have

hers while she can get it," says Mr. O'Shea. "He does," said Miss Mayo. "A woman's career isn't as long, you know. Mike wants all this for me. He never interferes, just helps."

"ANYWAY, who's kidding who?" said O'Shea. "I got in this business on a raincheck. Now the field's dry again and I'm out. So what? Those were the war years. I was almost over-age when the draft began and I never did get in. So they were desperate for actors. Faces like mine even. You could walk, you could talk, you could breathe? You were hired. Lock the doors and don't let him out! We were luckier then than we had any right to be. Now the first-string lineup's back and we're where we started out. Ordinary system of compensation. Who's going to cry about it?"

"Now this one works and works and brings home the larger share of the bacon. Maybe some people wonder how I feel about that. I feel this way: it doesn't matter as long as there's bacon. I learned that the hard way. The gossips don't matter, the columns, the whispers, the critics, the notices. What matters is that the sprinklers work and the dogs get fed and the house has a roof and maybe there's some left over. That's what matters. A lot of that bacon's mine, you know. I make two pictures a year for Fox. I didn't marry this one here for her money. She was making—what was it, honey, a fast 80 bucks a week? A fast 80. I was doing pretty well then. If you can't have it both ways, you settle for one."

Somewhere in the dim recesses of the interviewer's mind was the recollection that this was to be a sounding out of Miss Mayo. It didn't seem to matter now. She sat and was decorative and sympathetic and amused by her husband's able rhetoric, and in effect turning stage center over to him without a struggle. This was partly because Miss Mayo is in truth the shy, withdrawn member of the family, O'Shea the fizzing extrovert with a remarkable stock of Irish gaiety and courage. But it was also, according to later information, because it was the way Miss Mayo wanted it and always wants it. Vis-a-vis her husband, Miss Mayo regards herself as strictly second billing.

It is not surprising. O'Shea is as arresting a personality away from the screen as Miss Mayo is on it—mercurial, gesturing, restless, full of the articulate patois of show business. Miss Mayo evidently has subordinated her social facade to his, and with the utmost willingness. It would not be fair to say that she is his straight woman, but it is her tendency to cue him and then sit back.

"But he draws her out amazingly too," a close friend of both has said. "Virginia is shy, there's no getting around it. But when she's with Mike, a kind of glow comes over her. You can almost see it. She talks more easily and sometimes becomes almost as animated as he—and Mike's one of our more animated citizens."

O'SHEA is wearing his hair *en brosse* these days, or what Hollywood calls a Butch. Under it, his face is almost ageless, although he must have slipped past 40. Now the conversation got around to a topic that must have been painful to both of them, and emphatically so to O'Shea. Not long ago the first Mrs. O'Shea instituted renewed alimony proceedings with the argument that O'Shea could pay her more than he did because of the O'Sheas' joint income; i.e., magnified by Miss Mayo's salary.

O'Shea's voice lost none of its crispness but he looked at the floor for the first time. "My business manager," he said, "knows what he has to (Continued on page 79)

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Don't "stifle" your skin under a heavy make-up! A light greaseless powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream is *sheer* flattery!

"A woman can be a grandmother at fifty," says vivacious Jeanne Crain, "but she shouldn't act like one." In this thirteenth article in MODERN SCREEN's star personality series, Jeanne gives her ever-young eternally feminine theory.

Take my word for it

by JEANNE CRAIN, star columnist for May



We go out more than ever, now.



Career vs. domesticity? Nonsense!



I sometimes retreat from my family.



Four children and look at us!

THERE IS A PROBLEM which is supposed to face a girl in show business that I firmly believe isn't a problem; the choice between career and marriage, and the misconception that if she makes marriage the main interest in her life her career will suffer. I wasn't sure I was right about this until I worked in *Pinkie*. A talk I had with the director of the picture, Elia Kazan, convinced me.

Almost every eligible girl in the studio wanted this part and, of course, I was both proud and happy when I got it. But after the picture had started I became conscious of a guilty feeling that plagued me for several days. I couldn't analyze it but one afternoon while I was talking to Elia Kazan, our director, it all came tumbling out.

"I'm bothered by something," I told him. "I wonder if my marriage, the fact that I am a wife and mother, has made me less keen about my work. Now that I have the role of Pinkie I realize it would not have been a disaster if I hadn't got it. Can I be as good an actress as some of the other girls to whom it meant everything and who would have pitched into the part with every ounce of energy they had?"

HE RAISED BOTH HANDS IN THE AIR in supplication. "Deliver me from the intense, 100%-dedicated-to-her-work actress!" he cried. "For me, the more a girl is a woman, the more she is an actress. It is natural for a woman to have a husband, to care for him and her children. It is not natural, it is odd and oddly cold, for a woman to turn away from this for her work. I want the natural woman . . . that's what the actress is attempting to be, a natural person."

"Do you really mean it?" I asked, feeling this was too good to be true.

"With all my heart and all the experience I have had in back of my heart," he replied. "Unnaturally intense ambition can defeat one's talent; it is a form of over-eagerness and you know what that can do to acting. I have worked with too many not to know."

Well! I think I'll go home now . . . go home to my husband and my children and all the things that take up my life there . . . and enjoy them with a clear conscience.

SOMETIMES I WALK OUT ON MY FAMILY, and everything else, for short periods. I think every person should have a retreat of their own where they can occasionally remold themselves back into their original individualities. My husband has built one for me, a small studio up the hill from our house . . . a real climb. I go there when I want to

I Was Blind as a Bat

about these intimate physical facts



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regain my own identity, not as a mother or wife or actress, but as the individual I am in my own right. Sometimes I paint. Sometimes I read. Sometimes I idle around and just think. I don't do anything that has to be done, I just do things that I get a joy out of doing and that I don't have to explain to anyone but the person inside of me. And these intimate moments with myself, I find, repay me with a feeling I can't get any other way, restoring my distinctiveness, such as it is; those parts of it which have been worn off or changed in my daily contacts with others.

IN MY UNCHARITABLE, BOBBY-SOX DAYS I used to figure that when I eventually got to the decrepit side (or later half) of my 20's I'd probably want only to be a homebody—especially if I was married, most especially if I also had children. Well, something has gone wrong. I'm past 25, I'm married and the mother of four, and, for the first time in my life, you really see me everywhere these days. I go out on the slightest pretext—and I love it. I was never like this before; neither was my husband. And neither of us think that the social bug has hit us at an odd period in our lives—we think his timing perfect.

I was 16 when I first got into pictures and went out seldom. My work, my studies, kept me busy, and, of course, I was under parental restriction as far as late hours were concerned. I didn't mind, as I remember. Luckily I wasn't in love, and even more luckily, I wasn't worried because I wasn't in love so I didn't labor under the feminine compulsion to get out and be seen. When I met the man I married our courtship was confined to about an average of a date a week because a lot of studio work had developed for me. And after marriage, well, there were the babies and the pictures I did in between their births which kept me busy. So again not much chance to gad around. Today Paul and I, so to speak, are making up for lost time. But actually we don't look at it that way; we just feel that we are reflecting a phenomenon of life today; people are living longer and stretching their active days over a longer span. To go on with this kind of thinking I really don't believe it is natural or good for so-called "older people" to withdraw to home and fireside as they often do.

A MOTHER CAN STILL BE A YOUNG PERSON. At 50 she can be a grandmother—but I don't think she should be one in the old-



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fashioned sense of the word; meaning she shouldn't act like one. At 50 and 55, and even 60, what's wrong with going out into the world, working, doing things you are interested in, rather than just becoming "Granma" whom the children are brought to visit once in a while?

At 50 I can see a woman, who has seen her children grow up, and who has no one dependent on her, go to college or otherwise acquire training that can make her a wonderful asset of society. She has the judgment that a mature outlook can give and she probably will have a concentrated enthusiasm for her work that the younger and still flighty would never be able to match. And, bless her, at last she has time to do something just for herself. More power to her. When I reach the half century mark, just watch my steam!

MY OLDEST BOY, PAUL JR., is six now and can read very well for his age. I am proud of this accomplishment, of course, but I wonder if other mothers have experienced the oddly personal sort of reaction that has come to me as a result... the feeling that this boy, who before learned what he knows mainly from me, is now listening to other voices. When I watch him read I can almost hear the buzzing of these voices that come to him from the pages he is looking at, and I wonder what they are saying.

Paul has been reading for nearly two years now. His brother, Michael, who is nearly five, can make out some words now. Timothy, who is two and a half, is quite certain that he is going to be able to read any moment now. Jeanine, just a year, is not interested in this sort of sedentary occupation at all. She won't sit still a minute, as a matter of fact.

IT SEEMS TO ME that children take such a natural joy in learning that the job of educators ought to be basically just making sure that they don't make it unattractive. I know I sound as if I am putting in a plug for the progressive school system for younger children but this is not my intention. My boys show such a hunger for facts that I am sure it would be wrong not to take advantage of this by supplying them with those which make up the three R's.

My young minds, anyway, have a great deal more respect for the definite than the random. Being just the youngest kind of mother yet I am hardly an authority on juvenile education. But, to date my feeling is that the old style methods are not so bad—they seem to have turned out a lot of brilliant people in our time.

A FRIEND FROM THE EAST COAST recently visited me and before she arrived I found myself picturing the color of her outfit; I knew it would be a solid in the heavier shades, a blue, black; brown or perhaps grey. It was a brown. And then I realized I had been aware for some time of the dress differences between the east and west. There is more color to clothes in the west, gayer colors. And much more freedom.

If, as the psychologists claim, the colors you prefer have something to do with your temperament and personality—do all the people in the west just happen to be different than those in the east, or has geography

continued from page 77

changed them? It's not too important, perhaps. But what would I be wearing if I was a Chicago girl, or a Philadelphia or Boston or New York girl?

WOMEN HAVE TO BOW TO FLOWERS in the matter of perfume. Flowers know always just how much to put on, so to speak; women don't. At least I have never been able to solve the problem. We all would love to be "the fragrant lovely who has just passed by" you read about in stories, but how? You can't go around asking your friends, "Do you notice a wonderful aroma about me?"

The French say American women waste their perfume by using so little that more of it evaporates from the bottle over the course of time than is actually applied. This is just an opinion. But there is no doubt about the flowers: they know just how much to put on, and, one thing more, they always look as beautiful as they smell.

Isn't it odd that nature, that has blessed flowers with this knowledge because they require it to attract bees, hasn't done the same for women who, after all, find it helpful in attracting beaux? Is it at all possible that as time goes on and women keep using perfume, biology will work its wonders and we, too, will be born with this wonderful power already built in?

IN MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS I was a great one for getting ideas from what I read and acting on them. I can see myself faithfully following elaborate rituals to improve the complexion of a 15-year-old face. Ridiculous, of course. The complexion would never be as good again. Yet I did it. I still do. I still have sessions in which I cover my face with honey, just ordinary honey, and pat away at it until it is tacky and pulls at the skin when you take it off. I also used cornmeal packs then, and oatmeal packs. And I still do.

Every morning and evening I would splash my face, at least a dozen times, with cold water. And I still do and think there is nothing better. If I want to test its merit as a beauty and health aid I do it just before coming onto the set when we are making a Technicolor picture. Invariably the color expert will call for toning down of my cheeks with powder because they are too rosy.

I DEVELOPED MY "RAG DOLL EXERCISES" and it is very much something I still do. I stand firmly... then suddenly let the upper part of my body fall; from feet to waist I am still firm, but everything else hangs perfectly limp, head, torso, arms, hands... down to the last joint on my little finger. This, when I first read about it as a kid, was called "... a perfect way to relax; a wonderful headache remedy." Of course I never had headaches then. Since then I have had plenty and it has chased many of them away.

Speaking of chasing—you'll have to excuse me. Timothy's on the loose again, and Mama's baby-sitting.

Jeanne Crain

(Continued from page 75) do: pay her exactly half of whatever I make. That's gross, not net. Off the top. She's a nice person. She really is. But this thing—well, I'll tell you this anyway. If she'd won, I know of a lot of stars would have been heading for the hills the next day. It was that kind of a case.

"You see, my first marriage, broke up 16 years ago, and I hadn't got a divorce till I met Virginia because why did I want a divorce? I wasn't going to marry again, not me I'd had it. As I say, she was a nice person and still is, but it just didn't—you know. I was show business, and she wanted me to get over to the rubber works and stand in line. Who's going to blame her? Eating three times a day, that's a habit that's hard to break. But the rubber works and I were incompatible. So. It lasted a couple of years. Then I was in show business again, way down on the level that looks up to burlesque as the end of the rainbow. Any restaurant between here and Philly, I don't care where, any restaurant that has out a sign 'Our Specialty, Spaghetti and Meatballs,' I've sung in that restaurant. Save 'Mother Machree' for the late show, when they're maudlin, and they throw quarters instead of dimes. 'Shanty in Old Shanty Town,' that was me. But there were no alimony problems. Not like this one."

"Oregon doesn't recognize alimony," said Miss Mayo.

"That state is going to get populous," said O'Shea. "Anyway, she started out by trying to get—" He mentioned a famous Hollywood attorney. "So we went to him, too, went to him with all our books, every last figure, and it ended up, he wouldn't take her case. But another lawyer did."

"I had to make a deposition in his office," said Miss Mayo. "The other lawyer, I mean. And the doors were open and reporters and photographers everywhere. It was like a circus. Finally I just had to refuse point-blank to say or do anything until we had privacy."

"Well," said O'Shea. "It's over."

AN inevitable query arose. Did not O'Shea find the days very long on occasion, too long, with the hours crawling by on hands and knees?

"Some days," said O'Shea, "not usually. The fence, the wiring, the TV goes hay-wire, I work with the horses, the day is through before I am. But some days it's not too good. I walk to the window and I look east and there is New York over there, where I could be working steadily. So I walk to the other side of the room and west is the ocean, and maybe I should be on the beach, but I know I shouldn't. And here I am all alone—hum 'Mother Machree,' will you, honey?—the hell and gone away from anywhere, and for a couple of minutes I feel sorry for myself. Then I think that in New York it's snowing or raining or blowing and the show I'm in runs a fast week. I picture the beach and remember I can't swim. So that's that."

"I mentioned the horses. I like horses and roping and all that rodeo stuff, but I got to taper it off now. You know why? I bounce higher now than I used to and the ground's getting harder. I think it's going to outlast me."

"But let's keep pathos out of this thing. Do me a favor and keep pathos out of it. Maybe you wanted something about the brave little woman's unflagging courage and radiance pulling us through or how her inspiration brought me back to the top; or what a hot rock trouper I am myself. Just forget all that. We're doing fine. Just remember—somebody's got to stay home."

"No nostalgia either. They talk to me about the smell of grease-paint, as though



Blemishes*: "Noxzema helps heal blemishes*, helps keep my skin looking soft, fresh!" says Eloise Sahlen of Pacific Palisades, Cal.



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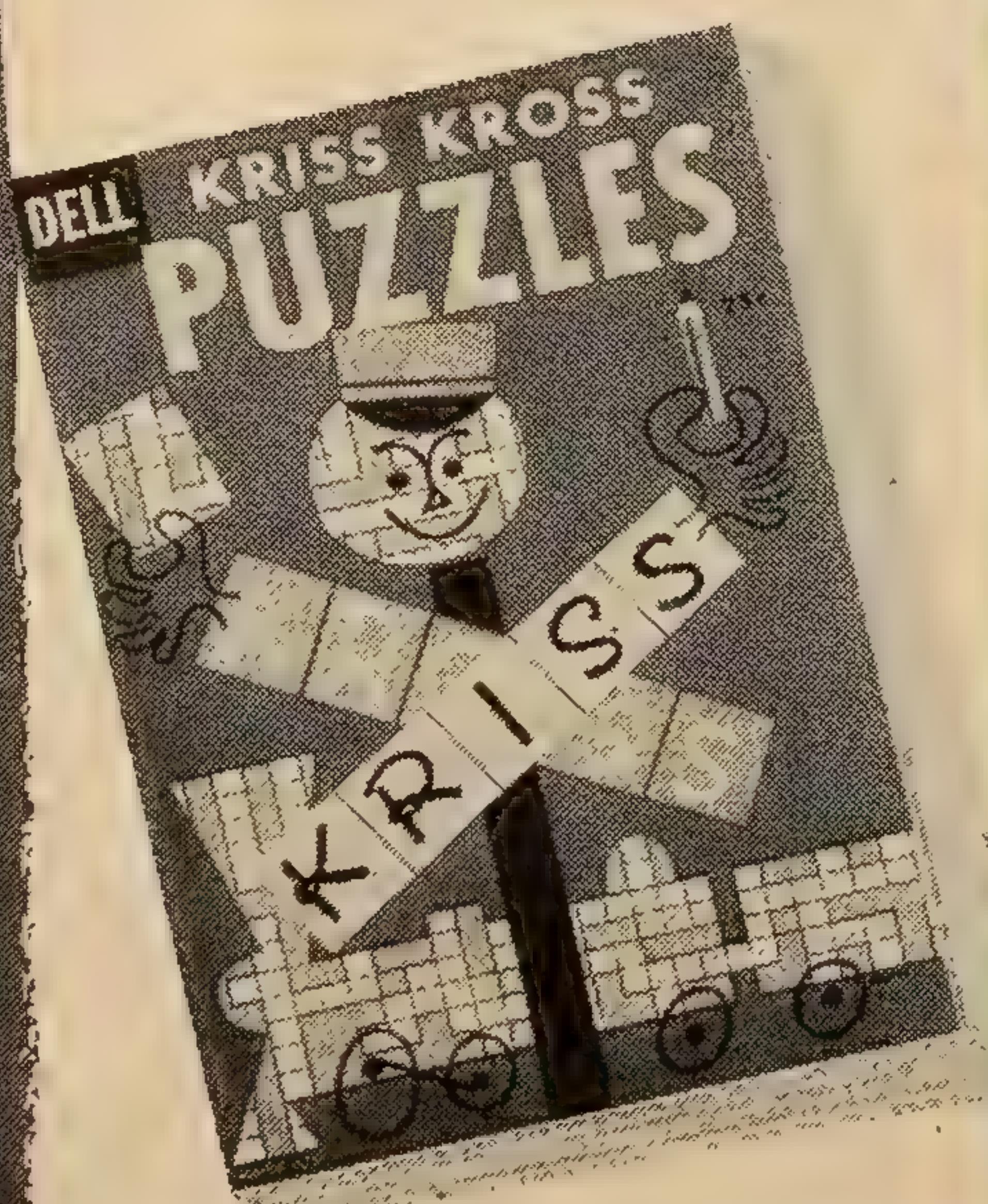
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they expected me to cry. 'Shanty in Old Shanty Town' goes with that one. Nuts. The smell of grease-paint makes me want to gag. I'll settle for hay."

O'Shea looked at his wife and remarked that she was beautiful, an understatement.

"And it's not too tough having this one here come home to you," he said.

"It's not too tough going home to that," said Miss Mayo.

"And it's not as though—"

"—we weren't still in business together," said Miss Mayo. "Mike and I collaborate all the time on the problems that arise. He's been in the profession so much longer than I. Not that he ever tries to run my picture affairs. But he gives me advice when I ask for it. And his advice is always good."

"Only six times out of ten," said O'Shea. "I operate on masculine intuition, instinct. You know masculine intuition. Virginia's the thinker of the family."

"I think hard about everything," said Miss Mayo. "I weigh both sides. I think so hard about both sides that half the time I don't come to any conclusion. That's where Mike steps in."

"I don't think at all," said O'Shea. "Strictly snap judgments. So when I'm wrong, I really do a job of it."

"He's never wrong," said Miss Mayo stoutly.

"Sugar," said Mr. O'Shea.

A man came by, rapped on the door, and said something that got Miss Mayo to thinking. She began thinking so hard, you expected to see tendrils of smoke come out of her ears.

"That's what I mean," said O'Shea. "It fools people. The other day one of the top executives said to her something about dying her hair platinum for a picture. Virginia sat there with her head in her hands, saying nothing. The guy got a little nervous. Well, not exactly platinum, he said. Maybe more of a wheatfield blonde? Still Virginia says not a word. Or auburn, the

guy says. That's it, of course! In auburn, you'd look great. He's coming unstrung, see? He thinks Virginia's mad. So he runs through a whole spectrum until his voice cracks and he dissolves completely. Nah, nah, he says. We'll just leave it the way it is. Forget I brought it up, will you? So finally Virginia raises her head. 'I think it's a good idea,' she says. Sure, the guy says. Sure it is. Leave it just this way. 'No,' Virginia says, 'I mean the platinum.' She'd been thinking about it, that's all."

So that's how it is with the Michael O'Sheas, one working steady and the other not so frequently. It's fine. And that's how it is with the magazine business, you start with one premise and are diverted to another in deference to the plain truth, and the truth isn't so bad either.

There's a happy Irishman with a strong domestic streak in him who likes to fit planks together and repair wiring systems; and there's a famed and lovely woman who is destined to act in movies, and fortunately that is what the public would prefer she do. They got together and they stayed together. One went down and the other went up and it didn't make any difference. If at some future date, the trends reverse again, as they well might, that won't make much difference either.

At the moment, Miss Mayo's case is the simple one. She is in love, and she is necessarily busy, and she is piling up moo in the practice of her industry and she doesn't have to worry about the home while she's away.

O'Shea, too, is in love and reasonably busy, and has developed a great resourcefulness against the possible encroachments of boredom. He lives his part with grace and the gift of being high-hearted about it. If he doesn't like the doldrums, no one's ever going to know it—unless his wife knows it and won't tell. More likely, though, they're too busy to care. **END**

is bing thinking of love?

(Continued from page 29) Palm Springs that Frank Sinatra, in a moment of extreme pique, summoned the local gendarmes to evict his wife, Ava Gardner (and Lana Turner and agent Ben Cole) from his, and Ava's, home.

It was 'neath the desert stars that Nora Eddington and Dick Haymes began their romance under the limpid lights of the Racquet Club cocktail lounge, neither one quite free of previous marriages.

Elizabeth Taylor confirmed her separation from Nicky Hilton from a telephone booth in the Doll's House.

Errol Flynn knocked a gentleman off a bar stool in a pre-dawn scuffle over a lady's smile.

There have been other incidents equally newsworthy.

No, Palm Springs is not immune to the varied idiosyncrasies of Hollywood love.

But this private close-up of Bing, in what may be the new role of a suitor, has nonplussed the most case-hardened native and literally put the place on its ear!

Heretofore, romance, in the desert has had a habit of blooming—or ending—violently.

The Swimming Pool Set and the Tennis Shorts Crowd are used to anything and everything but the open and above-board. And, the open and above-board are just what they're getting in the talk of the town—Bing and Mona.

Just how much does their regular dating mean? Let's examine the evidence.

First, Bing and Mona are making no effort to hide the fact that they are dating. This is a potent factor in the arguments of two radically different schools of thought.

The Sun Bathers say: "It can't be serious. Otherwise, they wouldn't be seen together so openly just a few months after Dixie's death. Bing's known Mona ever since she was a kid around the Paramount lot. He thinks no more of having a golf and dinner date with her than he would with Phil Harris (or some other desert resident)."

On the other hand the Tennis Racquet-eers are just as sure: "It must be romance for them to be seen so constantly together because Bing is a stickler for propriety. He would not risk what he realizes will be sniffing from the Mrs. Grundys being seen so soon with a girl as popular and sought after as Mona."

And, just when the debate is waxing the most furiously it abruptly subsides, because here come Mona and Bing,—and, of course, all talk ceases to watch.

If it's a Sunday, they'll be having brunch beside the Racquet Club pool. Bing's car has spun him down from his hilltop house and he's picked up Mona at the Bon Air where she's occupying a bungalow with her little daughter, Monie.

They're a handsome couple, no doubt about that. Bing has picked up a terrific tan plus a few pounds from the pallor and thinness he presented the months before and after Dixie's death.

Mona looks as cute as a doll in her white shirt and shorts, tanned to a becoming amber, her blonde hair only softly curled. She wears no make-up except a

your

hair

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showing!

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Mr. Crosby around the Paramount lot in over six months," says a puzzled Mary.

As for Terry Moore, Bing happened to sit down at a luncheon table where she was present and that was all her press agent needed to go to town!

To repeat the question, "How serious is all this between Bing and Mona?" here is my not-so-private opinion:

No matter how serious they are now or may become, I don't believe marriage is ahead for them. Bing is a very devout Catholic. Mona is divorced.

But, Bing wouldn't be human if he didn't enjoy the company of a pretty girl, particularly one as charming as Mona, who is even prettier off the screen than on.

Mona doesn't go in for silly chatter and gossip about other people. She isn't flattery. She doesn't air her troubles. She's fun for a man to be with—particularly a man who has gone through a great sorrow.

Mona has a level head, she talks sense, and she enjoys golf, tennis, life in the sun—all the things men enjoy. It is little wonder that even the world's most marriageable man finds her attractive.

HOWEVER, as I write this, Bing has not changed his mind about leaving his Palm Springs paradise on March 15th for many months vacationing in Europe and he's taking Lindsay with him.

The present schedule calls for their return in mid-September just in time for Lindsay's school term. That's a long time for even an embryo Romeo to be away from a lady love.

Lately, there's been some gossip that Mona, too, might be in Europe this summer chaperoned by her mother. "Of course," she says, "I won't be able to go if a picture comes along to keep me in Hollywood. I have my little Monie to take care of and my work is important."

Whether or not Mona is in Europe at the same time Bing is—there is one thing for sure—the spotlight will not be off him for one moment.

The slightest smile he bestows on a flattered belle will be photographed and written about. There's always bound to be excitement about Bing.

It doesn't take much fortune telling talent to predict that Bing's name may be linked with many fair charmers!

But I'm still sticking to my story—the one I wrote about Bing for MODERN SCREEN soon after Dixie's death:

The beauties may come—and go. But, Bing and his boys will go on alone for a long, long time. **END**

(Bing Crosby can soon be seen in Paramount's Little Boy Lost.)

the story of shelly's baby

(Continued from page 27) pass to peaceful slumber.

That's how Shelley Winters imagined the event.

What actually happened was entirely different. The birth of her little daughter was six weeks premature. The child's father was 6,000 miles away. For a time it was touch and go as to whether the infant might live or die. Shelley herself was in danger.

The birth of her first child was as wild, chaotic, and unpredictable as Shelley Winters herself.

It started on the night of February 12th, a Thursday. Shelley was at home with her mother, Mrs. Rose Shrift. Shelley's mother has been watching over her ever since Vittorio flew back to Italy last winter to stage *Hamlet* with his own company.

Toward eleven o'clock, Shelley who had the most miserable pregnancy known to woman, seven and a half months of uninterrupted illness, suddenly began calling, "Mama, mama!"

Mrs. Shrift rushed to her side.

"You'd better call Dr. Krahulik, Mama."

The sac containing the amniotic fluid had broken. Shelley, like any young girl, was frightened and afraid. Her mother packed a bag. The doctor was called, and Shelley, white as a sheet, was raced down to the hospital. She was admitted at five minutes past midnight on Friday, the 13th. Taken to her room in the maternity section of the hospital, she was examined to see if there was any possibility of delaying the birth. In first births there are occasional false alarms which later subside.

This wasn't true in Shelley's case. The examination revealed that she would deliver her child within 36 hours at the latest.

Vittorio was notified in Rome, and although he's been a father once before—he has another daughter, seven-year-old Paula, by a previous marriage—he got so excited that he made little sense on the transatlantic phone. Within the next 12 hours he called twice to find out how Shelley was. "Has the baby come yet?" he shouted. Shelley's mother told him, "No."

It was after midnight, in the early morning of the 14th that Shelley was wheeled into the delivery room. At 2:47 A.M., a tiny, dark-haired female baby was taken from her. The girl weighed four pounds, ten ounces, the premature birth undoubtedly being caused by Shelley's profound anemia.

During the course of her pregnancy, Shelley had suddenly grown anemic, and on several occasions, in addition to vitamins, hormones, and injections of iron, she'd been given blood transfusions. What caused her anemia is difficult to tell. Early in her pregnancy she visited Vittorio when he was in Mexico making *Sombrero*, and it is suspected that she caught some bacteria south of the border which weakened her whole system.

As soon as the baby was born, little Vittoria was placed into an Armstrong incubator, and the mother told that the child was doing fine.

The truth, however, was that the infant wasn't breathing properly. Something was wrong with baby Gassmann's respiratory system—she couldn't seem to get enough air down her lungs. The little girl who was later named Vittoria Gina Gassmann hovered between life and death.

Shelley's pediatrician was called immediately, and he in turn, brought in Dr. Arthur Parmelee, one of the crack children's specialists in the country, as a con-

sultant. Dr. Parmelee examined the child, ordered special day and night nurses to see that the baby's temperature never went lower than 97 degrees nor higher than 99 degrees.

If Vittoria Gina lived for the next 48 hours her chances of survival were excellent.

When Shelley awoke she asked for her baby and was told it was in the incubator. Her reaction was typical of all mothers who give birth to premature babies. Physically she felt exhausted and yet the maternal instinct in her cried out for some way in which to help her child. There was no way, nothing she could do, and a period of frustration seized her.

"It seemed like a year," she says in retrospect, "before they let me see my baby."

When presently she did, Shelley noticed that her baby's skin seemed pale, almost blue. Shelley began to worry. The nurses told her that of three and a half million babies born in the United States each year, 1 out of 20, approximately five per cent, are premature. They told her not to worry; that her baby weighed almost five pounds; that Winston Churchill, Victor Hugo, and Sir Isaac Newton had all been born ahead of time.

But Shelley is a worrier, and for the first two days there was nothing anyone could say or do to alleviate her fears. She prayed for her baby's survival.

Oddly enough, Shelley who loves publicity, cautioned everyone to say absolutely nothing about the birth of her child. "I was trying to regain my strength," she says now. "I didn't want to be bothered by reporters and press agents asking questions."

As a result of this insistence upon secrecy, it wasn't until three days after the baby was born that the item made the newspapers. By that time Shelley had been assured by the doctors that her infant had passed the crisis and, barring some unforeseen relapse, would live.

IN Rome, Vittorio said nothing for public consumption about his new daughter. He did, however, manage to give out with a professional announcement. He and his company, he stated, planned to go to the United States to tour the country in an Italian repertory program. The bill would include his four-hour-long production of *Hamlet*. He would bring with him such stars as Elena Zareschi and Anna Proclemer.

In Hollywood there has been a good deal of talk about Vittorio's conduct during Shelley's pregnancy. Other actresses have said that Vittorio, regardless of his commitments in Rome, should have stayed at Shelley's side when she needed him most.

"I know," a colleague of Shelley's said, "that the Italian Government backed his Repertory Company. I know that he didn't want to put a lot of people out of work. I know all about the show-must-go-on tradition, and I know how Italian men feel about childbirth. To their way of thinking, giving birth to a baby is no worse than having a bad cold. I realize all that, but let's face facts."

"Vittorio today would be relatively unheard of in the United States. It was Shelley who brought him to Hollywood; Shelley who got him in touch with the right people; Shelley who helped him land that contract at Metro."

"I'm the first to admit that she may not be the sweetest or most well-bred girl in the world. She may not even be the most companionable wife. Maybe they argued like cats and dogs. But she did fly to Mexico to be with him. She did tell him she was pregnant."

"Under the circumstances I think he

should have stayed in this country. Not that he could have helped Shelley have the baby, but it would've helped her morale. And when the baby did come, well—I think he should've been around to share the responsibility."

"After all the baby almost died. She had a mucous obstruction in her throat, and the doctors were afraid she was coming down with pneumonia—in which event she would certainly have died—and they had to keep her under oxygen and feed her by dropper. The baby's all right now—I mean the doctors say she's passed the danger zone, and Vittorio is the proud father. Only I'd like to ask one question. Where was he when the going was tough?"

IN Rome when this question was put to Vittorio Gassmann he said, "Look, Shelley is a very sensible girl. She knew I had these commitments even before she came with child. If there was anything I could do that would have really helped, I would have tried to stay behind. But Shelley herself told me to go."

"We thought for a while that maybe she could come to Rome with me, but the doctors would not allow it. When Shelley gave birth I spoke to her over the phone. She told me about our darling little daughter."

"I could not fly back to California just for the weekend. I'm opening in a new Italian play here. Late in April I will return to the United States. In the meantime, Shelley knows that I am thinking of her and our baby every minute."

"Believe me when I tell you that it is very hard for me to be patient. I know what Shelley went through. But there are certain times when husbands are helpless. And that is one of the times."

"Any stories that Shelley and I did not get along, they're not true. I love Shelley more than I have ever loved her before, and if I did not have these stage commitments, I swear to you, I would be on the first plane back to California. I have spoken to Shelley several times now, and she tells me that she and our baby are fine. I thank God."

As for Shelley, back home with her first-born, in the duplex apartment she bought last year, she is well on the road to complete recovery from her near-tragic experience.

Child-birth has also wrought several personality changes in her makeup. She seems no longer obsessed by her career. Constant chatter concerning productions and castings no longer occupy her tongue. Having performed the primary function of womanhood—the perpetuation of the life cycle—she seems strangely subdued like a soldier who has gone into battle and for one fast fleeting moment, met his Maker.

No one brushes by Death without some chastisement—not even the tempest-tossed new mother, Shelley Winters. **END**

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

6—Jay Scott; 7, top, Peter Perri, bot, Wide World; 8—Jay Scott; 10—Paramount; 14—Bosio Press; 27—Beerman, Parry; 28—top, Ernest Bachrach; bot, Beerman, Parry; 29—Paramount; 30—top, Beerman; bot, left, Jay Scott; bot, right, Wide World; 31—top, Globe; bot., A.P.; 32—top, Paramount; bot, left, MGM; bot, right, middle, Beerman, Parry; 34, 35—F.P.G.; 36—top, Globe; bot., Beerman; 38, 39—Warner Brothers; 40, 41—Beerman; 42, 43—Beerman, Parry; 44—Parry; 45—20th Century-Fox; 46—Bill Stone; 47—Warner Brothers; 48, 49—Paramount; 50, 51—Beerman, Parry; 52—Paramount; 69—top, left, MGM; top, right, Engstead; bot, right, Beerman, Parry; 70—bot, left—MGM; bot, right, Engstead; 70-71, top—Beerman, Parry; 71, right—Engstead.

when I hated my mirror

(Continued from page 52) to the drug store and bought theatrical make-up for myself. I always wanted to be professional. At ten the family was back in London and I persuaded my mother to get me a permanent. But then I didn't like the color of my hair, which I correctly called "dirty blond" and started experimenting with bleaches. I'd buy these myself, do the rinse myself, and almost always end up with a mess; the color settling in the parts which had been curled.

I know I was a source of constant upset to my elders. My step-father's attitude toward me was one of astonishment as if he couldn't understand what made me so restless, so discontent. Once he had most of the *gendarmes* in Paris looking for me because despite winter weather I was gone from the house all day. When he learned what I had been up to he was completely perplexed; he couldn't even understand why my mother could understand. It was just that I was a Jean Harlow fan and, having written her a letter and figuring it was time for a reply, had been hanging around the home of a friend where I received my "secret" mail. Harlow, and Constance Bennett (with her divine thinness!) were my idols.

This is what was buzzing inside of me and keeping me a harried young miss. When my family assured me I looked all right I instinctively felt I was being lulled into false security. When I talked about the stage they wouldn't believe I was being motivated just by thoughts of a career. They hinted at boy friends, that I was responding to the call of life rather than the call of drama (as if one didn't, somehow, go with the other!).

"It isn't right for a child to worry too

much about the future," my step-father said. "There is plenty of time. You've got too much drive in you."

I WANTED to believe him, and to some extent I did, until that day in Rio. From then on pastries, starches, fats of any kind, were practically out of my life for good. When I recoiled from the mirror I sat down and did some realistic thinking. The girls whose shapes I envied—they weren't any different than me under the flesh. I knew enough about anatomy to feel sure that our skeletons were exactly the same. It was just a matter of how much fat and muscle you had covering it—and where. That would be up to me. I liked my eyes, I could cope with my mouth which I thought was too small, and mascara could handle eye-brows that were far too blonde. My choice was clear. Was I to be a contender for the world of my dreams or was I going to give up? The answer came to me instantly—if I couldn't be the best looking girl in the world I didn't want to be anybody! (Actually I knew I'd never be, but I wanted to get close enough so that there could at least be some hopeful and wonderful confusion about it!)

Lord knows it was hard at first. I'd eat a sensible lunch and then still crave for something. After the first four or five days it wasn't so bad. And in time, that same year, came my reward. The first time I stopped taking a size 14 dress for a size 12 I knew it was going to be worth it. I smiled deep into my insides, feeling so elegant, so feathery, that I loved the whole world. For the first time I began to accept myself as a person whom I would be willing to live with for the rest of my life.

I remember my mother saying one night, "Darling . . . you've been losing weight."

"She doesn't eat anything," my little sister said, accusingly.

I didn't reply. I was brimming over with a good feeling and my eyes must have been full of it. My mother, who had been going to argue with me, sensed it and changed her mind. "Well . . ." she said, and shrugged. But there was both respect and admiration in her manner; not just mother for daughter, which any girl can get, but woman for woman, if you know what I mean! My little sister sensed it. Something must have penetrated through to my step-father because he studied us all and then apparently decided not to intrude into the feminine mysteries going on around him. Something was happening in the family all right . . . and that something was me!

THAT old saying, "Him who hath, gets," is not exactly right in my estimation. It should be, "Him who goes out and gets . . . can get again!" I had gained respect in my family. On the strength of it I was able to put over something I would never have been able to . . . starting from scratch. Mother had kept Mimi's and my name in the New York Social Register and had planned this year to start me in finishing school at Farmington, Connecticut. But I thought it was time for me to start being an actress rather than waste time preparing to be a debutante. I had no interest whatsoever in confining what I thought was a great talent on a closed circle of bluebloods; the world was where I wanted to play! I put on a campaign towards that end which involved arguments, minor and major hysterics, and plain defiance. In the end I got a small concession, principally because I had proved I wasn't just a little girl. I could go to New York and have a month's time in which to find a job in the theater. If I failed it was Farmington



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for me. I'd be "finished" one way or another.

At that time I listed my assets as follows: name, Jane Sterling Adriance; age, 14; stage experience, years of it in my mind if none in actuality; beauty—I felt like one! I neglected to consider something that proved to be most important. In the years we had spent in London I had picked up an English accent (which years later I was to work hard to lose). One afternoon I accompanied a friend to the Shubert offices and one of the famous producer family, Milton Shubert, heard me talk. He was casting a play to be called *Bachelor Born*, and needed a girl with a veddy, veddy British accent.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Jane Sterling . . ." I began slowly, sounding off with all the Mayfair I could.

"Excellent name!" he cut in, and offered me the part right then and there. I wrote mother and she was properly shocked. Mimi was delighted. And my own father, William A. Adriance, who was in New York at the time, found consolation only in the fact that Milton Shubert hadn't heard my whole name and thought of me as just "Jane Sterling" without the "Adriance" attached. Later on I cut Jane down to Jan at the suggestion of a theatrical friend.

On the stage there are no close-ups, you are there in person and in color instead of in black and white which can accentuate faults. At 122 pounds with my height of 5 feet, 5 inches, I considered myself perfect. And nothing ever happened to make me change my mind until six years later when I began seeing myself on the screen. One look—and, a little sadly, I said to myself, "Here we go again."

At my height all the beauty authorities said my weight was perfect . . . but the screen disagreed. It said I was fat. It said that my hips were too big, the upper part of my arms, and, I knew, the upper part of my thighs. It said that because my cheek and jaw bones were small there was an impression of fatness in my face in closeups. I admit I felt like rebelling but, as the saying has it, go argue with City Hall! There was nothing to do but shut off even a bigger part of my stomach. I ate nutritious foods; eggs, hamburger, steak, tomatoes. Nothing else. I controlled the distribution of weight with massage and with exercises—but posture exercises only. From childhood on I had had a fear of developing muscles that would go flabby when I quit exercising them. And instead of getting on the scales daily I walked into the wardrobe department of Paramount Pictures one afternoon months later to check results a different way.

I knew that they kept a dummy of my form on which to check costume measurements and that it was constantly altered to conform to any change in my own dimensions. "Have you had to do anything about it?" I asked the wardrobe mistress.

"Yes," she replied. "We've had to take it in two and a half inches practically everywhere."

That's all I wanted to know. I got on the scales and I was 108 pounds. Perfect . . . except it wasn't. When I saw the rushes of my next picture something else hit me. At 108 pounds my face had lost its fatness all right but in such a way that my nose was too prominent . . . and I realized that my nose was of a kind which could not stand concentrated attention. "Not a nose bobbing," I thought to myself. "Not that!" But I knew darn well, that very second, that it was to be exactly that.

The facts were as plain as the nose they had to do with. My nose at the top started flush with my forehead and stayed flush—

there was no inward dip, no *rétroussé* or tilt. Further, the high bridge was not only flat, instead of rounded, but much too wide and flat. You may wonder, in view of an itemized list of defects like this, why my nose had not perturbed me before. The reason is that I had always considered it an individual nose, one which helped to make me me, and when my weight was higher it was not at all a bad nose. But with the more delicate modeling which characterized my whole build after I reduced, every defect about it stood out too sharply. There was no doubt about it . . . it had to go or I'd never be really self-confident before a camera again!

First I talked to my husband, Paul, about it. Then, because the studio had invested heavily in me, I discussed it with them. After this I mentioned the idea to friends. In the end it was up to me . . . nobody opened up my eyes to anything I hadn't already thought of, either beneficially or otherwise. Paul said simply, "I liked you as you are well enough to marry you but if you want to go ahead I like you well enough not to deny you my blessing." The studio officials were wonderful. They were grateful for my thinking of their interest in them but what I planned was a personal matter. They urged me not to consider them in any way. My friends said everything from, "Great!" (which was oddly uncomplimentary) to, "What do you want to do that for?"

I PAID exactly \$1,000 for everything connected with the operation. The doctor—and I made sure that he was a good one—hummed and sang while he worked, and I heard him because the anaesthetic was a local one. There was no pain. It felt as somebody were fumbling with my nose but there was no greater discomfort. Once I knew the nurse was handing him some instrument and after a moment she said, "Well! That little gadget didn't work out, did it?" I couldn't help bursting out with a cry. "What little gadget?" I wanted to know.

For about three days my eyes were discolored and that was all. Two weeks later I was entertaining in Korea and when an army commander leaned over to kiss me during a presentation ceremony (they gave me a tank on condition I leave it in Korea and, not needing a tank at the moment, I did) the rim of his helmet hit me right on the bridge of the nose. I nearly passed out from the pain, and felt sure that there was nothing but a squashed blob on my face. But there wasn't a mark and my pretty reborn nose was just as pretty as before.

Paul was pleased, I know he was, but like a man will he just grinned and said, "Well, now I have a new place to slug you."

Well, it may be a new place to slug me but it is a much smaller place than before. You know the mirror I hated? Well, after a nose operation you don't hate your mirror, let me tell you. For months afterwards I couldn't stay away from the mirror. "Is that really you?" you keep asking yourself. You do this because you love the thrill of answering. "Yes! Really! That's you!" And sometimes I add, "And that's the way you should have looked all your life." But I'm satisfied. Satisfied and happy.

Now whenever there happens to be a moment when I feel low I just pull out the mirror, look, and a big smile spreads all over my face. "Well! Well! Well!" I think to myself. "Look at me! Well! Well! Well!"

END

(Watch for Jan in Paramount's Pony Express. Paul's latest film is Forever Female, also for Paramount.)



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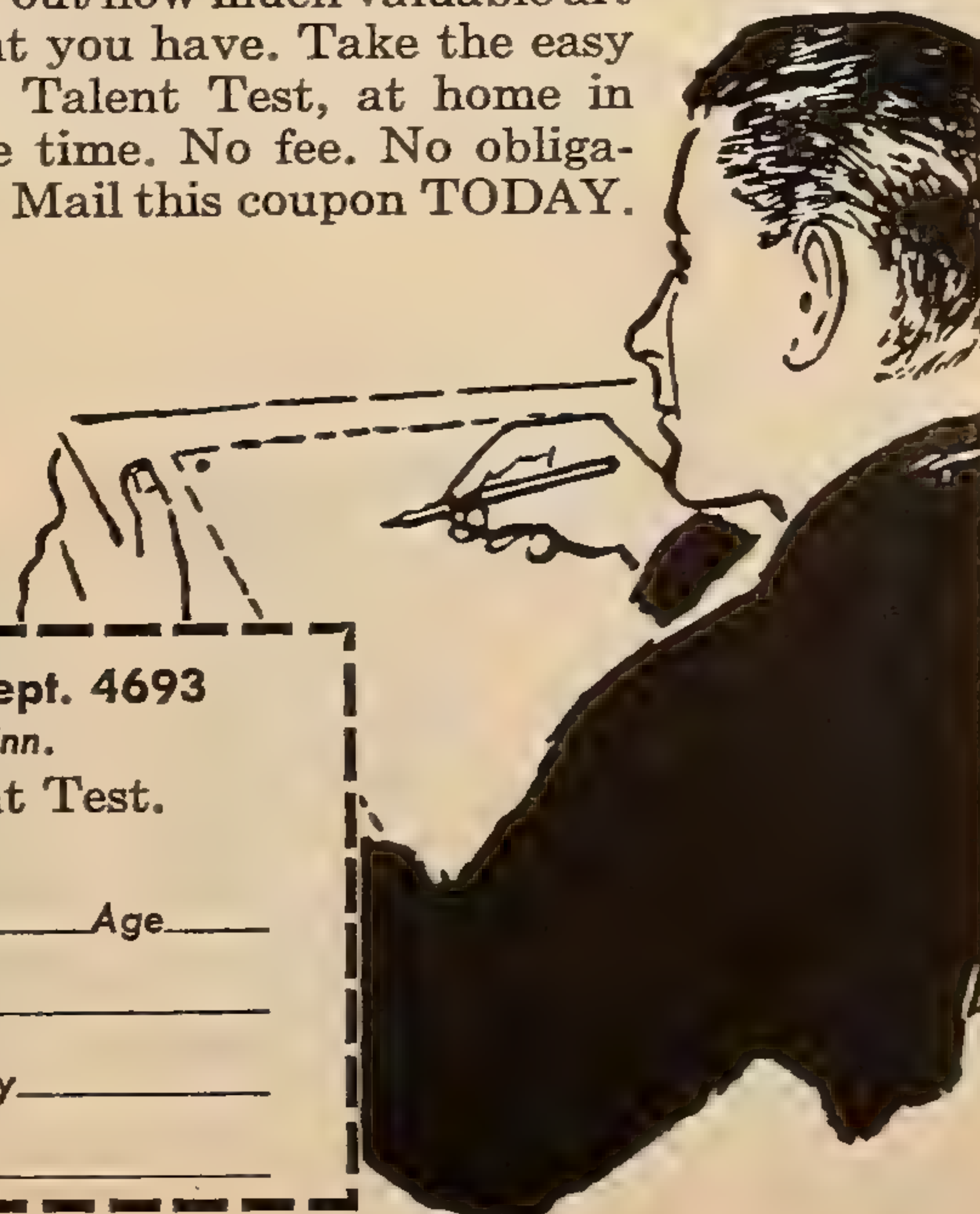
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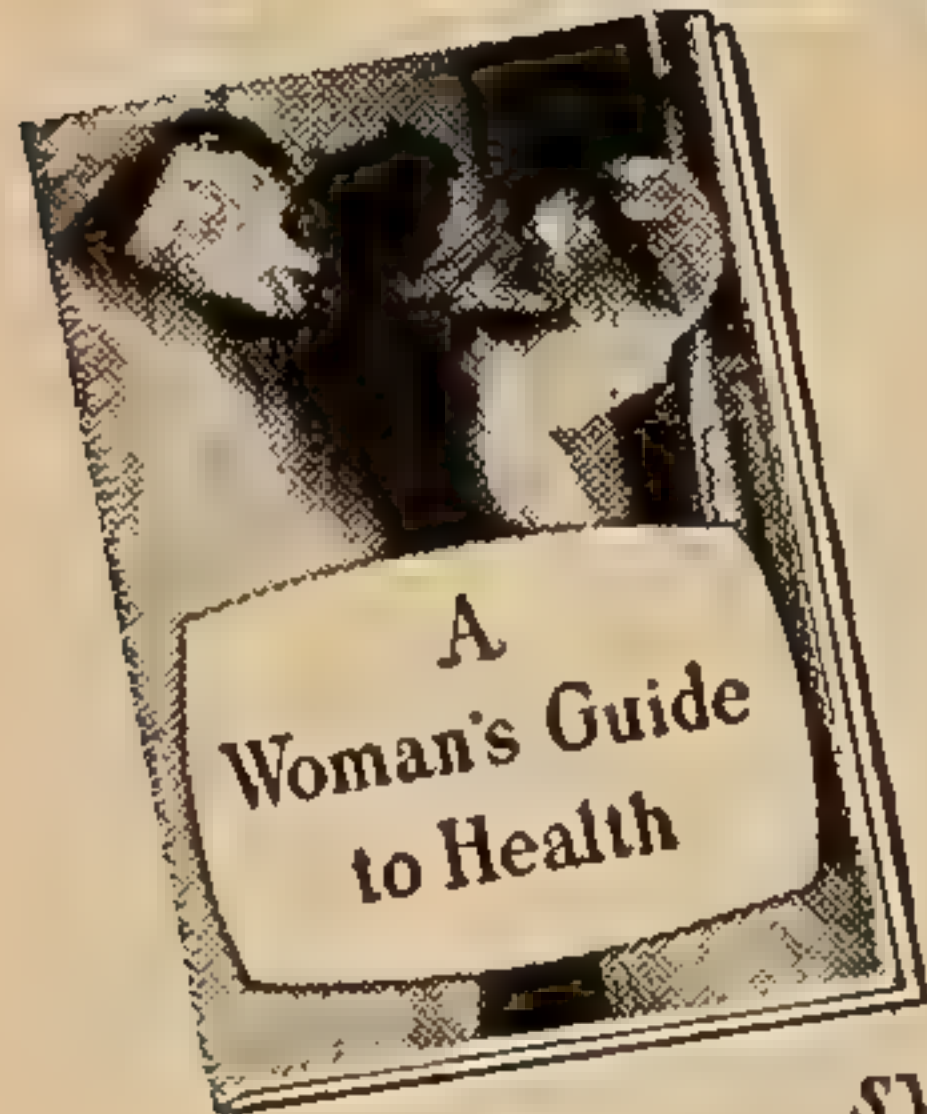
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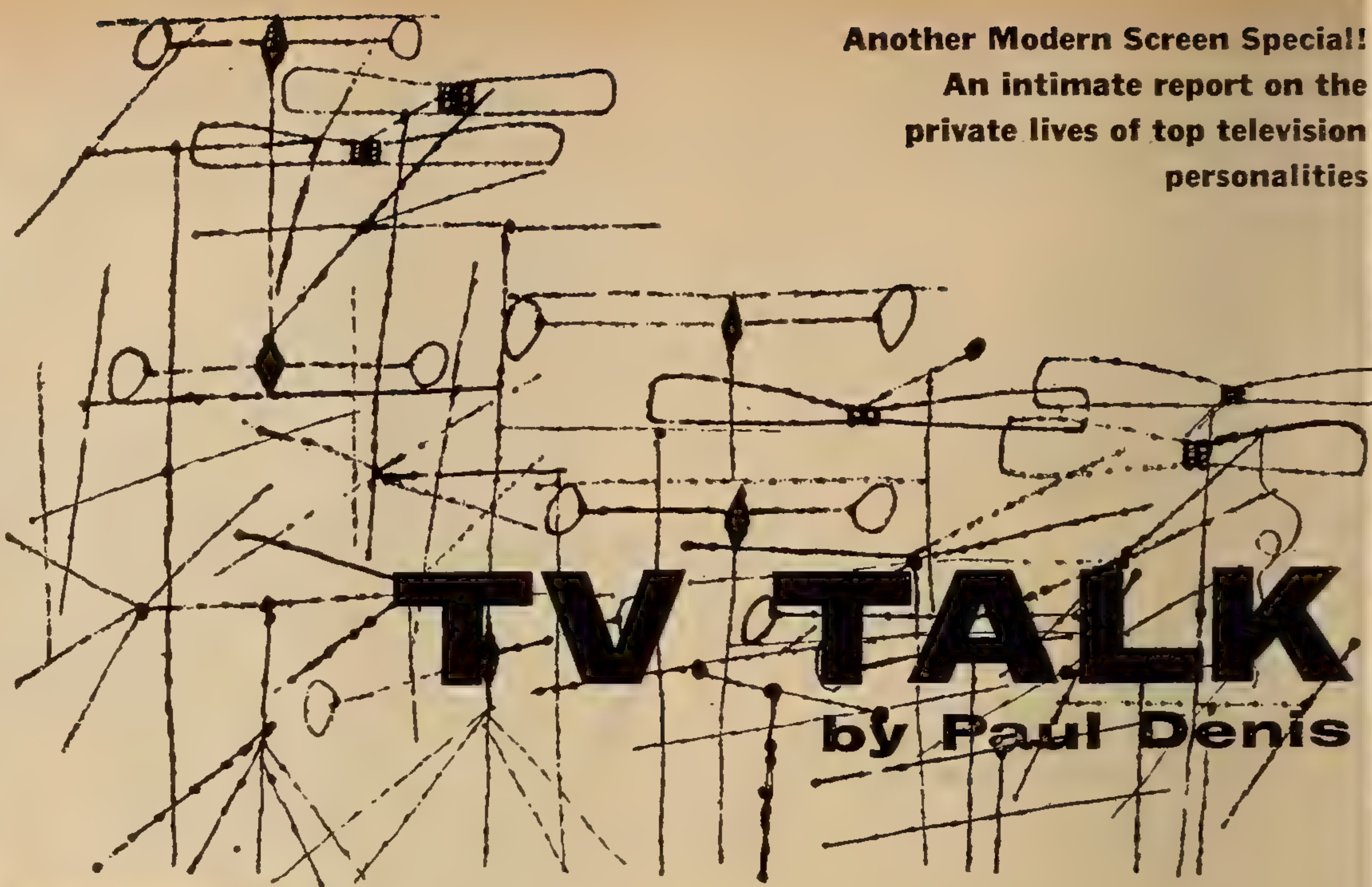


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TV TALK by Paul Denis



MILTON BERLE'S REAL DOLL: The other day, in Lindy's, a bunch of TV actors were talking about Milton Berle and wondering, "Whom does Berle love the best?" They decided to take a vote. Berle himself won first place, and Vickie, his daughter, second in his affections.

This got a big laugh in Lindy's, but the truth is that Milton is simply crazy about Vickie, now 8. His devotion to her even seems to overshadow his profound feeling for his mother, Sandra, and his terrific self-appreciation of his own talents.

Three years ago, when the Bobbley Co. put out an Uncle Milt comic book, it suggested that Vickie be given a half interest in the book. Milton agreed eagerly, exclaiming, "Fine! I've got all the money I want. Let's add this money to Vickie's trust fund."

People say Milton is building a million-dollar trust fund for Vickie. His friends kid about Vickie's being a much sought-after heiress by the time she's 18, and Milton enjoys the talk. One of his younger gagwriters has warned Milton that, "I'm applying now for the job as your future son-in-law."

Milton, who lives alone in a big apartment, has visitation privileges with Vickie. She lives with Milton's ex-wife, Joyce Matthews, attends private school in New York. Milton is still on good terms with Joyce and, most of his friends agree, is still carrying the torch for her. When Joyce's romance with Billy Rose hit the front pages last year, Milton did not attempt to hide his anguish. Ruth Cosgrove has been Milton's girl friend since his last bustup with Joyce, but because of his mixed feelings for Joyce, his friends believe he will postpone marriage indefinitely.



"When he's in a bad mood," one of his writers says, "you can soften him up by just mentioning Vickie. She's the real doll in his life."

JOHNNY'S IN THE MONEY: Johnny (Sob!) Ray continues to make a fortune, but his personal life is more mixed up than ever. His wife left him, after confiding to friends that he was impossible to live with, and Johnny made headlines with the statement that she "was the only girl who had ever made me feel like a man." The fact is that he paid very little attention to his bride, and she withered.

PEGGY LEE'S ALL SET: There was a tense moment when Peggy Lee and Brad Dexter were honeymooning in New York. Brad was offered the male lead opposite Margaret Sullavan in *The Deep Blue Sea*, and hurried off to consult the play's producer. He returned with the usual box of Sherry chocolates, a kiss and "I love you, darling!" Then he said, as Peggy listened anxiously, "I refused the offer, of course."

That enabled them to return to Hollywood together.

Peggy is at the peak of her career, and her seven-year Warners' contract gives her career security, just as her marriage to Brad gives her emotional security and a stepfather for her nine-year-old daughter Nikki.



I had the strong impression, visiting them in their honeymoon suite in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel, that they are a well matched couple. Peggy is a deep thinker and a student of philosophy and religion, and Brad is a quiet, well-educated actor who originally studied to be a lawyer. "Brad's got a strong sense of justice and speaks out for the truth," says Peggy, proudly. "He would have made a wonderful lawyer." He, in turn, is very proud of her book of poetry, "Softly, With Feeling."

It's significant that they met through a mutual friend, Dr. Ernest Holmes, a minister.

Next to her husband, Peggy's favorite subject of conversation is her daughter. "Nikki campaigned for Ike. She smeared the neighbor's cars with Ike stickers and she went around for weeks, loaded with Ike buttons. When Brad and I left for New York,"

she made me promise to bring back two photos—one of Ike and one of Jackie Gleason. Gleason's her favorite TV star."

Peggy Lee Dexter is still a very moody girl. "I have moods," she confessed. "One year, I feel like traveling, and the next, I don't. Right now, I'm in between moods." Then she glanced lovingly at Brad. "But I'd go anywhere with Brad!"

THE LADIES: Marcia Van Dyke, a panelist on her husband, Jack Barry's show, *Wisdom Of The Ages*, had to answer this question recently: "With whom would you like to be stranded on a desert island?" Remembering she was pregnant, she answered: "No doubt about it—with an obstetrician!" . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor was being interviewed by Paula Stone. Paula suggested: "Give us some advice on how men can treat their wives." "Never good enough!" snapped Zsa Zsa. . . . Those gorgeous gowns Jane Froman wears are by Florence Lustig and cost \$1,000. They are rented to Jane, and go back to the shop as floor models after each show. . . . Bess Myerson, former Miss America and now an NBC-TV emcee, is five-feet-ten in her stocking feet and is constantly being asked for advice by other tall girls. She told one girl, "What's really necessary, when with the man who's important, is to make him feel taller. Not that you should be a clinging vine, but a man does like to be looked up to—so that he feels dependable, not expendable."

IMOGENE COCA RETIRING? Imogene Coca, Sid Caesar's partner in *Your Show of Shows*, is thinking of retiring for a season and having a baby. She is married to Bob Burton, and they have often discussed the possibilities of starting a family before "it is too late." They have been married for many years, and never had money enough to stay put for a while. Imogene has been making fine money for more than four years.

Because she portrays Sid's wife on TV, many fans assume she's really married to him. As a result, Imogene has had to write magazine articles entitled, "No, I'm Not Married To Sid Caesar." Sid is married to a former model, Florence, and they have two children.

NINA FOCH A PAINTER: Nina Foch, who has settled in New York, has taken up painting seriously. "I paint about three canvasses a year and I never sign them," she says. "I don't want anybody to buy them because my name is on them. After a painting is sold, then I sign it." She's proud of the fact she recently sold a painting "for two bills" (\$200).

GODFREY THE HEADACHE-MAKER: CBS's biggest money-maker Arthur Godfrey is also its biggest headache-maker. His most recent lulu was speaking up for his pal, Charles E. Wilson, when his nomination as Secretary of Defense was controversial. This violated a network rule against entertainers editorializing on controversial subjects. But millionaire Godfrey didn't care. He just went off on a two-week trip around the world with another pal, General Curtis Le May.

The trouble with Godfrey is his uninhibited tongue. But Godfrey knows it is also the quality that attracts such an army of fans. "People like me that way," he says.

Godfrey, who has money and prestige, would like to have a high job in the Eisenhower government. However, it would have to be a consultant job, as his contract with CBS has years to go.

THE RISE OF JONI JAMES: The five-foot former bra model from Chicago is already mak-

ing more than \$2,000 a week, because of her hit recording of "Why Don't You Believe Me?" Yet, as she recalls, "Last year, I was ready to give up and get married."

She had been singing for four years in "plush hotels and junky dives" and she was discouraged. Today, she is surprising everybody with the calm efficiency with which she's handling her career. She is a buxom brunet, with brown eyes, and an extroverted personality. When mobsters tried to "buy" into her career as managers, she rebuffed them. And when somebody discovered she had never taken vocal lessons in her life and wanted to send her to a teacher, she refused. She's afraid taking lessons might ruin her. Her real name is Joanna Carmelia Babbo, one of a family of six. She insists she has no intentions of marrying . . . right away.

MARGARET O'BRIEN'S KISS: Margaret O'Brien, now a slim 16 and displaying a blossoming figure, has been in New York with her mother. Her mother is with her constantly, and Margaret has not been seen in any public places with boys. There is still a shy quality about Margaret, and she impresses every one as "a little lady" who is unspoiled. Sweetness rather than sexiness is the word for Margaret.

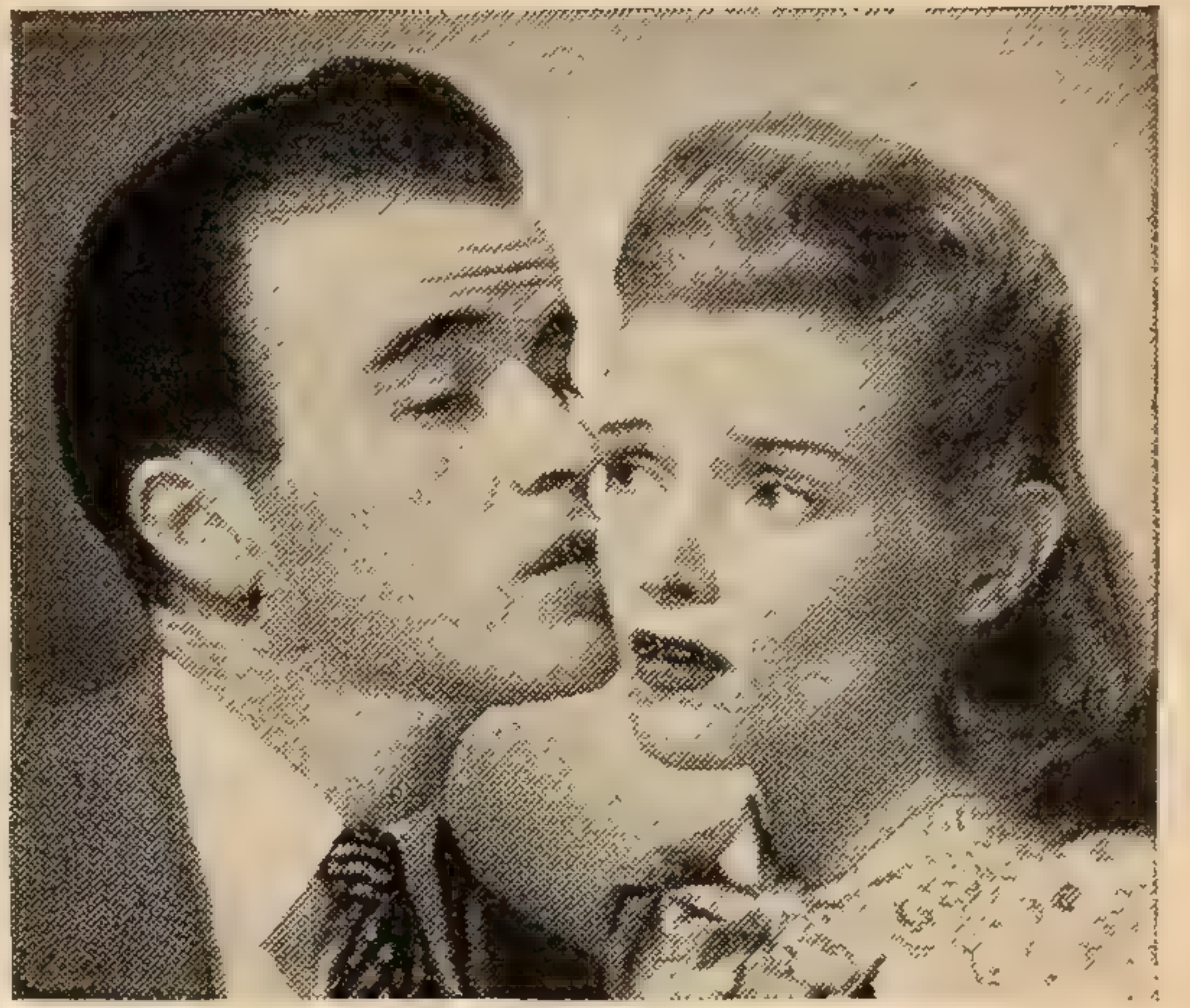
When she was signed for a romantic role on a recent CBS *Lux Video Theatre*, her role called for her to kiss a boy. Assured by Margaret's mother that this would be Margaret's first public romantic kiss, the *Lux* publicity department hurriedly prepared to turn the kiss into a big publicity splash. But somebody did some research and discovered that Margaret had been kissed in a Columbia movie. Result: publicity called off.

PERSONALITIES: The Jack Lescoulies, thrilled when expecting their first baby after 10 years of marriage, are sad. Mrs. Lescoulie lost the baby during the ninth month. . . . Steve Allen is dating Jayne Meadows. . . . Maureen Cannon married Alan Smythe, a New Jersey businessman. . . . Veronica Lake, with her three children, has settled in New York for TV work. . . . Vincent Lopez, who's quite a famous astrologer besides being a fine musician, predicts that Eddie Cantor will have a "year of change." "If he undertakes new assignments," says Lopez, "they will be of short duration, although not necessarily unsuccessful." . . . Robert Merrill returned all of the wedding gifts he personally received when he married Roberta Peters. . . . Don De Leo, tired of portraying villains on TV, shaved off his moustache. So what happened? He is still doing villain roles.

NO DUMMY, HE: A newspaperman was interviewing Jimmy Nelson, the young ventriloquist. "Isn't it true," said the newspaperman, "that, after a while, you begin to identify yourself with the wooden dummy?" "Hardly," replied Nelson. "I have three children."

SHERWOOD OF THE MOUNTED: Bobby Sherwood, who's so fey on the Milton Berle show, gets up early for his WJZ, New York, 6:30 A.M. show. So he brought in his beautiful buckskin mare, Lady Buck, from his Hunter, N. Y., farm and keeps her in a stable near the studios. Every morning, after the show, and still wearing blue jeans, he takes Lady Buck for a canter through Central Park. A few of his pals, including Mel Torme, Richard Hayes and Eileen Barton, join him for occasional canters through the park, which they call Sherwood Forest. Sherwood calls his pals the Sherwood Radio TV Rangers.

Rationed Kisses?



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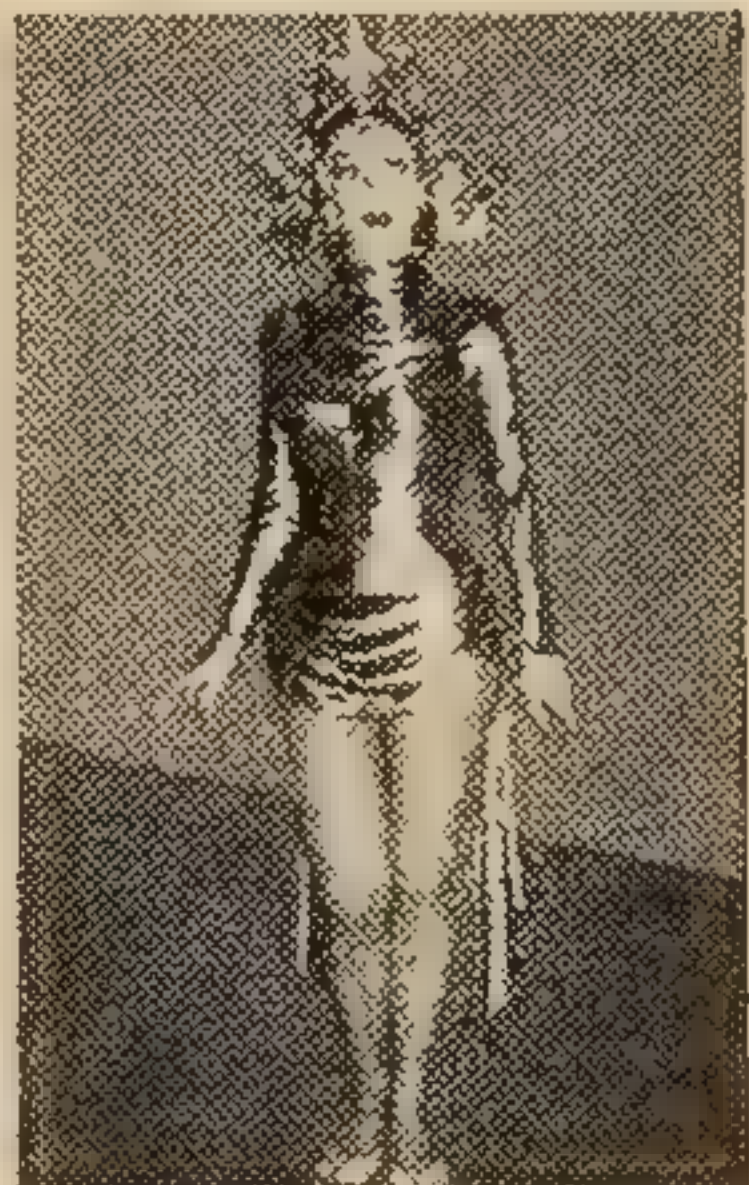


hollywood report continued

(Continued from page 16) Mayo a bright red nightgown with a white heart to fit over her own.

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Dean Martin's wife Jeanne accompanied Gordon and Sheila MacRae to the preview of *The Desert Song* the night the Martin separation was disclosed . . . Marilyn Monroe, who used to date Freddie Karger, showed up unexpectedly at a dinner party tossed by Janie Wyman and her Freddie. . . . Linda Christian has been endorsing everything the advertisers push under her nose, from beer to bed sheets, and Tyrone Power hasn't been too happy about it . . . Loretta Young hit the ceiling when a columnist said she and Tom Lewis were spitting simply because Loretta had moved into her studio dressing room. Then the columnist retracted by printing an item that Loretta was living in the dressing room with her husband, cook and masseuse . . . The neighbors were the first to report that Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis have been quarreling—the arguments were *that* noisy!



Young

Errol Flynn and spouse, Patrice Wymore, stayed at different hotels while in Rome. And that's not doing what the Romans do in Rome at all, at all . . . Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes took the trouble to phone me with a denial that she and Dick were breaking up several months ago—and this after I saw her dating someone other than Dick at Scandia . . . There were dirges also from the Rhonda Fleming-Lew Morrill household but these too were denied . . . Saddest break of the year: Donald and Gwen O'Connor . . . Blowoff on the Anne Baxter-John Hodiak hassle came when a lady referred to John, in his very presence, as Mr. Baxter . . . Noisiest fights of the season, and the ones to which we'd like to own the iodine concession, are Cara Williams and John Barrymore, Jr.'s . . .

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Guy Madison will make more dough on his one picture at Warners than he made during his entire six years under contract to David O. Selznick. And no one's happier over it than Guy's ever-lovin' Gail Russell . . . A Las Vegas nightclub offered Mario Lanza \$20,000 a week to sing there, fat and all . . . Marilyn Monroe moves up from \$750 to \$1,200 a week at 20th-Fox May 1 . . . Ann Blyth bought a three-bedroom honeymoon nest in Toluca Lake for \$35,000, right next to Bette Davis' first honeymoon home . . . John Wayne intends going back to that \$1,500-a-month house he rented in Acapulco. Golly, it's romantic that far South-of-the-border! . . . Rosalind Russell, who's showing Hollywood how great she is in Broadway's *Wonderful Town*, partnered in a ladies' wear and leather goods business with her former maid, Hazel Washington.



Blyth

Susan Hayward bought a 1953 convertible, then put it in a garage and took off for Europe

with Jess Barker . . . George Montgomery opened another furniture store, his second, in Beverly Hills . . . Dana Andrews managed to save \$20,000 a year for the past 12 years. That's a solid nest egg of \$240,000 . . . Olivia de Havilland won't budge from her insistence that she be paid \$175,000 per picture. She's one of the few who can still get it, and didn't you think she was wonderful in *My Cousin Rachel*? . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor has been getting \$3,000 a week to go out on tour to make personal appearances with *Moulin Rouge*.

FUNNIES:

John Derek told an interviewer he calls his wife frequently. Interviewer: "What an odd name!" . . . Tab Hunter says a bee is an insect that gets little bumbles from heaven . . . Spotting Mickey and Elaine Rooney at LaRue, Craig Hill asked how long they've been married. "Seven weeks?" sputtered Craig. "And I'm the fool who said it wouldn't last!" . . . At lunch, Debbie Reynolds asked for cigarettes. "King size or regular?" asked the waiter. "Regular," said Debbie, "I'm an old-fashioned girl" . . . Howard Keel was telling Doris Day he knows an actress who's temperamental only twice a year: each attack lasts six months! . . . Evelyn Keyes writes from Paris: "The most beautiful day in my life will be when I can think in French—the most beautiful night when I can dream in French!" . . . Laraine Day and Leo Durocher were having a playful argument. Said Laraine: "Look, Leo, you'll never divorce me because you don't have the strength to teach another gal baseball!"



Reynolds

I went to the Masquers Club testimonial for Jane Wyman, a fine tribute to a fine actress . . . Toastmaster Art Linkletter said that sitting between Janie and her Freddie at the speakers' table was "like peeking over a transom!" . . . Jack Warner said: "Janie has been under contract to me 17 years, and anybody who's been at Warners' that long deserves a dinner in a stadium!" . . . Janie entertained the guests by singing "Red, Rosy Apple" and "My Honey Man," after which she made a little speech of thanks for the honor bestowed upon her. This is part of her speech: "I always wanted to be an actress, even when I was third girl from the left in the second row of the chorus—but I could never make it up to the first row because Alice Faye was always in my way!"

SEX APPEAL:

Oversleeper June Allyson bought an electric-eye alarm clock that keeps ringing till she gets up and out of the beam . . . Joan Crawford wore a Hattie Carnegie nightgown to a party, explaining: "I'm having more fun with it as a dinner dress than I ever did when it was a nightgown" . . . John Payne dropped 10 pounds for his role as the prizefighter in *Crosstown* . . . Far be it from me to criticize but I think Gene Nelson should get rid of that mustache . . . Betta St. John wears a "sarini" in *All The Brothers Were Valiant*—a cross between a sarong and a bikini bathing suit . . . Terry Moore dyed her hair the exact color of boy friend Al Besselink's.



Crawford

Piper Laurie celebrated her 21st birthday

at—guess where. New York's Club 21, natch! . . . Clark Gable, I'm told, hasn't been taking care of his health lately . . . Things you can be sure of: death, taxes and the fact that Debra Paget bought her own mink coat . . . U-I signed Brad Jackson, young, muscular and a deadringer for Tony Curtis. Is this to keep Tony in line? . . . Barbara Stanwyck gifted the cast and crew of *All I Desire* with beautiful gold presents. She is one of the few stars who still splurges, but big, when her pictures finish shooting . . . Vic Mature got a poodle cut for his role in *The Robe*, and the gals out at 20th-Fox claim the curls suit Vic better than they do Bob Wagner . . . U-I's new starlet, Mamie Van Doren, once named Zaba Olander, employs the same hairdo, same licking of the lower lip and same open-mouthed posturings as Marilyn Monroe.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Seen in a Beverly Hills parking lot—Rita Hayworth in levis and a red sweater with daughter Rebecca, looking more like a parking attendant than a movie star . . . Talk of the town—the Bing Crosby-Mona Freeman datings . . . The Rosemary Clooney-Jose Ferrer romance has been easing up and will likely continue to do so as long as her career keeps strengthening, and don't ask me how come I know so much! . . . Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton set their wedding for August, when his divorce from Mary Job will be final . . . Bob Taylor sure loves those homemade hamburgers his girl from Hamburg—Ursula Thiess—whips up for him . . . Martha Vickers, Mickey Rooney's ex, is painfully thin. Feller named Bob Lane has been trying to fatten her up but he likes her any which way.



Clooney

Neatest chassis at the auto show: Barbara Darrow's. Chauffeured by Byron Palmer . . . Judy Powell, Dan Dailey's ex-secretary, cleared up a bet with Tab Hunter by treating to chocolate sodas at Wil Wright's . . . Marilyn Erskine, who is Stanley Kramer's ex and who plays the role of Ida Cantor opposite Keefe Brasselle in *The Cantor Story*, and Jim Gates, the television director, wish everybody would go away and leave them alone . . . Sharman Douglas and Pete Lawford have been rekindling an old flame. Please, not that again! . . . Maureen O'Hara's new boy friend is one of the wealthiest men in Mexico . . . Ron Randell's new bride is seven years his senior . . . Don't be surprised if Keenan and Beetsy Wynn have reconciled when you read this.

ODDS BODKINS:

Now that Phyllis Kirk is a neighbor of Gilbert Roland she's wearing Toreador pants . . . Lon McCallister has just turned 30, and how does *your* lumbago grow? . . . Anybody noticed how much Marge looks like Gower Champion, and vice versa? . . . By actual count, during a 15-minute interview, Jane Powell said "Kiddo" (it's her favorite expression) 15 times . . . Jeanne Crain attends more parties than any other gal in town, besides raising four children . . . Burt Lancaster has been carrying ballet shoes around instead of weights. He wants to star in a musical.



the Champions

It's been five years since James Mason

hollywood report continued

wrote a magazine piece called "Why I Won't Go to Hollywood" (!?) . . . Marjorie Steele was embarrassed on the *No Escape* set when her Howard Shoup gown fell apart at the most provocative seams . . . That pretty Penny Edwards broke down and admitted to me that her real name is Millicent. "Penny"—"Cent"—get it? . . . The Irving Thalberg Lodge of B'nai B'rith threw a banquet for Dennis Day to honor him for his interracial activities. Irish Denny accepted the plaque tendered him in Yiddish . . . Anyone else besides us notice that Johnnie Ray looks like a sad Howard Keel? . . . Mario Cabre, the bull-fighter, set sail for Africa with the announced intention of reciting some more poems to Ava Gardner. Shouldn't somebody tell him she's married to Frank Sinatra?

QUICK QUOTES:

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor tossed a dinner party in New York for Clifton Webb and Susan Zanuck. Susan couldn't locate a maid to lace her into her gown. So Uncle Belvedere took over, remarking betimes, "Why not—I've been dressing my mother for years!" . . . Mel Ferrer writes from Africa: "The riots have calmed down. Now we can be shot at only for bad acting, so don't expect to see me again" . . . Jane Russell, during the shooting of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, kept nagging at Marilyn Monroe to marry Joe DiMaggio: "Believe me, honey—and I know 'cause I married one—athletes make the best husbands!" . . . Carole Mathews: "Most women aren't sufficiently posterior-conscious. It's the last impression as you leave the room that counts."



Ferrer

Somebody overheard Lana Turner say: "Fernando Lamas is a fine actor but I'm amazed no one bothered to teach him English" . . . A newspaper reporter asked George Raft: "Have you ever worked with Humphrey Bogart?" George replied: "Well, Bogie worked with me in a few pictures" . . . George Sanders told British reporters why his wife, Zsa Zsa Gabor, will go to the top of the acting profession: "There just isn't anybody in Hollywood strong enough to stop her!" . . . They had Betty Hutton under an inhalator when I flew up to San Francisco to catch the Bombshell's stage show at the Curran Theatre. Betty couldn't talk (!!!) but Charlie O'Curran told me she had knocked herself out, up to my arrival, giving the best shows of her—or anybody's!—life. And if you know Betty you can believe it. Anyway, I left the Bay City without seeing her perform—and can only hope that she'll decide to put her show on in Los Angeles at some future date . . . Bob Hope: "It's too bad Bing Crosby couldn't come to this dinner for Cardinal McIntyre. You see, he couldn't find a sitter for the Bank of America!" . . . Bob Taylor comments ominously on Ava Gardner's slim waist: "It could get her arrested—no visible means of support" . . . An extra gandered Zsa Zsa Gabor's cleaved gowns and cracked, "Lincoln to the contrary, all women are *not* created equal" . . . Steve Cochran told a newsgal he learned all about women when he was *six months old!*

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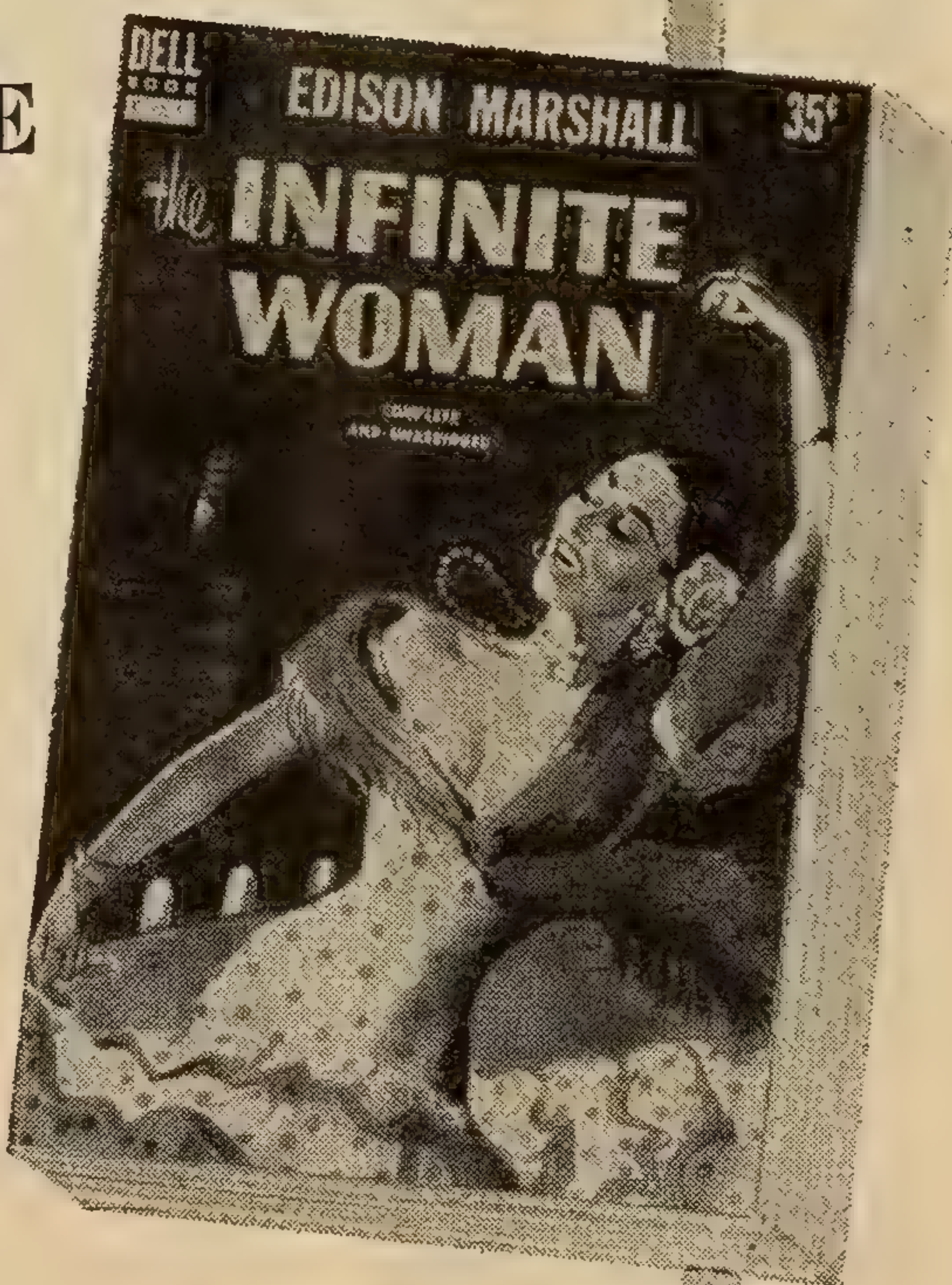


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married madcaps

(Continued from page 44) The wedding was a complete surprise to everyone. Anne hadn't mentioned to anyone that she was considering marriage, or was even in love for that matter. She had dated the usual bachelors about town but no one at her studio gave a second thought to Anne's becoming a bride. She had been a professional actress since the first year of her life, and with only 21 birthdays behind her seemed quite willing to devote herself entirely to her work and to enjoying her new-found success in movies. And then on Friday, May 16th, she telephoned 20th Century-Fox and calmly announced that she was marrying Mr. Price the following day.

Anne is "different" in Hollywood in that she works with calm assurance and complete lack of temperament. In the three years she has been in town she has fulfilled the best hopes of the directors with whom she has worked, yet managed to live her own life, the kind of life, except for the hours in front of the camera, that might be lived by a small town girl at college.

Her wedding stayed in character. It was traditionally beautiful, quiet, and slightly crazy, but bare of crowds and flashbulbs. It took place in the chapel of the Harvard Military School, an institution in North Hollywood which Bam had attended in his youth. The presiding minister was a friend of Bam's, and families of both the bride and groom flew into town from New York and Porterville, California, respectively. It should have gone off smoothly, but then, few weddings do. Anne's father, preparatory to giving away his only daughter, was more nervous than a politician on election eve. "Why," he kept growling, "doesn't the organ start playing?"

He ignored the fact that Bam had not yet arrived, and for her part Anne was wondering, in a simmering sort of fashion, what Bam had been doing driving in the opposite direction as she and her father had approached the church. She calmed her own frazzled nerves by telling her father over and over that they were to use the lock step going down the aisle. She neglected to so inform her matron of honor who, as a result, eventually went trotting briskly toward the altar, leaving the bride and her father leagues behind. Bam finally arrived, having been there once before but having forgotten to pick up his best man. This had now been rectified, and the explanation for his driving away from the church ten minutes before the scheduled ceremony was gratefully accepted by Anne.

Secure in her knowledge that the groom was here and that her father knew all about the lock step, Anne went back to visit the pastor, who was just donning his robes for the ceremony. "He looks just wonderful in them, just beautiful," she confided later to her father as the two of them stood waiting for the strains of Lohengrin. "Blast!" roared her father. "This isn't his wedding! It's your wedding! When is that infernal organ going to start?"

THE tumult and the shouting and the wedding over with, the new Mr. and Mrs. Price left for a brief honeymoon in Yosemite and San Francisco and then returned to their two apartments. Each was quite small, consisting only of a living room, bath and kitchen, and they decided to keep both of them until a larger apartment was available. They lived in Anne's, and Bam used his for his work.

Bam's work must be explained in order to effectively chronicle the first months of the marriage. In his study of motion picture production he must turn out a thesis,

which in this subject consists of a complete documentary film, written, produced, directed, photographed, edited, etc. by the student himself. Bam chose the subject of the evils of drug addiction, and when he first met Anne was in the throes of interviewing those unfortunates who had been a slave to the habit. The project went on until shortly before Christmas of 1952, the last few months being devoted to the editing, or cutting, of the film. Luckily, *Dream Boat* was Anne's last picture until she began her role of the swamp girl Flamingo in Warner Bros.' *A Lion In The Streets* last December. As a result, she had seven full months in which to devote her time to assisting Bam. She was alternately his script girl, his assistant director, and his Girl Friday, and in helping her husband Anne learned more about what goes into making a movie than she had ever gleaned from her own work in front of the cameras. "I now adore all assistant directors," she announces, "and don't know how they ever keep their sanity."

When the time came last August that a larger apartment was ready for occupancy, they were delighted, although the more Bohemian residents of their neighborhood were saddened by the news that henceforth the Prices would live in one apartment. "What a dee-vine arrangement!" several gay divorcees had clucked. "Two apartments!" Anne merely smiled. To each his own, she figured, and for her there was only one living arrangement for a marriage—two people with one key.

THE new apartment gave them the feeling of great spaciousness. There was a living room, dinette, bedroom and kitchen and what's more, the living room boasted a fireplace. At last, thought Anne, here was a real home. Moving day changed her thoughts somewhat. Bam filled the fireplace with cameras, tripods and batteries, and flashbulbs wandered here and there onto the hearthstone. His desk was put in the dinette and within two days he had strung wires from here to there throughout the room. These were promptly hung with strips of film, and when they put up a folding screen to hide the working room from the living room this, too, was shortly ribboned with film.

In the days when Bam was shooting his picture things were fairly neat. His day had begun at seven and he whisked out of the house with his cameras and came back later with nothing to show for his work but neat little spools of film. Last fall it became a different story. The cutting of film is the messiest part of the business, and soon after his morning coffee Bam disappeared behind the film bunting and didn't emerge until dinnertime, when he appeared with bloodshot eyes.

"The only way I knew he was there," says Anne, "was from the noise of the movieola. Or if he wasn't working with that he had the radio turned on full blast."

Once in a while she parted the curtain of film, feeling like Sadie Thompson making an entrance, and ventured in to look over his shoulder. A scene was running through the movieola, a small machine used by film editors. "Uh, uh," Anne would say, shaking her head in a negative fashion. "That should be a closeup right there instead of a long shot."

"You think so?" said Bam. "Then what about the closeup that comes just before that? Before the fadeout."

"Now, wait a minute, wait a minute," said Mrs. Price, putting her hands over her eyes. "I can see the whole thing clear as day. Now. If you put the closeup before the fadeout and then follow with the—follow with the—honey, I'm losing it. I'm all muddled. Goodbye." And she parted the film curtain once more and left.

Anne didn't often enter her producer's

den. As confused as it was Bam knew where to find every scrap he wanted, and as a result neither Anne nor the woman who comes once a week to clean dared to go near the cluttered desk. One day Anne stepped squarely on a closeup, neatly imprinting the film with the outline of her shoe, and she was so angry with herself that she went into the bedroom and sulked for an hour.

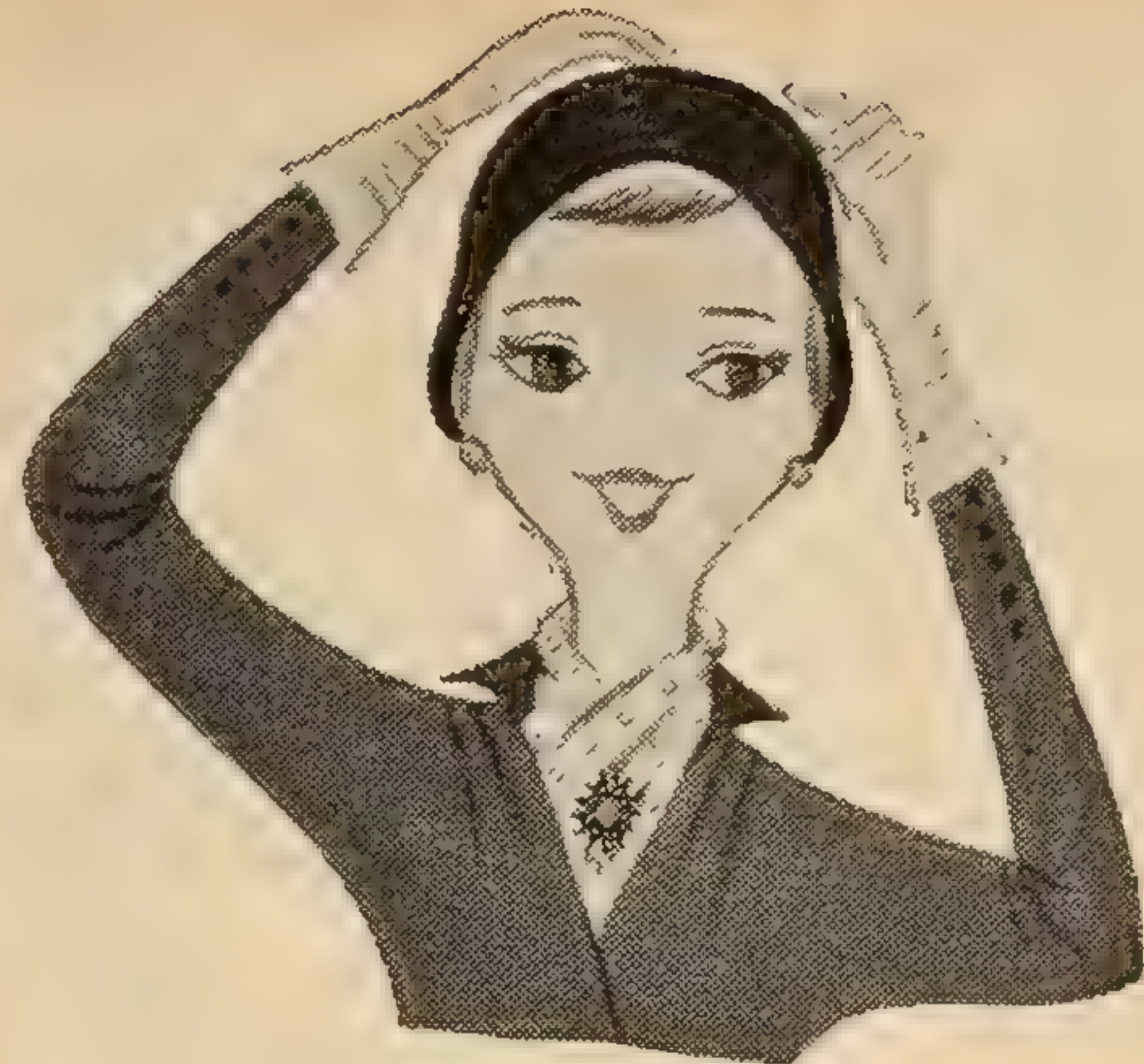
While Bam was thus engrossed Anne had time to attend to her own affairs. Those seven months of freedom gave her an opportunity to learn the difference between a broiler and an oven, and how to make dirt disappear from a house. They also gave her a free mind with which to struggle with the adjustments necessary in a new marriage. Despite her youth Anne has the intelligence to know that it takes work to make a good marriage. Most people, she figures, are dreamers. They think that falling in love is the whole answer and the end of all effort, but Anne knows that's when the work begins.

THE first thing she learned about was Bam's tremendous energy. Anne had thought she was similarly endowed, but after a month of trying to keep up with his schedule she fell by the wayside. He was up at seven to start a 16-hour workday and Anne, who got up and made his breakfast and then worked all day by his side, was exhausted by nine P.M. It dawned on her finally that it would be more sensible to stay within her limits, a practice which in time made her a more cheerful bride.

Her next step was to worry about him. Nobody, she thought, should keep up such a killing pace, but she learned that it is Bam's way, and that if she fretted about it and nagged him to work less, it would only make him unhappy. This premise was so settled in her mind that when she began work in *A Lion In The Streets* and had to be up at 4 A.M. and at the studio by 5:30, she didn't object when Bam too crawled out of bed and started his own day along with her. She could hear him whistling in the kitchen as he started the breakfast while she took her shower, and she knew that this was what he wanted to do, or he wouldn't be doing it. She has contented herself merely with talking him into taking Sundays off. "You know, dear," she said, "just to relax? Maybe take a drive out in the country or something?"

There was no problem with the toothpaste tube; they use different brands of toothpaste, so the argument never arose about whether it should be squeezed flat or rolled from the bottom. They are both prompt people and never have to wait for each other to dress, and each is so attentive to details that often they both try to pick up the laundry on the same day. But Anne hit a snag regarding neatness. In her bachelor days she had always tended to strew things slightly through the apartment, and now that she was married felt quite miffed when Bam left his sports coat on the bed, his bath towel over the door and yesterday's shirt on the floor. She was even more miffed when she realized that her husband, without having said a word, was deliberately demonstrating to her how messy a home could look when its residents let things fall where they may. By now she hangs up her own things as well as his and the other day when he asked where his jacket was, she smiled through gritted teeth. "I hung it up, dear." Then laughed out loud.

In the beginning, there was a budget, an idea, Anne hastily explains that stemmed exclusively from her husband. She hasn't the slightest affinity for arithmetic and not only told him so but proceeded to prove it. They started off with a special budget book purchased from a stationer, and neatly penciled in at the head of each column the



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names of their miscellaneous expenses. Anne kept it up to date quite dutifully for two weeks and then discarded the idea as entirely too much trouble. "Putting down how much I spend for soap," she told Bam, "can't possibly increase our income or decrease our expenses. As far as I'm concerned the budget book is a big fat waste of time."

Their bank statement arrives and stays for days on the same table, each waiting and hoping that the other will be a martyr and inspect it for possible errors. Up to this writing Bam has been the inevitable loser, and one day was foolish enough to attempt to explain to his bride how a bank statement should be checked. "You see," he said, "you merely check the canceled checks with a check against each—" he turned around in his chair. Anne had disappeared. "Where are you?" he called. "I'm explaining how simple it is to do this thing!"

Her voice floated merrily from the kitchen. "I'm baking a pie," she said. "This is something I can wrap my mind around."

Anne indeed can master the mysteries of a kitchen and is rapidly becoming a culinary queen. Bam is no slouch himself and on Sundays, the only day they have time to sit leisurely over breakfast, his waffles alternate with Anne's popovers.

THEY both wear white terrycloth fatigue outfits around the apartment, and other residents refer to them as the ghost couple. The neighbors have also had occasion to note that the young Mr. Price may possibly be out of his head. There for a few weeks he was frequently seen in the garden, leaping into the air and flailing his arms for no obvious reason. What Bam actually was doing was collecting food for his wife's new pet, a green creature three feet long which Anne describes as "a friendly snake." She had first become addicted to snakes back in Atlanta on a P.A. tour when one night she was standing in the wings of a theater and felt a light touch on her shoulder. Turning, she saw the head of a good sized serpent nestling on her upper arm. This particular snake was due to go on stage soon with his own act, and when editor Paul Jones of the leading Atlanta newspaper saw that Anne was not only unafraid but quite fascinated, he offered to send her a snake for a pet. Told it was impossible to adopt her newfound friend for her very own, she agreed to accept a substitute. "But be sure," she told Jones, "that he is a friendly one."

The wire arrived a few days after Anne's return to Hollywood. "CURLY ARRIVING EIGHT MONDAY MORNING ON SUPER CHIEF COMPARTMENT SIX." Arrived at the railroad depot on Monday, Anne looked up compartment six and found a pale and shaken newspaper-

woman who held out to Anne, at arm's length, an immense glass jar filled with Curly. "Here," she said in a weak voice, "you take him. I haven't been able to eat a thing since I boarded the train."

Curly was taken home and given loving care. The neighborhood was nonplussed by Bam's daily safari for a boxful of insects, and friends of the young couple did not take kindly to being met at the Prices' front door by Bam wearing Curly in his hair or around his neck. All things must come to an end, however, and when Curly died a few weeks later everyone was quite jubilant, except Anne and Bam. They have concluded that it would be easier to raise something more along the human line and are hoping, after they eventually buy the house they are saving for, to start a family of their own.

MEANWHILE their respective parents are delighted with the marriage. Bam's mother and father came down to Hollywood last Thanksgiving, armed with candy and cookies and flowers, plus wood for the fireplace. The latter was stacked out of sight for the bright day when the fireplace would be empty of camera equipment, and then, because the dinette was bursting with film, they all went for Thanksgiving dinner to the home of Bam's friends in Whittier, 17 miles away. It was to this same house that last summer Anne and Bam decided to walk, and did. When the elder Prices heard about the jaunt they looked at each other and beamed. Wherever else would their son have found a girl who liked to walk as much as he does?

When Anne's parents came west for Christmas, a fire was blazing in the fireplace and a dinette set sat where it ought to sit—in the dinette. They had a merry holiday and a fine dinner and when it was mentioned that Thanksgiving day had been spent with their friends in Whittier—the place 17 miles away where they had once walked—Mr. and Mrs. Francis caught each other's eye across the table. Where else could Anne have found a boy who liked to walk as much as she does?

So although Anne and Bam can account for their finances only the first two weeks of their marriage, although he puts her through her paces in the matter of putting things away, although their first year was lived with a movie, and although Anne goes away from home and orders snakes delivered on her return, this one looks as though it's going to last. He brings her flowers "for no special reason", they completely understand each other's work, and they like to walk like nobody else on earth. To top it all, Bam approves of her driving. "And," says Anne proudly, "he told me that after we were married!" **END**

just what the doctor ordered

(Continued from page 41) star-studded mother in Hollywood.

And I might add, it also belonged to one of the most beautiful babies. Yes, Michael Howard was a property owner before he was born. "The man who built the house gave our expected baby an acre and a half of land."

He pointed out young Michael's section—an up-ended acre that dropped sheerly into a deep canyon. "I hope the boy never falls out of his property," I said. "It looks as though he'll need the legs of a mountain goat or a helicopter to reach it." Mike shrugged. He'd let the lad figure that one out in the future. Mike was too busy living for the day.

"And wouldn't you know," I said, "that you'd cover your yard with diachondra in-

stead of grass." Diachondra is a small plant that requires no mowing—just the thing for the labor-loathing Wildings.

The pool was small, but electrically heated. Mike considers it a great luxury, since swimming pools are rare in his native England. He takes four or five dips a day. Between his swimming and Liz' bathing, they're the cleanest couple in town.

"On a clear day," Mike continued, "we can see Catalina when we sit up in bed. I only hope that Catalina can't see us."

That's hardly likely. The house, a strictly modern affair, has a small yard surrounded by a high fence. It pops into view before a stranger knows he's near it. The mailbox still bears the name of "Ted McClellan," the industrialist who built the place. Mike and Liz haven't yet got around to putting up their shingle.

The yipping of two dogs told me I was at the right place. Those dogs are part

of Liz' eternal menagerie. Come husbands, babies, or what-have you, Liz would feel naked without her animals. If the animals weren't sufficient identification, an enormous packing box would give you another clue. It rests beside the driveway and bears the inscription: "Made in England" and "Mr. M. Wilding."

"Well," I said, "you can certainly look down on many famous people." On the winding road up the hill you pass the homes of Danny Kaye, Ronald Colman, Katharine Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Constance Bennett, and King Vidor.

"Isn't that wonderful," said Mike, ushering me through a small hallway into a huge combination living-dining room. The windows reach from floor to ceiling to take advantage of the view. All the furnishings are as modern as the house.

The color accent of the living room is purple—a blue-violet divan with purple pillows; purple glassware gleaming from various spots; before the rock fireplace a purple chair. It was obvious that somebody's favorite color was purple, and I soon learned that somebody was Liz. Her bachelor-girl apartment had been dominated by green and chartreuse (which she loathed) and always looked as though somebody had moved in but never got around to settling down.

But Mrs. Michael Wilding's home already has the air of permanency. The walls are covered with paintings. A huge landscape, a wedding gift from her art-dealer father, hangs above the divan. Next to it is an Augustus Johns portrait. Beside the fireplace is a life-size bronze bust of a girl by the noted sculptor Jacob Epstein. Mike confided that he knew the girl who had posed for the statue.

An accent of humor is added to the dining room section by a caricature Jean Negulesco did of Liz when she was expecting the stork. It shows her in black slacks, a full purple smock, and a tousled head of hair. Mike can always point to it and say, "That, my dear, is how you looked in the first year of our marriage."

Liz' hair was still tousled when she entered the room. A poodle-cut, without waves, produced a shaggy effect. Her flowing white dressing gown concealed her figure; but her face was no longer oval. It was round. Except for lipstick she wore no make-up, and no jewelry except a plain gold wedding ring on her finger, and a tiny gold cross around her neck. Her eyes were sleepy, and she looked as relaxed as the black cat that lay sleeping on a green upholstered bar stool in a corner of the room. But she was still beautiful.

MAKING a mock curtsy, I exclaimed, "Why, Liz, you wore *that* dressing gown a year ago. Shame on you."

"But I'm much poorer and much older now," she protested. The wind which had been blowing hard all day now began to howl around the house. At the sound Liz' eyes were no longer sleepy. They opened wide. "Welcome to Wuthering Heights," she said. "I'm supposed to go back to work—terrible thought—in three weeks; and I've got to lose some weight, but fast."

"Well, you can't do it by diet alone," I said. "I've got a wonderful masseur, Dr. Fred Nelson, who could take those extra inches off you."

"How much does he charge?" was her first question.

At that, a dead silence fell over the room, and everybody did a double-take. For Liz to ask about the price of anything was like an atheist asking the way to church. Finally Peggy Rutledge (Liz' secretary) turned to me and said, "Are you sure you've come to the right address?"

"We're very poor," Liz continued, "and I have to think of prices. We call this 'Suspension House'."

"In one year, we've had a year and five months of suspensions between us, a record for one family," explained Mike. "I was on suspension four months; and Liz, seven. Then we both had a three-months layoff. Figure it up. We've been suspended so long we feel like bats hanging from the rafters." In Hollywood language "suspension" means being taken off studio salary for failure to do a picture assigned one, or for having a baby.

"But we're all set now," said Liz. "Mike has one picture coming up; and I have two. How much does your masseur charge, seriously?"

"If he charged by the pound . . ." I replied, studying her figure, then stopped with a gasp. I noticed Liz was wearing bedroom slippers. "Well, well," I roared. "Mike finally got shoes on you and took his off."

"He got shoes on me!" exclaimed Liz. "When did this happen? I'm always a fashion plate when you're around, you know."

"Of course," said I. "You and Mike must come to a party I'm giving next week."

"Party," replied Liz in a shocked voice. "I haven't a thing to wear. All my old clothes are too small. And I'll be darned if I'm going to buy anything until I've reduced."

"The party's being given for Dana Tasker, the man who got your pretty puss on the cover of Time. He wants to meet you," I said.

"Maybe he'd buy me a new dress," Liz hinted.

"Maybe he would, but I doubt it," I said. "Perhaps I could promote you a free massage upstairs while the party's going on below."

"You're a real little sport," said Liz with a smile.

"She's a very difficult girl to handle," said Mike. "The reason she put on so much weight is that she drank and ate everything in sight, especially milk, during her pregnancy. The doctor told her to slow down on that milk consumption, that she was gaining too much weight. But she just batted those baby blue eyes at him and said, 'But I like milk.' Naturally the doctor couldn't resist her. He said, 'Well, have milk then. Have it.' She put on 40 pounds."

"Forty pounds!" I yelled.

"But I've already lost 25," she said. Then added kiddingly, "You see I owed it to myself to remain strong and healthy. The baby would have got enough food from me, no matter how much I weighed. All that calcium in the milk was good for him."

As Liz told this grandmother all about what you must go through to have a fat, healthy baby, Mike sat in the purple chair and beamed at her. They seem to appreciate each other's sense of humor. When Liz scored a wisecrack, Mike smiled like the cat that swallowed the canary. But since the topic Baby had been brought up, he asked, "Don't you want to see him, Hedda?"

"Sure," I said. "That's why I'm here."

THE statement brought pandemonium. Mike jumped up and started for the nursery. Liz was immediately on her feet and after him. By the time I got into locomotion, a small poodle, by the name of "G", joined the party, barking and getting under everyone's feet in an effort to get to the nursery first. But the black cat on the bar stool never opened an eye or moved. It would take more than a baby to wake him up.

The baby's room is painted in yellow and pale blue. Toys are all over the place. On a ledge around the room sit all kinds



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of stuffed animals: Bears, deer, dogs, and cats. Toy soldiers stand at attention on top of a chest of drawers. Also in the room were a tiny blue chair, a bed for the nurse, a large canopied child's bed, a bassinet with yellow organdy ruffles and a pure white blanket with "Michael" embroidered on it in pink, and a small basket which holds the baby when he travels to and from the doctor's office. But tiny Michael Howard was oblivious to all these comforts of home. He was sleeping soundly on his stomach in a small, plain perambulator. A pink blanket hid all but his head, which was covered with dark, black hair, like Liz'. He has a turned up nose and tiny ears that lie flat against his head.

"And he has blue eyes," said Mike, pulling back the blanket so I could see all of his son. "And see how long he is." He was as proud as a mother hen with just one chick over his son and heir.

"Has he shown any special talent?" I asked.

"Certainly," said Mike. "He knows when to stop feeding. Unlike most babies who over-eat then up-chuck, our boy stops, breathes a while, then goes back to his food."

On the walls I spotted a picture of Liz, and asked, "Now who ever did that? It's a horror."

"It's Michael's first attempt at painting. He did it from a photograph when he had to return to London, and I had to stay in Hollywood to finish a picture," said Liz.

"Don't shoot, Hedda, I'd never do another one," Mike added.

"I did the other picture with the snow and two deer when I was 12," said Liz.

"Now for the bedroom," I said.

Liz led the way. I nearly had a stroke when I saw the size of the bed. "It's only seven feet by seven and a half," said Liz. "I wanted one nine by nine."

"She didn't know her bed or sheet sizes," Mike broke in. "This one is great."

"Somewhat like a battle ground," said I.

"Sure," said Liz, "it gives you room to kick around and do all sorts of things without disturbing one another."

The room was definitely pink, with a huge television set facing the bed, and a chaise longue beside it. There was another TV set at the bar. "You must be nertz about television," I suggested.

"A family arrangement," Mike explained.

"Liz loves murder mysteries, and I like boxing. With two sets there's no conflict."

The bedroom was immaculate, and I commented on it. "But don't look in the bathroom," pleaded Liz.

"Tell me, Mike. Is she still careless about hanging up her clothes?" I asked. "She used to leave them wherever they fell."

"I told you not to look in the bathroom," giggled Liz.

"Well," said Mike, "she has fewer clothes to drop now. But thank goodness, she doesn't drop the baby. As a matter of fact, she's a good mother. I'm proud of her."

"I don't see what that has to do with motherhood," pouted Liz. "I know a lot of old people who leave their clothes all over the place. My husband, for instance. But, Hedda, don't you think the bedroom does look neat?"

"Yes," I replied, "but I'll bet my hat you cleaned it up when you learned I was coming up to see you."

"You're quite right," Mike admitted. "Things were dripping all over the place until I suggested it be tidied up before you got here. I had an idea you'd like to see the bedroom."

"You were quite right about that too," said I.

"It's a model of neatness," declared Liz.

When we arrived back in the living room, Peggy brought out the other baby of the

family—a tiny black poodle named Mugwumps. The poodle and its mother began cavorting all over the place. Coffee arrived. Liz picked up the silver pot, acting as though it were so heavy she couldn't hold it. "For heaven's sake! Put it down. You'll scald us all," I cried.

"It's so heavy," signed Liz, collapsing on the sofa and stretching herself. "I think I'll take a nap. I just got up before you came. I hadn't been out of bed all day."

"You get up at three in the afternoon?"

"Well, I'd been awake for quite a few hours," she explained. "The doctor told me I must sort of take a nap."

"She must sort of take a nap; so she sleeps all day," I said. "She's really playing her role to the hilt. Mike, I'm afraid you've got yourself a real lazy girl."

"It's all right," he said, tossing a smile at his wife. "I'm sort of lazy too."

Liz just lay there, looking utterly helpless. And I could just see everybody in house breaking their necks to cater to her slightest whim. She was living it up and liking it.

"Now, my girl, tell me how it feels to be a mother," I said, knowing I'd laid myself open with that one.

"I like it," said Liz in imitation of Jerry Lewis. "I hope you didn't expect anything more intelligent in the way of an answer." Then she sat up and had herself a cup of coffee, resting the cup on a purple pillow in her lap. "No, really," she added, "he's a very good baby—cries only when he's hungry, and gets hungry only on schedule. But he's so tiny and delicate, I do worry when I have to flip him over in the crib."

"Do you bathe him?" I wanted to know.

"No. But Mike helps," she said.

"I was up at the crack of dawn this morning," he said. "The nurse did the bathing though. I stood by watching and looking like a fool." He got up, slipped into the nursery, and came back with a puzzled expression. "He's sleeping with his eyes open," he said. "He's got one eye open and the other shut."

"He's not asleep, love," said Liz. "Michael gets upset so easily," she explained. "Bless his heart. The night the baby was born, the doctor told him the operation would take about 12 minutes and promised to let him know whether he had a boy or girl as soon as the Caesarean was over. But somebody forgot; and Mike had to wait 45 minutes."

"I was climbing the walls by the time I got the news," said Mike.

"When he was finally taken to see the baby, Mike thought it was like an opening night," continued Liz. "A curtain was raised, and he spotted a nurse standing behind the glass with her mask on. The baby had one eye open and the other closed then. Mike cried, 'Oh, my God, he has only one eye.' Then he started making frantic signs and yelling to the nurse, 'What's wrong with the other eye?' She leaned over and gently pried the eye open."

THE poodle yipped at the puppy under Liz' feet. She jumped, exclaiming, "Please. My nerves."

"What did you think of the baby when you first saw him?" I asked.

"I'd had a spinal block, but was awake when he was born," said she. "He was five seconds old when I first saw him. The doctor was holding him by his feet; and the baby was bright purple—my favorite color."

"That children survive at all is wonderful," said Mike. "After one breath, the doctor holds them up by one leg to drain the mucus from the lungs. The baby just dangles there, chokes, and becomes purple."

"What a colorful description for a father to make!" laughed Liz. Then she turned

erious. "An hour after Michael was born, he was brought to me; and I saw that he was beautiful. He was all pink and white, with no wrinkles in his skin, and a beautifully shaped head. He opened his eyes when I reached for him. He was beautiful. I couldn't be making all this up."

"Did you get an attack of those 'baby blues' that many mothers have after giving birth to their children?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "I was very happy. But I was nervous, without being afraid, before his birth. I didn't have time to think much of the operation, because I was told it would be necessary only a day before it happened. But it has taken me longer to recuperate than I thought it would. I figured I'd be jumping from room to room in a week. But it's taken me a month already, and time's a-wastin'. You know I'll be 21 the end of this month. Then I'll be a woman!"

"Okay," I said, remembering how sensitive Liz was about her youth. "When are you going to have your next baby?"

"In 18 months or so," she said. "I want my children to be born close together. I guess," she added with a laugh, "I'll have to arrange to have them during my suspensions."

"That's an idea," said Mike. "Check with the accounting department at the studio and find out when you can have your next child."

"Work!" she sighed. "Reducing! No fooling, how much does that masseur charge?"

"Stand up and pull in your stomach," I said. "I want to see how your figure really does look."

She did as I requested, murmuring, "Sylph-like, that's me."

What I saw made me scream, "Elizabeth! How could you?"

"Just call me Temptress Taylor," said she.

"You'd better start getting that off quickly," I advised, and then told her how much

per hour my favorite masseur charged.

"What do you think, love?" she asked Mike.

"It sounds interesting," he replied.

"You've got an appointment with your doctor in about 15 minutes," Peggy Rutledge told Liz.

"So I have," said she. "This is Thursday, isn't it?"

We all agreed it was.

DURING the whole proceedings, Mike was content to leave the spotlight on Elizabeth. He just sat there in his purple chair, grinning at her feminine shenanigans. But when Liz retired to dress, he went to the bar and mixed himself a gin and tonic, explaining that the limes he used were "homegrown".

How languid Liz dressed so quickly, I wouldn't know. But before Mike had time to take a sip of his "tonic," she was back, wearing black velvet slacks with bejeweled shoes to match and a huge white sweater with a turtle neck to which was fastened two gold safety pins. She sat down by Mike and reached for his drink. He shrugged and handed it over, muttering, "Just what the doctor ordered. Reducing stuff." (She sipped a third of the contents before handing it back.)

"Well, my dear," said I, "it's just as the girl claims. She has to keep up her strength, you know."

I glanced at the black cat still slumbering on the bar stool, and it occurred to me that the cat sets the pace for the Wildings' household. I had a feeling that in a way they envied him. After all, he didn't have to work; he slept the hours away; and when he wanted food, he got it and never had to worry about what it did to his figure. Yes, sir, a cat can look at a queen, but a movie queen can also envy a cat. **END**

(Liz can be seen in MGM's *The Girl Who Had Everything*. Michael's latest picture is *The Scarlet Coat*.)

bride of faith

(Continued from page 53) approval of His Church, and to consecrate my life to the services of God in His sick and in His children."

Thus began not only the biggest news story of the Hollywood year, but one of the greatest stories ever told in all of Hollywood's history. Many people, of shallow understanding in Hollywood and elsewhere, think it a defeatist one—picturing June Haver as a tragic fugitive fleeing from a blighted life. Because in the minds of the unenlightened a nun's life is a sad one—especially when a young, beautiful, vivacious, talented and famous girl assumes it. This could not be further from the truth. In tribute to June—who though gone will be long remembered and loved for what she was and is—the story deserves to be truly told.

It is not a story of sadness . . . but one of ecstasy and joy.

It is not the story of a girl fleeing from life . . . but one of a girl flying to a larger life.

It is not the story of a world lost but of a world everlastingly found.

It is not the story of a great love denied . . . but of the Greatest Love realized.

It is not a story of failure . . . but the story of a girl who was tested and found fit to serve.

If it had been possible to ask June Haver, as she abandoned spotlighted Hollywood for her new, anonymous and consecrated life, why she had made that decision, she

could not have told you more than did that poem which she carried in her purse—a poem printed in a brochure of St. Mary's Academy of the Sisters of Charity, which, her heart at last had told her, was the most beautiful, serene, happy and desirable place in all the world for her to be.

So desirable that she was leaving Hollywood three days early, because her eagerness to be there was so great. At that, she felt she was late; June had planned to enter St. Mary's last August, but she could not finish her final picture, *The Girl Next Door*, that soon.

By now June Haver has already been three months a postulate in the probationary period required of all aspirants to the Sisterhood. In three months more, she will put on the white veil of a novitiate. After two more years of study, training and prayer she will be professed as a Sister of Charity, assume her black veil and take her religious name. She will also take three sacred vows before the Altar of her God:

The vow of poverty. The vow of chastity. The vow of obedience.

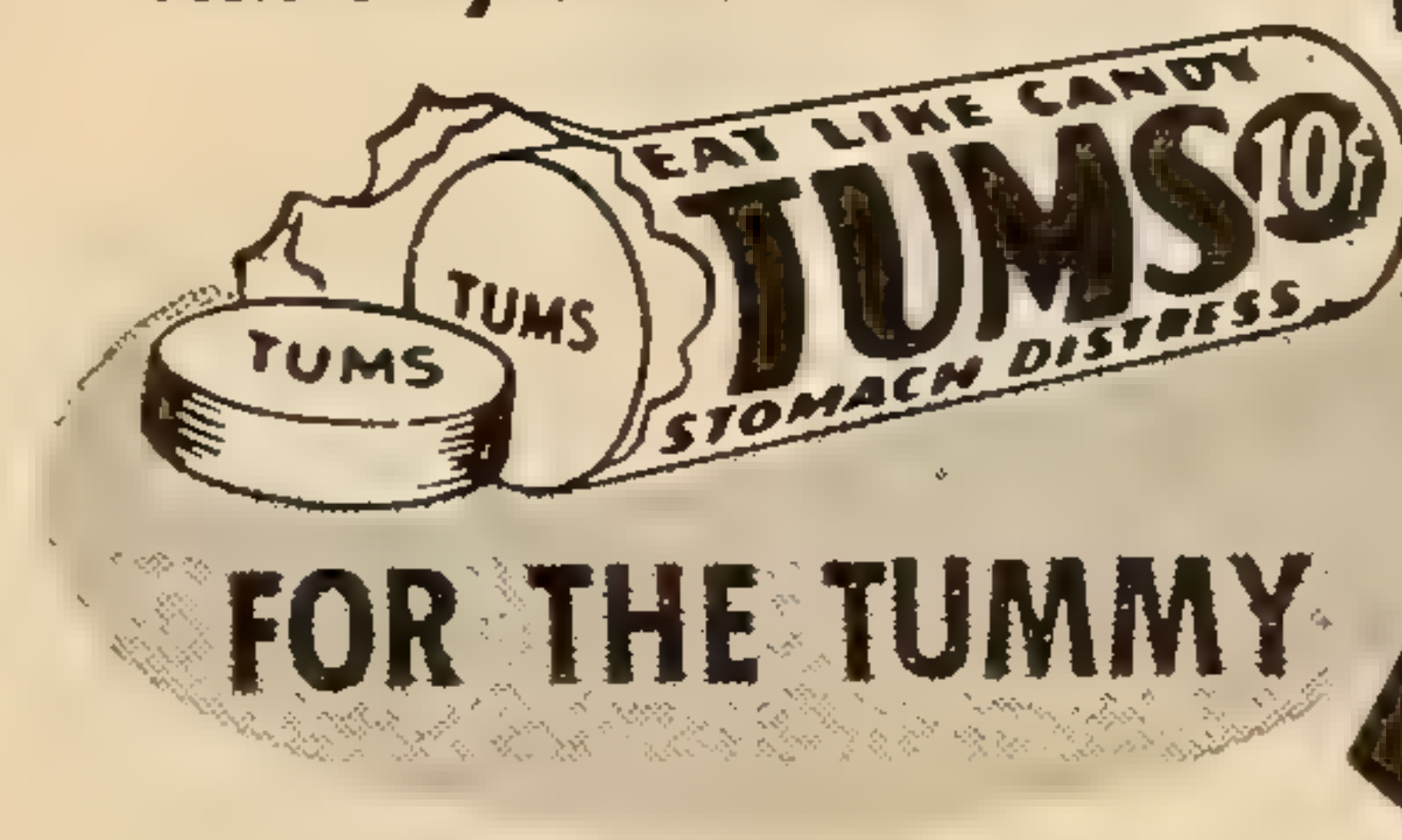
Each year after that June will renew her vows. At the end of seven and one half years since the doors of St. Mary's closed behind her last February she will take her final, lifetime vows. Then there will be no more June Haver as the world has known her. Actually there is none now. No one who knows her has any doubt that June will succeed in her quest. June has never failed at anything. "I know what I want to do," she said on leaving, "but what I want must also be what God wants. May His will be done." (Continued on page 96)



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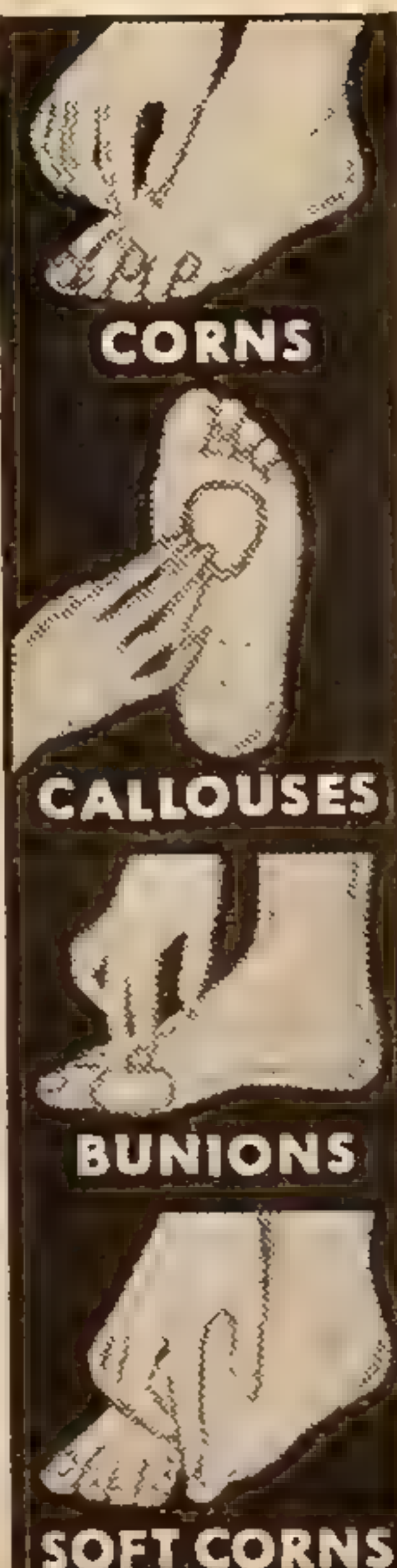
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Already, His will has been done, in one beginning way. Because it is solely through the gradual extension of His Grace that June Haver finally took the step which she did, a step which stunned, shocked, puzzled and amazed most of Hollywood and most of the world, even though it was plainly approaching. Many could not even believe it, though all the omens were there: June made a pilgrimage to Rome in the Holy Year of 1951 and had an audience with Pope Pius XII; she twice visited St. Mary's in Leavenworth; it was known that she had applied for dispensation to allow her, a divorcée, to assume the holy robes of a nun; she auctioned off her furniture a month before, gave away her clothes, jewelry and personal effects to her sisters and friends; she instructed her agent, Ned Marin, to advise her studio, 20th Century-Fox where she had starred for ten years, that she would not re-sign and would not accept the \$14,000 salary due for her last month. All of this pointed to her decision.

Only her mother, sisters, church officials and a few family standbys, such as Joe Campbell, June's faithful escort, and Dr. Al Metus, a family friend, knew for sure precisely what she was planning. And June told the world only what she felt it had a right to know.

Big story or not, Hollywood reporters respected June's wishes and the wishes of her church—that beyond her statement, she be pressed for no more interviews. Her statement, by the way, was written by June herself, without consultation of the local Catholic Chancery. They found it perfect. In that statement June anticipated the news bombshell she was touching off: "To all my friends," she wrote, ". . . I am about to do something that some of you perhaps will find it difficult to understand. . . ."

JUNE was right. Some did not understand. The first conclusions were sad, fastened conveniently to the unhappy episodes in June Haver's young life:

Her short lived, disillusioning marriage to Jimmy Zito, the moody Italian-American trumpet player. . . . Their divorce and the block to future marriage it posed for June in the eyes of her church which does not recognize divorce. . . . Her fruitless appeal to the *Sacra Romano Rota*, for an annulment of that mistake. . . . Her engagement to Dr. John Duzik, the blond Beverly Hills dentist, and his tragic death on the eve of their supposed wedding plans. . . . And June Haver's own repeated bouts with ill health, accidents and painful operations.

Some even suggested that these illnesses had made it impossible for June to bear children, the mission of every devout Catholic girl in the outside world. Some—as some would in Hollywood—whispered cruelly that June Haver's career was fading.

These latter "explanations" were false. Although the personal tragedies and ordeals that June suffered had been only too true, it was long before those tragedies arrived, long before she married Jimmy Zito, met John Duzik or felt surgical pain, that June Haver—June Stovenour then—experienced strong spiritual stirrings. A deep religious longing was planted in her even as a girl. And the seed that was to blossom and bear holy fruit was nurtured, not in the shade of sadness, but in the sunshine of a bright, expansive, and vitally ambitious a personality as the town of Rock Island, Illinois, where she was born, on June 10, 1926, has ever known.

Back then her yearnings were more vague, but they were yearnings just the same. Her family likes to recall that June was born with a veil over her face. Through the ages, some people have inter-

preted that nativity phenomenon as a sign of great talent; others give it deep religious significance. In June's case both have always applied. But while she flaunted her talent for entertaining others, her spiritual side was a private, and for a while, even a secret matter with June.

It was a secret, because from girlhood June was irresistibly attracted to the Catholic Church, and that was not the church of her family. The Stovenours and Hansens (her mother's family) were Protestants with ministers in the family. June didn't want to hurt them. But in high school, after classes she would take her younger sister Evelyn's arm, and the two would disappear.

"We would go to another part of town, picking our way across a high railroad trestle to St. Joseph's Church," Evelyn remembers. "For as long as she could, June would sit in a pew and look steadily at the altar with its flickering candles. Maybe she prayed, I don't know. We didn't say much, going or coming. But every time June's face seemed to glow with happiness and peace. It was as if she needed those visits. We kept them up a long time. I never said anything."

JUNE's father, Fred Stovenour, who was divorced from her mother, Marie, when June was only ten, recently ascribed his daughter's attraction to the Catholic Church as due to the shock of that family rift. "When her mother and I were divorced," he said, "it made quite an impression on her and it influenced her in finding a religion where divorce is not permitted."

Psychologists might agree. Yet while June loved her fascinating father, from whom she inherited her own musical ability, she also got along famously with her stepfather, Bert Haver, whom her mother married next. In fact, June adopted his name when she turned professional and has used it ever since. There has never been any symptom of bitterness or lack of understanding in June's makeup and up until she left for St. Mary's she remained devoted to her mother, now married to her third husband, Andrew Otterstad. June's attraction to the ancient, orthodox Church of St. Peter would seem to lie deeper than that perhaps contributing cause.

But if her parents' breakup was a reason it was to carry a bitter irony. Because the sanctity of marriage which June sought when she became a Catholic herself was the first law she broke, the sole sin she was to commit in her adopted religion.

June Haver was 15 when Ted Fio-Rito, the band leader, needed a singer, heard about June Stovenour in Rock Island, wired from Chicago, listened to her sing "Embraceable You" and hired her to join his band on tour at \$75 a week. Jimmy Zito was his other discovery, a 17-year-old trumpet wizard who could ramble on his golden horn like the Angel Gabriel himself. He was a Catholic. He had never been away from home either.

All the zig-zag course of that trip, as June sang her way to Hollywood, she and the black-haired, slender, quietly attractive boy paired off. It was the first romance of June Haver's life. In Rock Island she had never had a real sweetheart or gone "steady." Not that there was anything wrong with her. June just was too busy, too ambitious, too eager to spread herself around. Her heart wanted to embrace everyone, not any single one. It still does.

But Jimmy and June were both wide-eyed, excited and thrilled with their unbelievable breaks. They revelled in the spotlights, crowds, big hotels and cafés. They were the youngest two in the troupe. Jimmy was a sweet, unsophisticated bo-

hen. June was as fresh as a budding rose. Mrs. Haver chaperoned them as they saw the sights of new cities—St. Louis, Dallas, Des Moines, Denver—heard Jimmy shyly call her "Mom." It was a rosy interlude which June Haver never forgot—what girl ever forgets her first romance?

JUNE Haver was at her most impressionable age when she arrived in Hollywood. She saw her first movie studio, making some musical shorts with Fio-Rito's band. The big league of talent and accomplishment all around her was inviting, promising, irresistible. June talked her mother into staying in Hollywood. The Havers moved out, bag and baggage. Jimmy Zito and the band traveled on.

At Beverly Hills High it was the same story for June that it had been in Rock Island. Her beauty, vivacity, magnetism and friendliness captured everyone, including a host of Hollywood talent agents who saw June in a school play. Darryl F. Zanuck, back from Army duty, was impressed and put her right away into *Home in Indiana*, where as the blonde charmer "Cri-Cri" she shared a hit which started her career right off in high gear, along with another pretty newcomer named Jeanne Rains.

In person June was a fun girl . . . popular, asked everywhere, bubbling with life, tinkling with wit and laughter. June Haver had dates galore. But never was there any scandal of any kind. No one ever was June Haver's enemy.

That was the girl Hollywood knew—a precocious Miss determined to get what she wanted; clever, aggressive, ambitious and irresistible. When she was chosen for the role of Marilyn Miller in the life story which Warners' had held cautiously six years for the right star, all Hollywood agreed, "What more could any girl want?"

June herself didn't know, but she was making an earnest search for it. She had been, quietly, unobtrusively for many years. After she had returned from Kentucky location with *Home in Indiana* she began instruction in the Catholic faith at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills. Even as the trumpets blared about her earthly success, June took her first consecrated vows, administered by Monsignor Patrick Concannon. She took them with her sisters, Evelyn and Dorothy. Perhaps even then she realized she was searching for love. A love that would reach to the depths of her heart and satisfy the inner yearning which she appeased only when she entered the Church of the Good Shepherd and prayed. June never missed a Sunday mass from the day she was converted. That is where she went with John Duzik on their first date. Literally, they met by an accident.

A bump in a picture scene cracked one of June's front teeth, capped for the cameras, and she was directed to the skillful young Beverly Hills dentist. His receptionist has said that June asked, "Is he married?" when the tooth repair was over. So, that was more a sample of June's gaiety than sudden passion. John Duzik was not the kind to inspire sudden passion. And the evidence shows that certainly at the start he was more in love with June than she with him.

John Duzik was 27 when June Haver met him—nine years older than she. He was no Adonis or Romeo, although a nice-looking, stockily built man with wavy blond hair and a reliable, assuring smile. He was a devout Catholic, a good and solid man. He was the last person in the world June, or anyone else, would ever think could innocently bring her heartache—the heartache of self reproach—or a grief that, paradoxically, was to lead her to joy and peace.

There is no doubt that Dr. Duzik fell

deeply in love with June. Whether she did with him then is another question. While she was making *Oh, You Beautiful Doll* he slipped an engagement ring on her finger. June kept it but she didn't wear it. Pretty soon she gave it back.

PERHAPS even then June was groping for a greater spiritual love. Or perhaps she couldn't forget Jimmy Zito, with whom she had kept in touch. Shortly after June and John Duzik reached and passed the climax of their first romance, Jimmy showed up in Hollywood again. He seemed like the same old Jimmy—except for a tiny black moustache—the boy who had first touched her heart. When this time he asked her to marry him, June found herself saying, "Yes." They were married in Las Vegas on March 9, 1947. Because both were Catholic they were remarried at St. Timothy's 17 days later. June Haver gave her heart impulsively, romantically and—as it turned out—tragically. They lived together three months almost to the day. Nobody knows just why her disillusionment was so great, but she won her divorce, March 25, 1948 on grounds of mental cruelty and Jimmy Zito did not contest it.

Some close friends of June's think that it was her broken marriage which first pointed June toward a nun's life. "June," says one, "carried away a deep sense of sin from the divorce court. She felt she had flouted the laws of her church. She felt she must make penance. Her one desire became a chance to expiate her transgression."

This might seem strange reasoning in the face of June's second and serious romance with John Duzik, who stepped back into her life with love and understanding. There is no doubt that he had worshipped her always—and June's family, along with everyone else, believe he was the love of her life, as well. Yet, while they were at last engaged, there was never any definite date to marry, as most people suppose. There could not be with June until she had been absolved by her conscience and her church. She had not received absolution by August 1949 when John entered St. John's hospital for a simple operation for stomach ulcers.

June was then making *The Daughter Of Rosie O'Grady*. For a while he seemed progressing perfectly, then internal bleed-

IT HAPPENED TO ME

Six years ago when I was living in Chicago I used to go frequently to the Rainbow Gardens Ball Room. When Les Brown played an engagement there, I went with some friends and we were immediately impressed by his vivacious vocalist. Her long blonde hair, sunny smile and numerous freckles seemed to contribute to her particular type of glamor.

As we were leaving the crowded lobby, I dropped my handbag and the girl stepped over instantly to pick it up for me. She smiled so genuinely, I knew I'd always be a fan of hers, even though at the time she was not well known.

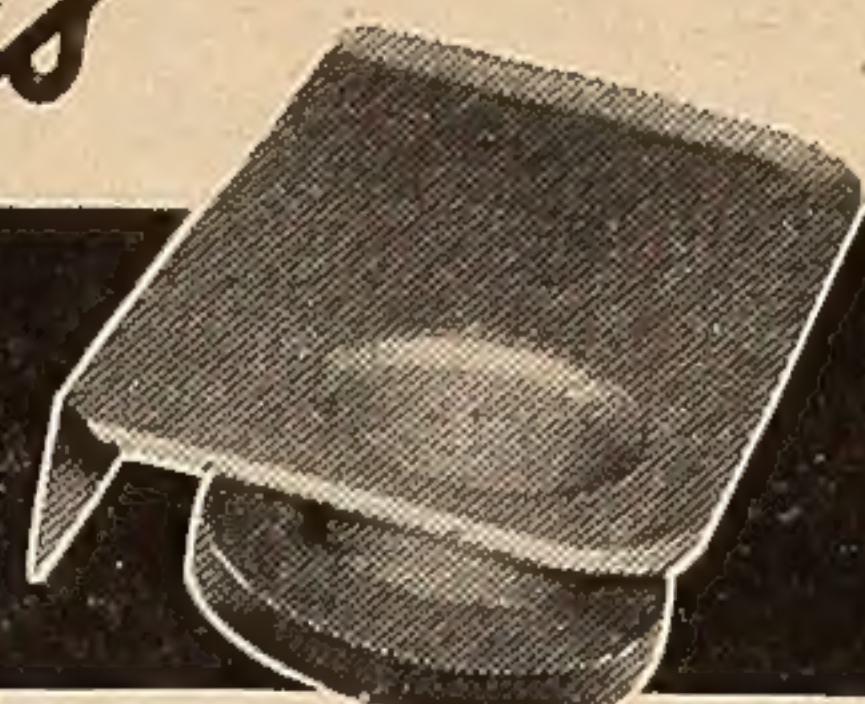
Today she is deservedly famous as Doris Day.

Mary Ann Hoskins
Alton, Illinois

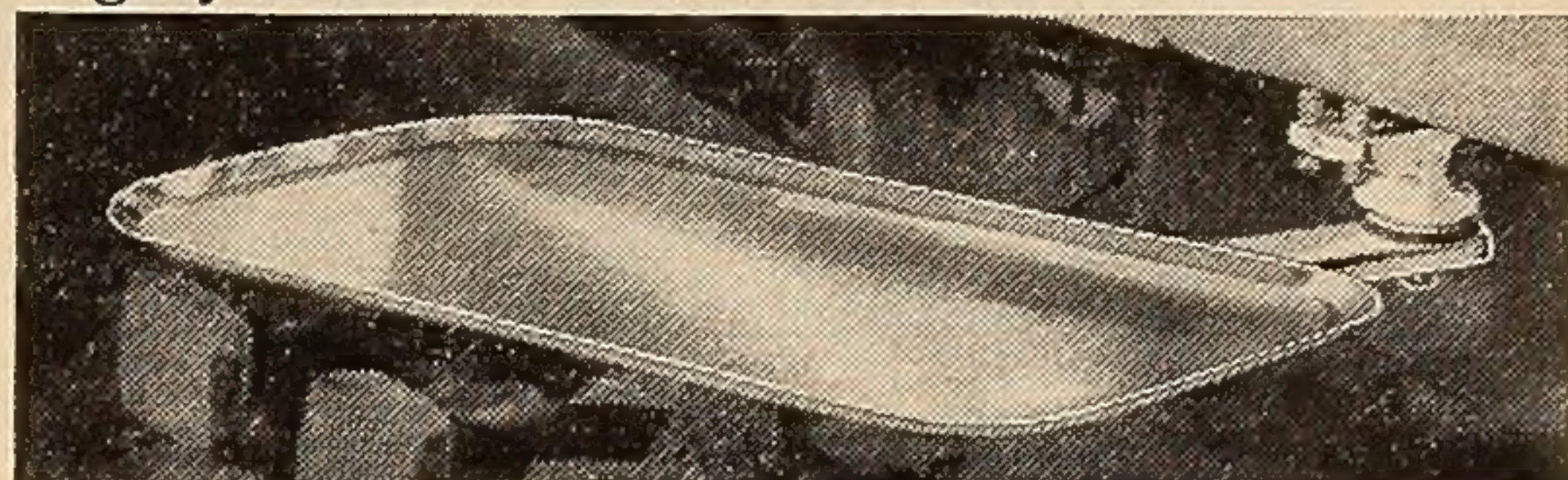


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ing started, and later uremic poisoning. For eight weeks, while she danced and sang on the set, sometimes until midnight, June went through a private Gethsemane, as her fiancé lingered agonizingly between life and death. Eight weeks. Eighty-four blood transfusions. June slept in the hospital on a cot, prayed in the chapel, kept vigil by his bed every free hour. But to no avail. On the Sunday morning of October 30th, John Duzik died.

One close friend is sure that was when she made her final decision. "June felt that John Duzik's death was her punishment, and a sign from Above," he believes. "She felt responsible. From that minute she put herself in the hands of God and was determined to find a way to walk in His steps."

She found the way at her place of suffering, St. John's Hospital. The Sisters of Charity who staff St. John's helped her . . . not by persuasion but by example of their work and their lives.

June was a patient at St. John's herself four separate times—for ulcers, for an appendectomy, for a ruptured abdominal organ, for a twisted back. These operations and illnesses were devastating to her frail body—she lost pounds she could not afford—but they were nourishing to her soul, and they brought her the opportunities she was seeking to prepare herself for the selfless life of mercy which she longed for.

During the past three years June has spared nothing of herself. She has eaten irregular meals, exhausted her strength, risen at dawn to set out on endless rounds of benefits for needy causes, driven and flown thousands of miles—often alone—to raise money for or bring cheer to orphanages, small churches and parish houses. To visit hospitals and private homes.

To none of this has there been the slightest touch of sadness or gloom. Friends who have worried about June Haver's "loneliness" because she had few dates with men and—by Hollywood standards—little fun, need not have. "I have never been happier in my life," June told me once during this time. Anyone who has really been close to her knows that despite her skimpy sleep and driving urge to give of herself, she has never been gayer, never more beautiful, radiant, or desirable.

During the three days that June spent in seclusion with her family before flying

to Kansas, Evelyn, who is closest of all to June, asked her this question. She said:

"June, if you had received your dispensation from the church, if John had lived, do you think you would ever have given your life to God?"

"Yes," June replied. "I think I would. I think it was meant to be."

JUNE'S Holy Pilgrimage and visit to the Holy Land, brought her spiritually much nearer to her own consecration. Coming back she spent a week at the mother convent of the Sisters of Charity in Kansas. There June realized that a nun's life is a positive one, a life of service and accomplishment, for which a girl, such as herself who had lived and loved, known the world and its people, is far more fitted for church work than one who has shrunk from experience. She learned that the Sisters of Charity is a penitent order, opening its doors to girls who have been married, lost their husbands through death or even divorce, experienced sin or sorrow in their lives. It is an American Sisterhood, founded 86 years ago by the daughter of a Methodist minister, converted, as June was, to Catholicism.

In spite of her qualifications, June was given no promise then, and sought none herself. Although she knew what she wanted, she was not certain she was ready, still unsure that it was His will for her to serve. The past two years have been a test and vigil for June, preparing herself for sisterhood and awaiting signs of His will. They have come to her unmistakably. She has experienced miracles of faith. The first appeared the week she returned to Hollywood from her pilgrimage in 1951.

June had departed carrying a sadness deep in her heart. It concerned a special friend of hers, a paraplegic in the Naval Hospital. He was apparently hopelessly paralyzed and wasting away; doctors gave him only weeks to live. On her journey June prayed daily for him, made offerings in his name at the shrines she visited, asked the holy people she met en route to pray, too. Back home, she hurried to the hospital but he was nowhere. She was afraid to ask. The answer seemed plain: He had died in spite of her appeals, just as John Duzik had.

That night her telephone rang. "Hi,

Junie," greeted a strong voice. "It's me! How am I? I'm great! Got out of the hospital. Have my own house. How about a date tonight?" June raced over, her eyes brimming and her heart surging with the meaning of the miracle.

Soon after, on the International Film Festival flying junket June took through South America, a little black native girl came up to June in Trinidad and handed her a miraculous medal. She did not know June's story, what was already in her heart, even that she was a Catholic. Minutes later when their plane took off, the rudder jammed. They all missed death by inches. Further on, at the Rio de Janeiro airport almost the same thing happened. A Brazilian girl again handed June a miraculous medal—and again their plane failed to rise, circled, dumped 2,500 gallons of gas, fought its way back through a blinding fog and miraculously brought them safely down.

THESE are only samples. June has had them all along—children doomed to die who got well when she prayed, private agonies only she knows about eased, great and small miracles of faith that were signs to her of approaching Grace. After June left for her novitiate, her family took over her mail. Only then did they learn about the hundreds of private charity cases she interested herself in.

Last summer June knew she was ready. She had a cleared application for the Sisters of Charity. Her heart was pure and eager. She had a body that was fit—as it must be to enter St. Mary's. Her health was checked, her medical certificate signed, her list of supplies every postulate must take assembled. She had the blessing of her family. She had the summons, the call, and the Grace she knew she must feel. She wanted to enter the class in August.

But even in her eagerness to serve Christ, June Haver could not be selfish. *The Girl Next Door* had been delayed by the accident in which she injured her back. She stayed to finish it. Her courage in laughing, singing, making screen love and kicking her pretty legs as she always had—with her sacred secret and desire consuming her—is symbolic of what, all her Hollywood life, has been June Haver's pride—to please the public. Now there is something else—God.

"I love Hollywood. I always have," were among the last words June spoke in that very town. "I have found something I love better, that's all."

How will she fare in that new life? No one who knows her has any worries. "Some girls," says a wise friend of June's who has helped guide her both through her studio and religious life, "find the emotional adjustment too much to take. They have cracked up and gone to pieces. They have been found unfit. That will not happen to June. Actually, she has been making the emotional transition slowly over the past year or more. By now it is made. June can stand the work physically; it is not hard. She is intelligent. She is devout and dedicated. She'll come through."

What will June eventually do as a Sister of Charity? The order staffs hospitals, orphanages and schools. "She would like to teach," Evelyn believes. "June loves children. But she will do whatever work is given her and she will do it with every ounce of ability she owns."

No one who has had the privilege of knowing June Haver doubts that for a minute. "I am praying for her intentions," said Cardinal McIntyre of the Los Angeles Archdiocese. All of Hollywood proudly joins in that prayer, a devout and earnest prayer for June Haver's success in the greatest role of her life.

END

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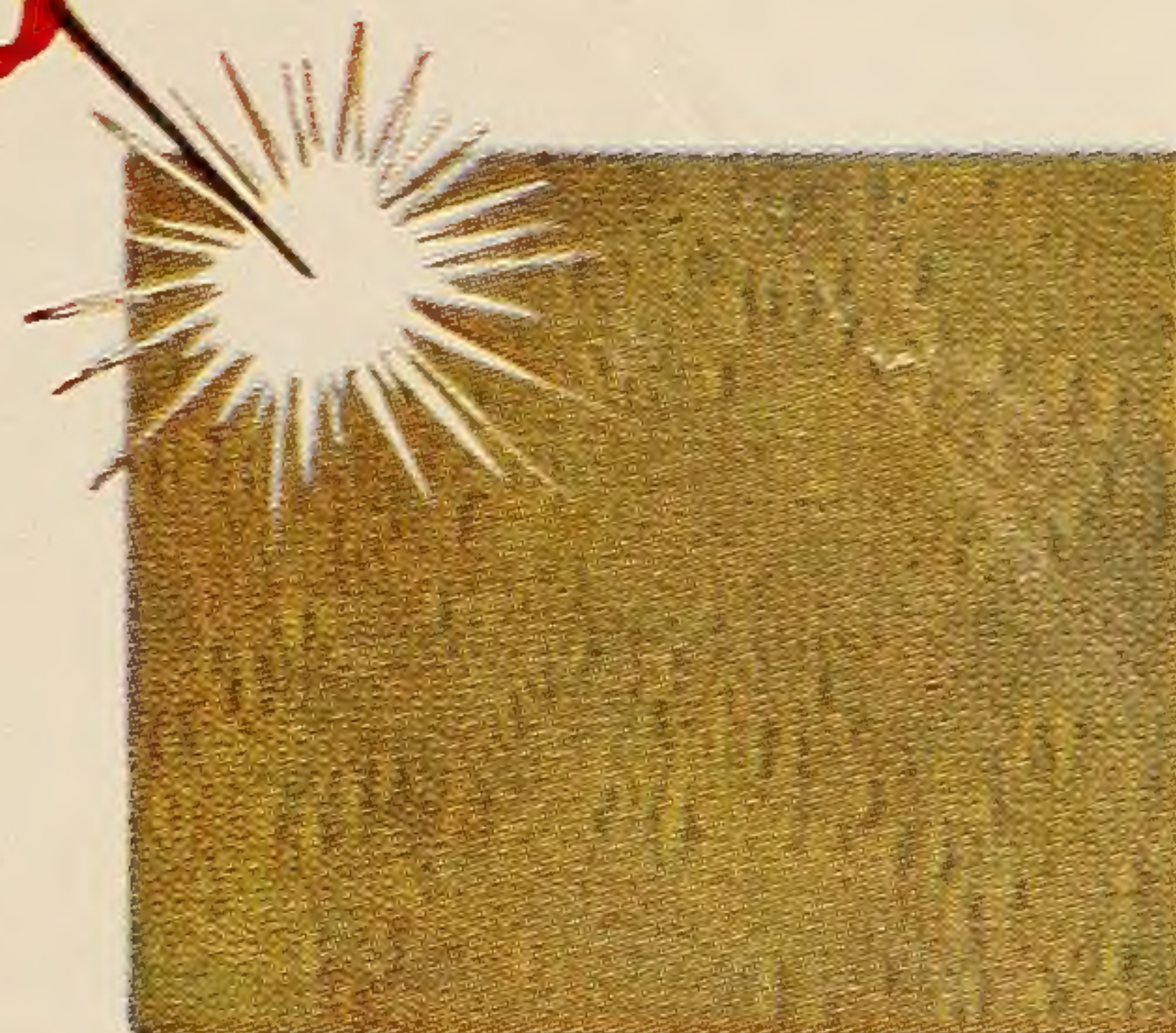
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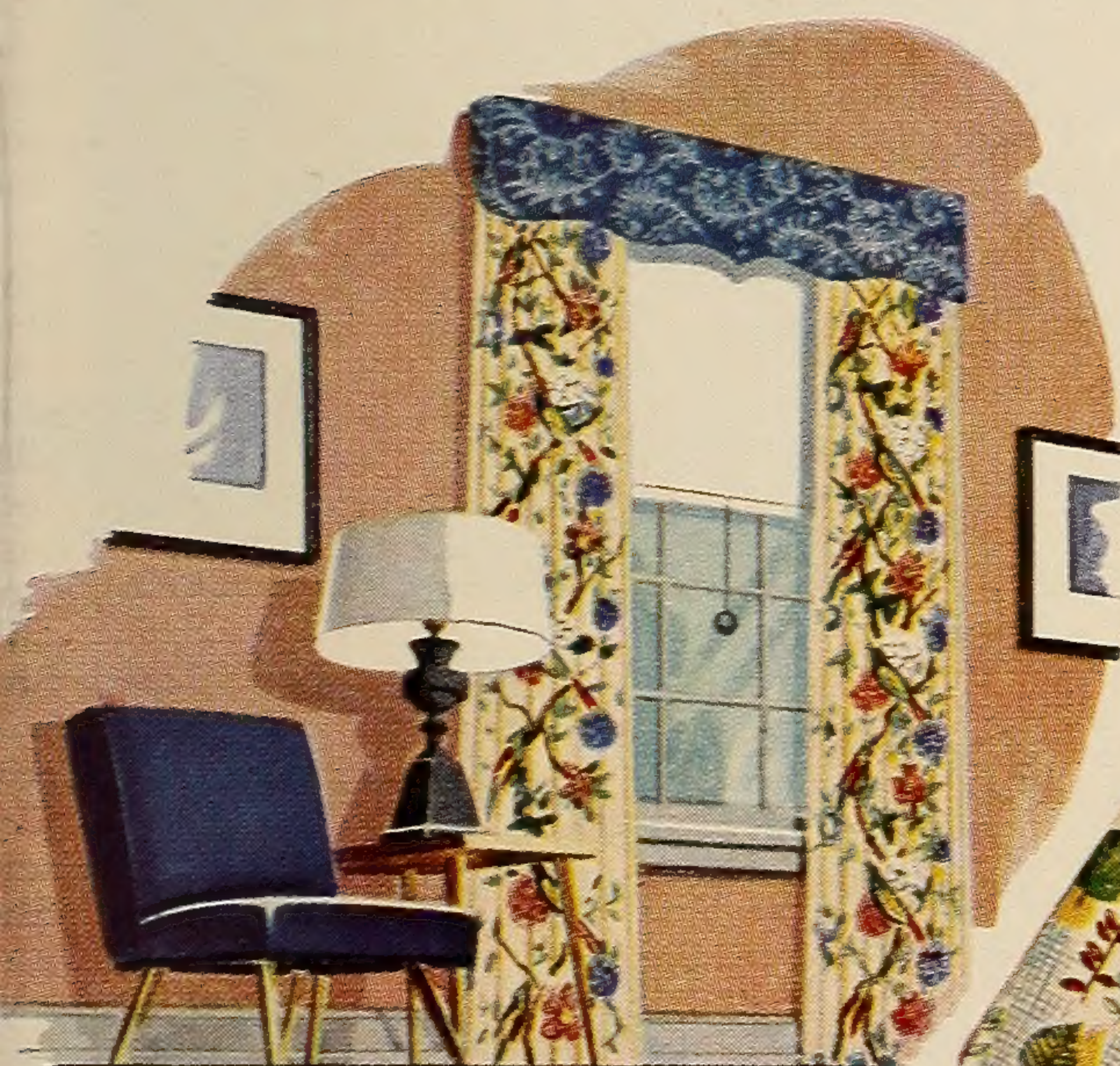
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